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The Saturday Evening
POST
January 14, 1961 - 15¢

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THE REVOLT OF TEXAS WOMEN

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Style 86535. Use Tessera in any room—upstairs, ground level, downstairs.

Perhaps it's the warm, friendly, sunny look of Tessera Corlon that makes it such an appealing floor. Tessera is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

For free sample, write Armstrong, 6101 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 11-J, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.

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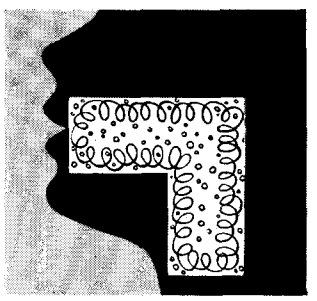
Colds and germs go hand-in-hand—but

Listerine's Protection-in-Depth Kills Germs Before They Attack

Today's germ-killing Listerine is scientifically formulated to penetrate into tiniest crevices of the mouth, and deep down into the throat. You can get the benefits of this *Protection-in-Depth* the Listerine way*, the recommended way.



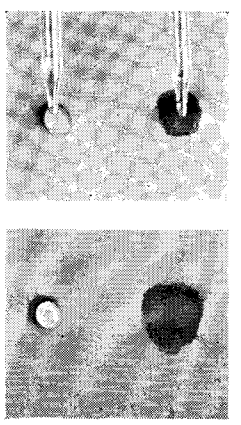
*See directions on label

Listerine *Protection-in-Depth* kills germs by millions instantly—on contact. Kills germs that ordinary mouth-rinsing cannot even reach.

Penetrates where even water doesn't reach!

Listerine is *twice* as "wet" as water, reaches deep into crevices where bacteria lurk. Kills mouth bacteria modern "wonder" drugs can't stop!

Simple test illustrates—top: Water and Listerine dropped onto note paper. Bottom: Seconds later, Listerine has reached deep into the microscopic surface openings. In 5 minutes, water is *still* on surface.



PROOF!

Colds Reduction with Listerine

12-year tests with 3,000 people proved those who gargled twice daily with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer, milder, shorter colds than those who did not (see chart below). Don't you owe your family this Listerine *Protection-in-Depth?*

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

89% more severe colds than those who did

85% longer colds, measured in days

73% more sore throats

51% more "ordinary" colds

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Get "Protection-in-Depth" today! **REACH FOR LISTERINE®** ANTISEPTIC

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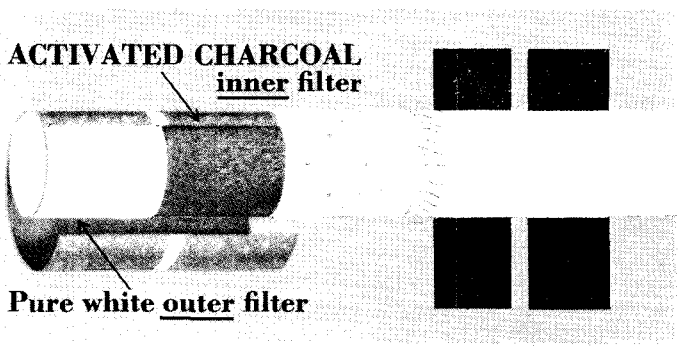
Tareyton delivers the flavor...

Here's one filter cigarette that's really different!

The difference is this: Tareyton's Dual Filter gives you a unique *inner* filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL, definitely proved to make the taste of a cigarette mild and smooth. It works together with a pure white *outer* filter—to balance the flavor elements in the smoke. ***Tareyton delivers—and you enjoy—the best taste of the best tobaccos.***



DUAL FILTER Tareyton

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name" © A. T. Co.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

A new pigeon has come to roost at Eagle's Nest—just as Miss Blue and Miss Brown complete their two weeks with pay (but without romance). Or, to put it less bluntly, the young ladies came to Eagle's Nest for winter sports, and departed just as a most eligible sport was arriving. Wasn't it bad enough that the lodge had a female ski instructor? Tough luck, girls, but you can bet that this bird is more vulture than pigeon; else his wings would have been clipped before this. Or if he *is* a gentleman, he's also a dedicated schussboomer, more attracted to snowy slopes than to feminine curves. Our cover is the work of James Williamson, who resides in sunny Puerto Rico and conceived the gag at a dude ranch and a Midwestern lake before placing it at this cold locale. That's snow business.

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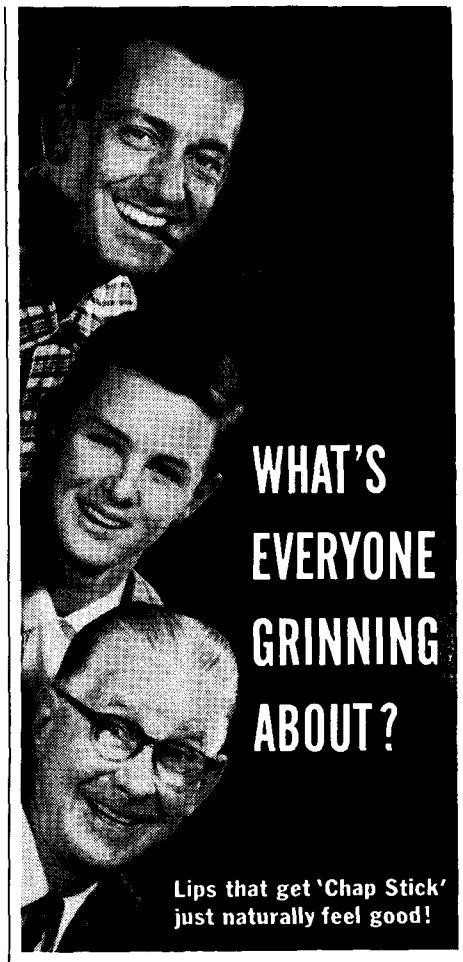

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- Famous *medicated* healing formula.
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Makes lips feel great!

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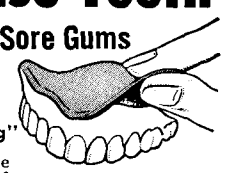

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Snug® brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new ever-soft plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance and fear of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snug eases sore, irritated gums due to loose dentures. Helps prevent food particles from lodging under plates. Applied in minutes, makes wobbliest plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put." Harmless to gums or dentures.

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What's the

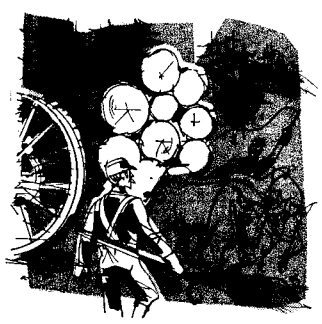
Wausau Story

in 1961?

THE Wausau Story began when an era of experimenting ended.

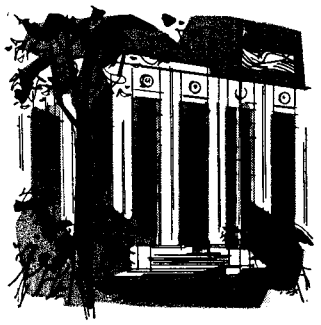
That was in 1911, 50 years ago. The State of Wisconsin had just passed a Workmen's Compensation Law, first one in the country to be held constitutional. And on the same day that law became effective, the company that was to be known as Employers Mutuals of Wausau opened for business.

You see, 1961 marks the 50th anniversary of Workmen's Compensation Insurance in America and also the 50th anniversary of its pioneer underwriter, Employers Mutuals of Wausau.



That's significant.

The Wausau men who banded together to form this mutual insurance company were lumbermen . . . and lumbering was a hazardous business. But their hands were tied if a workman was hurt on the job. The way the old Liability Laws were set up, to give money for a family to live on or to pay the doctor's bill could be construed that the employer was at fault for the injury. There was little choice but to wait for court action. That meant long delay because the courts were clogged. Gross extravagance, too—in those days it cost about $82 to get $18 to the injured workman. This wasteful, round-about way of doing things went against the grain of men who respected the dignity of work and had a neighborly concern for the welfare of their workers.



The Wisconsin Workmen's Compensation Law was a model for other states to follow. And the men who first banded together to make that law work gave us a heritage that will always be a part of Employers Mutuals of Wausau. That's why, in this anniversary year of 1961, we're doing more than lighting the candles on our birthday cake and enjoying our own party in a quiet way.

The Wausau Story today means more to more people. We are serving policyholders in almost every branch of business and industry, serving them with new science and skills that meet the requirements of a highly technical and rapidly advancing age. But the spirit behind our work remains the same. It's a spirit of fairness, dependability, efficiency . . . a spirit of friendly helpfulness and neighborly concern. That's the Wausau Way of Working.

And that's the Wausau Story in 1961.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA

FOR 50 YEARS

"Good people to do business with"

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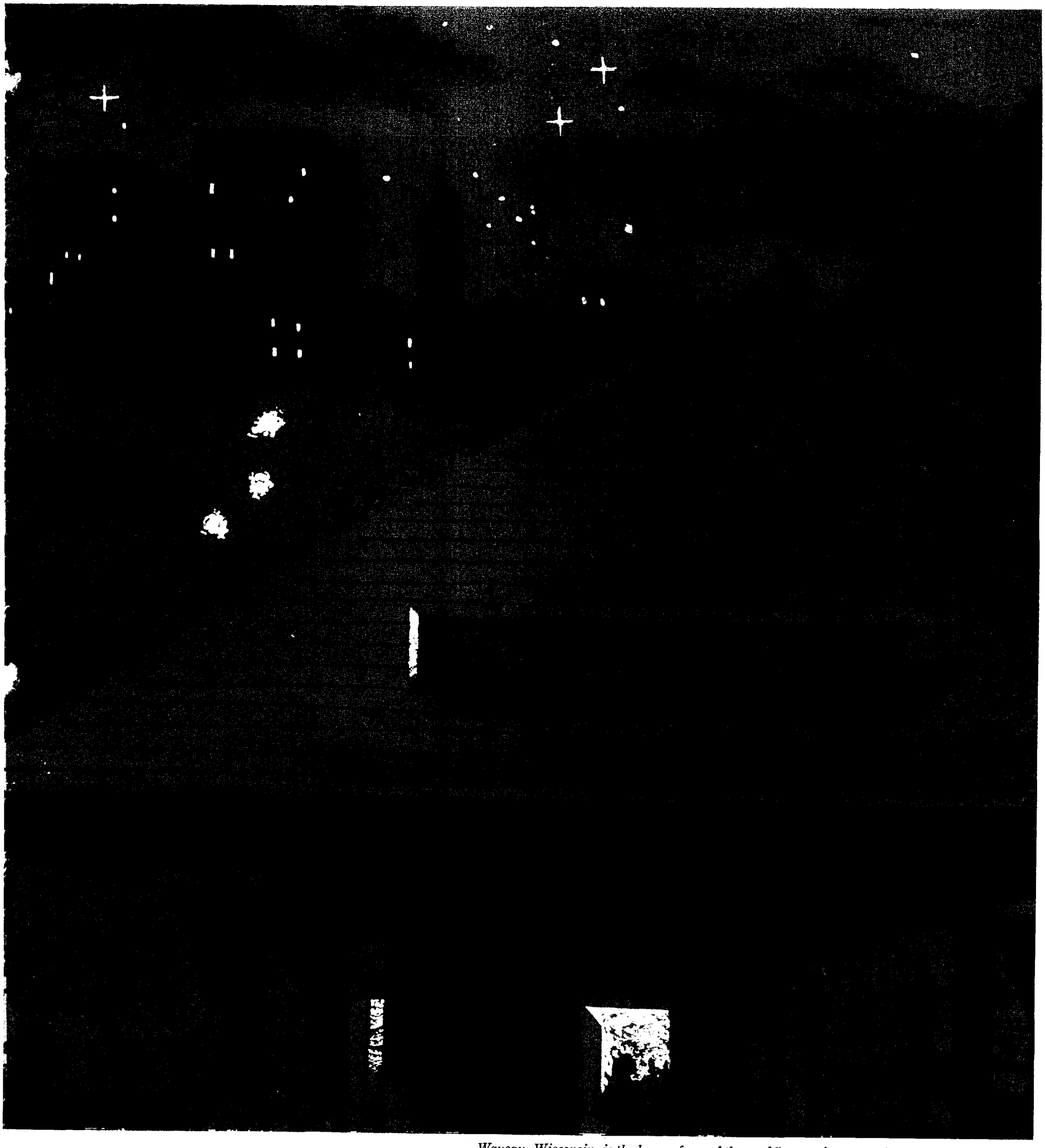

Wausau, Wisconsin, is the home of one of the world's most important insurance companies

Our hometown depot is familiar to many people by now—and so is our company. Employers Mutuals has offices all across the country to serve policyholders in practically every branch of business and industry. Yes, we're a large company now. We write all forms of Fire, Group Health and Accident, and Casualty Insurance (including Automobile). We are one of the largest and most experienced in the field of *Workmen's Compensation*. Our home is still in Wausau, Wisconsin. And the principles that guide our work are in the tradition of Wausau. They have been for fifty years now . . . and always will be. The people we work with seem to like it that way . . . and that's the way we like to work.

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Letters

Surprise Unwarranted

Dear Sirs:

I quote from MY SON WAS CAUGHT USING NARCOTICS [Anonymous, as told to Hartzell Spence, Dec. 10]: "Drinking among teen-agers is common in our county, even among the fifteen-year-olds, and most parents ignore it."

And this man was *surprised* because his son was on dope?

E. C. THOMPSON
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

No wonder the author remains anonymous. Any mother and father whose son's record in school and athletics falls for months without their being aware of it can be parents in name only. Who in heaven's name signed his report card? . . .

God help us with children growing up with so little guidance from their parents.

MRS. K. B. NELSON
Payette, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

The real tragedy is a father who rates his success by all that he can buy for his family and the success he exudes at the country club. . . .

Our obligation to the young is America's number-one challenge . . . but nobody believes that any more.

EDWARD A. PUFF, *Pastor*
Memorial Evangelical & Reformed Church
Dayton, Ohio

They Were There

Dear Sirs:

Reading the article NEW YORK'S POLICE: THEIR GREATEST ORDEAL [Dec. 10] I was highly surprised by the fact that author Harold H. Martin failed to mention the Ukrainians demonstrating against Khrushchev. How could he overlook the largest group of demonstrators, when he

Ukrainians protest at the U. N.

did not miss much smaller groups like the Albanians, Croats, Slovenes, Serbs, etc. . . .

I have no use for a magazine that prints articles so clearly prejudiced against a group of American citizens.

JOHN J. TATOMYR
Levittown, Pa.

● *Author Martin regrets the oversight.* —*ED.*

Cave-Woman

Dear Sirs:

Until the issue of Dec. 3, I had considered the serial MORESBY'S GODDESS [by Eric Hatch, Nov. 12–Dec. 17] delightful escape fare, but the scene of the apparent seduction of the young archaeologist who hitherto had seemed to be the clean-living type is disappointing and a little too earthy in that dusty cave.

RUTH LUCKHAUPT
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

At what age group or intellectual level are you aiming this incredible tale? Has anyone ever seen a girl as sweet and righteous and wholesome as the divine Marianne prepare to spend the night alone with two men by stripping down to nothing, not even a blush? . . . My stomach is not strong enough to take any more of this appliquéd sex.

BARBARA J. GLOVER
Vicksburg, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

I am continually amazed at the ways authors get their heroines undressed. My congratulations to Mister Hatch.

MARILYN WEEKS
Grosse Ile, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

"He (Moresby) had that feeling of dangerous proximity. . . . The look in his eyes that were only inches from hers—the trembling of his hands as they gripped her shoulders—stopped her. She leaned forward, pressed her cheek against him, her breast against his chest. . . ."

It is a tossup who was the more stirred by the "dangerous proximity," Eric Hatch or Moresby. I believe I'll put my money on Eric.

F. L. WHITTIER
Kansas City, Kans.

COVER GIRLS

Dear Sirs:

Your Oct. 15 Chicago cover greatly interested me and a number of my friends. It is at their insistence that I write you inquiring if the cover picture was taken from an actual photograph. The two girls together with myself were in the habit last spring and summer of going to Grant Park and eating our lunch. On one occasion we had our picture taken, but thought nothing further about it. Could it be us? On your cover [see excerpt at left, above] . . . . I am the tall girl in the green coat with sunglasses and must say if I am right in this assumption, I couldn't be happier to have made a *Post* cover.

ELAINE GOLDSCHMIDT
River Forest, Ill.

● *At right, above, is one of the photos from which artist John Falter painted his cover. It shows how closely he follows detail and indicates that Mrs. Goldschmidt did make* The Post. —*ED.*

How Surgery Got Off the Kitchen Table

Dear Sirs:

The story of the Mayo Clinic [THE MARVELOUS MAYOS, by Victor Cohn, Nov. 26–Dec. 10] is very interesting, but Mr. Cohn has left out the third ingredient for the success of the venture.

At the turn of the century I lived in Mineral Point, Wis. When folks living there or on surrounding farms needed surgery, the kitchen table was thoroughly scrubbed for the job. . . . Gradually, however, word was getting around about a pair of miracle surgeons at Rochester, Minn., whose fees were always in keeping with the family's finances. Statements were never submitted until some weeks after the patient returned home. If the Mayo investigator reported that the family was in straitened circumstances, a bill marked "paid in full" was received and also a warm, friendly letter and an autographed photo of Doctor Mayo. . . . The photo and the kind letter, of course, were shown to practically everyone in the county. . . .

The Mayo brothers were not only excellent surgeons and compassionate men but strong believers in the value of subtle (?) advertising.

FLORENCE BREWSTER WIKINGSSON
Merion, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The author failed to mention the sign just outside the dining room of the hotel around the corner from the Mayo Clinic, circa 1914: "Please do not discuss your diseases in the dining room."

RAY W. SNYDER
Wichita, Kans.

Wives' Warning

Dear Sirs:

The letter signed Name Withheld [Is WIFE BEATING SADISTIC?, LETTERS, Dec. 3] is too nauseating to swallow. Imagine a man boasting of his prowess as a wife-beater! No wonder he withheld his name!

NAME WITHHELD
Frankfort, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

If my husband ever spanks me (and in such a fashion) I will kill him!

PEGGY POWELL
Linwood, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Here is a Kentucky hillbilly that you'd have one sweet time holding over your knee and spanking.

MRS. PERCY HALL
Waynesburg, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Who spanks the husband when *he* gets out of line? . . .

It would be rather difficult for *her* to spank *him* as she is smaller physically, so why not have a Professional Spanker? . . .

A wife could call him up and say, "Come over and spank my husband. He has been very naughty today."

MRS. G. M. EARHARDT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I feel contempt for any man who hits his wife and for the woman who lets him They are nothing but children playing house.

DOLORES MORRIS
Alexandria, Va.

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Reading across pages, then down:

6—Jack Stager (Globe); John Falter. • 13—N.A.S.A. • 14—Larry Keighley; Bell Telephone; U.S. Army; two by Larry Keighley. • 15—Larry Keighley. • 16, 17—Austin Briggs. • 18—From Pioneer Press, Little Rock, Arkansas; Buffalo and Erie County Historical Society; National Archives. • 19—Brown Brothers. • 20, 21—Don De'Amuro. • 22, 23—Ormond Gigli. • 24—Mark Miller. • 25—Bill Shrout. • 26—John R. Hamilton (Globe); CBS; Penguin; Sid Avery. • 27—CBS; Sid Avery. • 28, 29—James Bama. • 30—George Burns. • 31—Stan Galli. • 32—From Helen Raab. • 33—Edwin Stein (Pix); two by P. E. Guerrero; Culver; United Press International. • 36, 37—Paul Nonnast. • 84—Sid Avery; U.S. Navy; James Bama; from Clay Blair Jr.

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What is distinctive about METRECAL™ the new concept for weight control?

Metrecal, the original brand of dietary for weight control, helps you lose weight safely, without resorting to complicated diets or complex calorie counting. Developed to meet exacting medical standards, Metrecal is supported by long-term clinical validation.

Metrecal was introduced a little more than a year ago. Its aim: to provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience. Our continuing admonition: consult your physician concerning the problems of weight control.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of caloric intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing program; *and* Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight loss, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. Metrecal is a most useful aid in the long-range maintenance of desirable weight, as part of a well-balanced diet. To lose weight more gradually, or to maintain a desired weight, the amount of Metrecal used may be increased, it may be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include:

The new concept—The measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product a complete formulation designed expressly for weight reduction. Hence, Metrecal supplies: the means to achieve effective weight loss through accurate control of caloric intake on a program that is nutritionally sound, appetite satisfying, and convenient.

Clinical validation—Before Metrecal was introduced, its effectiveness was proved in extensive, long-term clinical studies, all conducted under strict medical supervision. Continuing studies are providing ever-increasing evidence of the value and versatility of Metrecal.

Quality of product—The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to exacting pharmaceutical standards. Metrecal powder, for example, is subjected to a total of 396 separate quality control tests.

Range of choice—Metrecal is available nationally in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavors tailored to the needs of your taste, method of use, and purse.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they lose weight safely without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. Users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger. The appetite is satisfied.

Clinical studies under the careful supervision of physicians have shown that at the 900-calorie level, the use of Metrecal resulted in highly satisfactory weight loss.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. For example, it cannot provide the necessary will power for weight reduction and maintenance. However, it is not difficult to stay on such a diet with Metrecal since little, if any, hunger occurs after the first day or two.

How Metrecal is available

Metrecal is available nationally both as a liquid and as a powder. The liquid is in handy eight-ounce cans, ready to drink. Each can of liquid provides an individual 225-calorie meal.

The powder is in ½-pound cans and economy-size 3½-pound cans. One-half pound of powder, when mixed with water, provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie program.

Metrecal comes in a variety of delicious flavors: chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch, and the new orange.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with diseases of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight-reducing program.

Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.

Edward Dalton Co.
A DIVISION OF
MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY

Quality products from nutritional research

This name and symbol identify a newly created Division of Mead Johnson & Company, established to develop and market medically validated special purpose nutritional products.

Tune in each Sunday evening for "WINSTON CHURCHILL: The Valiant Years," presented by Edward Dalton Co., on ABC television.

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NOW an ALL-NEW 24-Month Guarantee

Just think! The ALL-NEW Firestone DeLuxe Champion tire is so superior in safety, in strength and in quality that Firestone guarantees it for 24 months to give satisfactory service in normal passenger car driving.

This guarantee is in addition to the famous Firestone Lifetime guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials.

Now, wherever you drive, this iron-clad double guarantee protects you. You can ride with complete peace of mind knowing that you will get prompt and courteous attention and service from the nationwide network of over 50,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores.

Yes, the ALL-NEW Firestone DeLuxe Champion, with its Firestone safety-fortified cord body and its exclusive all-action tread, sets ALL-NEW standards of performance—in non-skid safety, in body strength, in steering ease, in riding comfort and in long mileage. So don't delay—find out NOW how little it costs to put a set of ALL-NEW Firestone DeLuxe Champions on your car at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

SPEEDWAY-PROVED FOR YOUR TURNPIKE SAFETY

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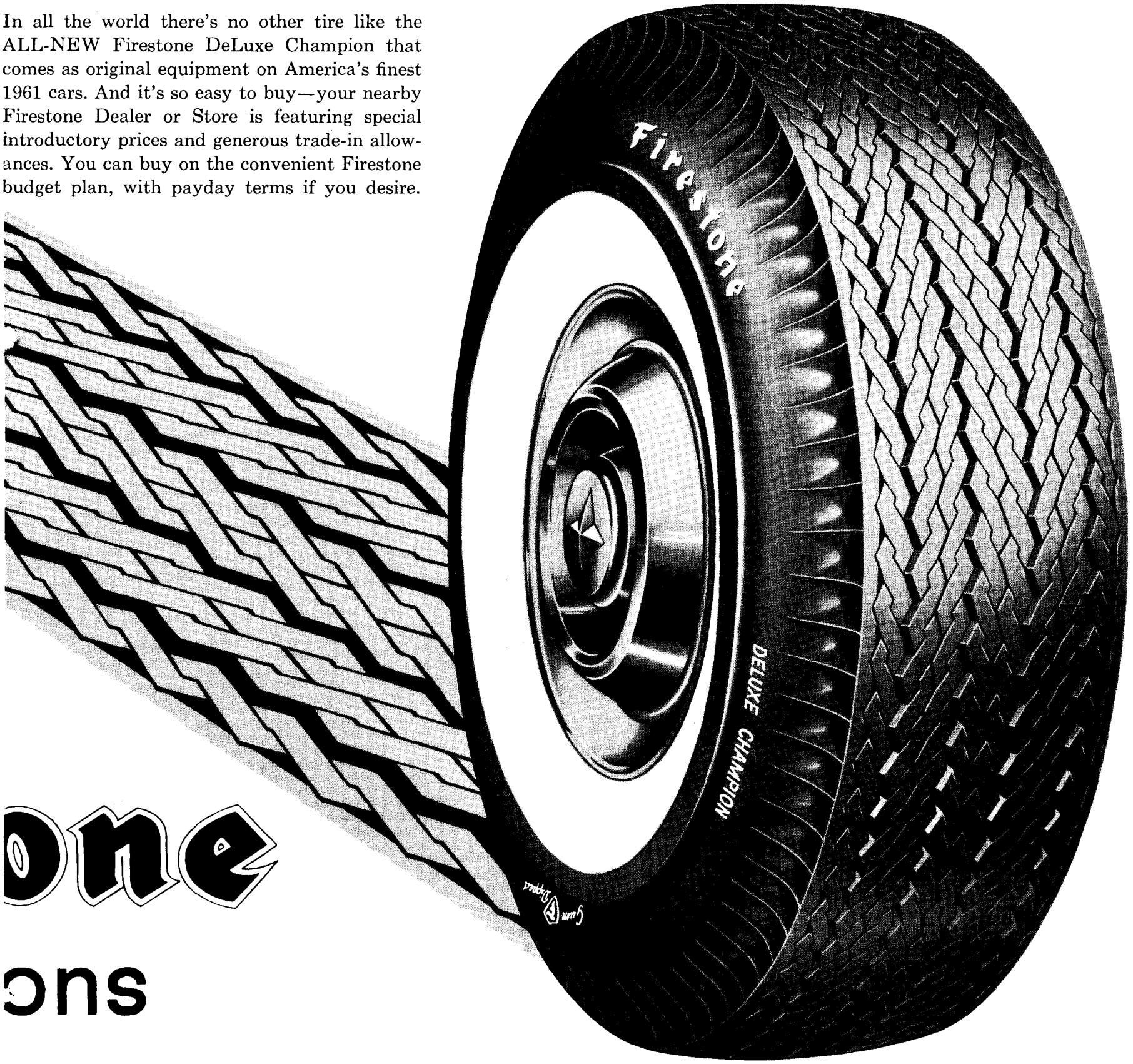

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Editorials

The New State Department Faces The Same Old Problems

Of the new faces brought to the front on the national scene as a result of the election, those most importantly concerned with the future—and conceivably the existence—of the United States are the men chosen to implement the new Administration's foreign policy.

In Dean Rusk, his selection for the top position, Mr. Kennedy has picked a man of undoubted ability and wide experience. His article in *Foreign Affairs* last spring, in which he criticized summit conferences as procedures which work to "his [Khrushchev's] advantage and our disadvantage," indicated a welcome disposition to rely more on conventional diplomacy at the ambassadorial level than on personal encounters among heads of state. His views on United States policy in the Pacific have aroused controversy, particularly his part in the firing of General MacArthur for attempting to win the Korean War by pursuing the Red Chinese into their "privileged sanctuary." However, in a speech before the China Institute on May 18, 1951, Mr. Rusk said:

"The peace and security of China are being sacrificed to the ambitions of the Communist conspiracy. . . . We can tell our friends in China that the U. S. will not acquiesce in the degradation which is being forced upon them. . . . We recognize the National Government of the Republic of China, even though the territory under its control is severely restricted. We believe it more authentically represents the views of the great body of the Chinese people . . ."

That statement, if Mr. Rusk still endorses it, should disarm some criticism.

Chester Bowles, as Under Secretary, and Adlai Stevenson, as ambassador to the United Nations, are outstanding citizens, but their expressed opinions on foreign-policy issues cast doubt on their comprehension of the nature of the Communist threat. The assignment of Gov. Mennen Williams to the important African desk seems explicable only on political grounds.

Whatever the past or current opinions of Mr. Rusk and the others, the job which confronts them remains what it has been—the defense of this country and the Free World against Soviet aggression. The recent meeting of the Comintern outlined Communist policy in unmistakable terms—unmistakable, that is, for all but the most thoroughly brainwashed liberals. The message from Moscow took many thousand of words to say, "Do you want to be buried now or later?"

The Moscow ukase laid down the rules for our defeat. The first step is the penetration of liberal or pacifist groups, whose members can be sold on "peaceful coexistence." The Communist interpretation of "peaceful coexistence" means that we must "ban nuclear weapons, their tests and production, dismantle foreign war bases and withdraw foreign troops from other countries, disband military blocs, conclude a peace treaty with Germany, turn West Berlin into a demilitarized free city, thwart the aggressive designs of the West German revanchists and prevent the revival of Japanese militarism"—in short, surrender!

Of course, if the Communist international finds the response to "peaceful coexistence" inadequate, there is always military blackmail and, as a last resort, war. The United States imperialists, says the manifesto, "are preparing to resume disastrous atomic tests. Military provocations that threaten serious international conflicts continue. . . . Threatening Cuba with aggression and interfering in the affairs of the peoples of Latin America, Africa and the Middle East, the United States imperialists strive to create new seats of war in different parts of the world." These are lies, of course, probably stored up for use as a pretext for some Soviet military adventure in the future.

But the immediate challenge is to the ability of our leadership to detect Soviet maneuvers and the courage to resist them; to our naïve American view that any problem—even the aggressiveness of a revolutionary regime—can be settled by a conference.

Officials who have the responsibility for maintaining peace without appeasement deserve the sympathetic support of everyone. Conversely the people have the right to expect foreign-policy administrators to meet conditions as they exist today, in the light of the Kremlin's clear intentions which have made obsolete the wishful opinions of the past.

Pittsburgh Proves That College Needn't Take Four Years

The rush of young people into our colleges points up the arguments which Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University, used to support his views that COLLEGE SHOULDN'T TAKE FOUR YEARS (*The Saturday Evening Post*, March 26, 1960). The alternative he advocated is a shuffling of schedules to make better use of teachers and the facilities. Most undergraduates and much of the faculty are on vacation a third of the year. Is this loss of time either wise or necessary?

The University of Pittsburgh is the only school now fully committed to a trimester calendar for undergraduates. Pitt, like the public schools, begins the first college term the week of Labor Day. The term concludes at Christmas-vacation time, and the second term begins the first week in January. It ends in mid-April, by which time Pitt students have completed the work that occupies other universities until June. The third term starts late in April and is finished by August first. A month-long vacation follows. Students who attend three terms in each year can complete their undergraduate studies in two and two thirds years instead of four.

When the plan was put into effect in 1959 some of the faculty were reluctant to make the change, but the one-third increase in salary for teaching during the third term eases the pain. The university will insist that financially ambitious members of the faculty take occasional terms off for study or research.

Dr. Edward H. Litchfield, chancellor of the university, reports that Pitt's pioneering with trimester was a financial success. While not discounting trimester's help in the coming "bulge," he believes its principal virtue is the challenge offered to students who desire to combine liberal arts with professional training and to complete their schooling with less loss of time.

Brazil's President Looks Like One For Our Side

This month the two most populous countries in the Western Hemisphere, Brazil and the United States, are installing new chiefs of state. Jânio Quadros, who will take office in Brasília, was elected against the determined opposition of the Communist Party, largest in Latin America. *Senhor* Quadros has a long record of sound administration, from the municipal level up to his recent term as governor of São Paulo, his nation's most progressive state. Identified as a moderate conservative, he ran for the presidency on a platform of economy.

In the first eight months of 1959, for example, the cost of living rose more than 33 per cent, while food alone, especially black beans, a staple in Brazil, went up 41 per cent. In a single year the national currency lost half of its exchange value. It is Quadros's purpose to put a stop to ruinous runaway inflation, and the United States has offered to accept a six months' moratorium on payments due from Brazil on previous loans.

Of all the causes that contribute to revolutionary unrest, none is more dangerous, and understandable, than the terrible anxiety that besets people who find the value of their work and savings dissipated by inflation.

Brazil and the United States are old friends, with trade relations running back all the way to 1784. During the last war, the bases she granted us at Natal and at Recife were indispensable aids to anti-submarine warfare and to the ferrying of the enormous number of aircraft we sent to Europe and to the Middle and Far East via Africa. It is a friendship we wish to strengthen.

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This is not a "do-it-yourself" kit!

THERE'S almost nothing easier to come by than amateur medical advice.

Think back to the last time when you felt less chipper than usual. Chances are someone, wholly unqualified, but with the best of intentions, told you what to do or what to take for your "run-down condition" or "nervous state" or recurring aches and pains.

Such advice makes it appear that the practice of medicine can be a sort of "do-it-yourself" activity.

Actually, self-diagnosis and self-treatment can be extremely risky.

Medicines, except for the usual household remedies, are safe only when prescribed by your family physician who knows their properties.

Anyone sick enough to need medication—other than the common household remedies—is sick enough to need a physician's advice.

For instance, even a "mild" cathartic, if taken for what seems to be just a stomach ache—but which is actually an unsuspected attack of appendicitis—may cause the most serious complications.

One of the most wasteful and possibly dangerous forms of self-medication is the use of over-the-counter reducing remedies—"medicated" pills, capsules, liquids, wafers and even chewing gum.

Although such products are often "guaranteed" to reduce weight quickly and easily, don't be taken in by the glowing promises.

Leave it to your physician to decide if you need any medication—along with a medically-approved diet—to control your weight.

And never take left-over medicines prescribed for a previous illness. Even if your present symptoms seem the same, you may have an entirely different ailment requiring an entirely different medicine.

When it comes to drugs or diagnosis or treatment, do the safe and sensible thing—*rely on no one but your physician.*

Metropolitan Life
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Play your cards right...
bring out the real thirst-quencher!

A little card-playing can be a lot of fun! Thirsty fun. So don't anybody deal without 7-Up! This is the sparkling drink that quenches quick—and quenches well. When you finish the bottle, there's no sticky taste in your mouth . . . no come-back thirst to bother you. Whatever you like to play at, don't play thirsty. "Fresh up" with 7-Up! It's *always* 7-Up time.

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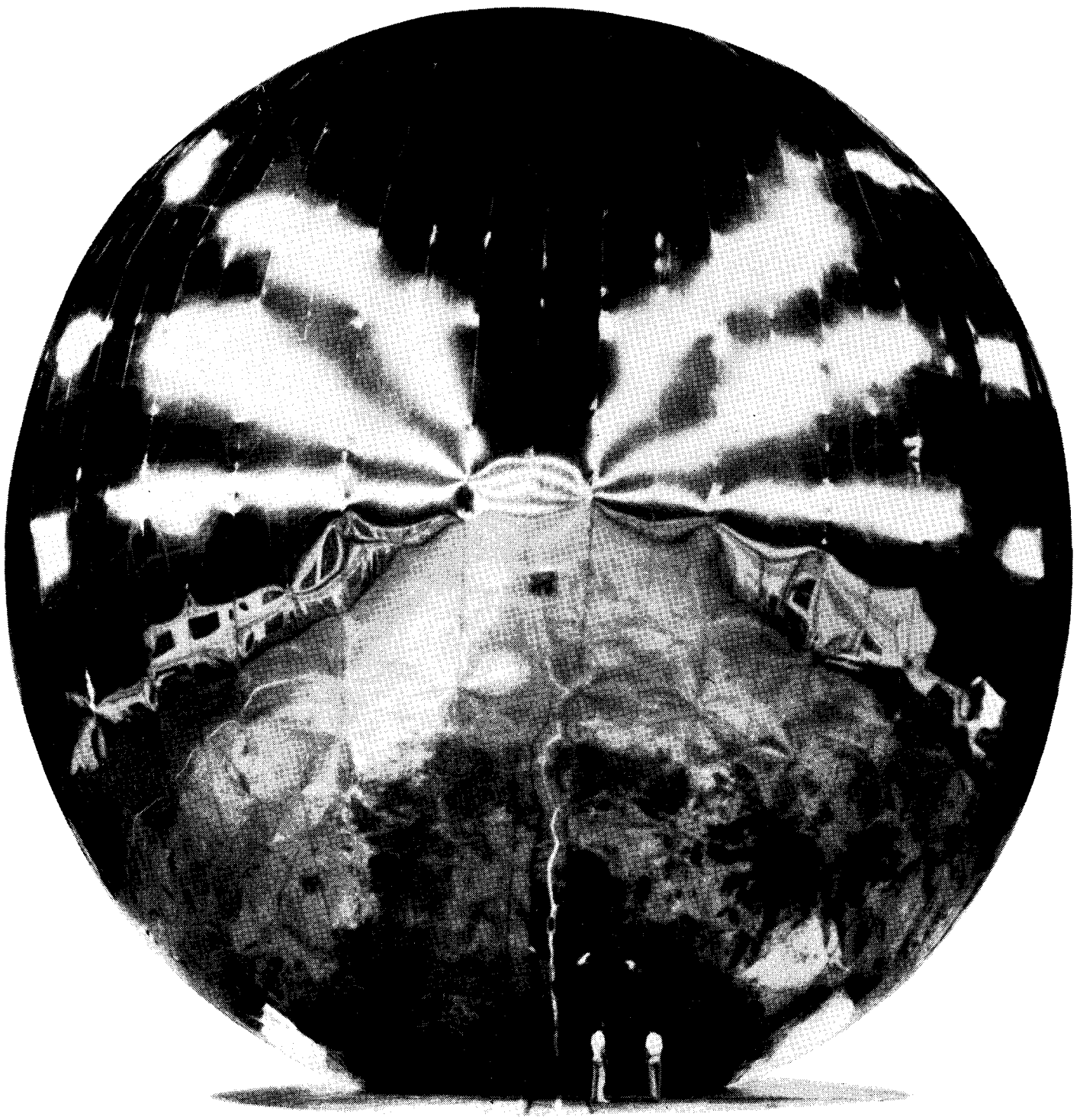
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



An Echo satellite during an inflation test. Men standing at its base are dwarfed by the giant plastic balloon, which has already proved itself an effective reflector of messages sent through space.

Dial "S" for Satellite

It won't be long before communications satellites relay your long-distance calls to all the corners of the globe. A *Post* editor reports.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

We are a voluble race and, where telephone chatter is concerned, we are getting more so by the minute. The United States is plugged into 74,200,000 phones, as of the last count, a gain of 75 per cent in ten years. We carry on more than 88,000,000,000 local and 4,000,000,000 long-distance conversations a year. This puts us far ahead of the rest of the world. But other countries also are installing instruments at a rapid rate. And telephone traffic has become so congested that almost the only direction it can expand—especially the overseas circuits—is up. This means satellites.

Nine years ago a science-fiction author, writing under the pseudonym of J. J. Coupling, foresaw this trend and asserted that "any communications engineer would give his eyeteeth to have the cheap and easy earth-moon path to span rather than the tough coast-to-coast path." If there were a base on the moon, he added, "transatlantic television would be a snap rather than an almost insuperably difficult problem."

J. J. Coupling, whose article appeared in *Astounding Science-Fiction*, is more than an armchair spinner of impossible fantasies, although he has been turning out science fiction ever since his high-school days. In this 1952 story he was writing from an inside track, a track of his own making. For Coupling's nonfiction identity is Dr. John Robinson Pierce, a research director at the Bell Telephone Laboratories at Murray Hill, New Jersey, and a principal originator of the "talking satellites."

Without sacrificing a single eyetooth Doctor Pierce and his fellow engineers have fashioned a sky link for telephone, telegraph and television that should be even more practical than the moon path, though that, too, has been used with perfect clarity to transmit the human voice. Operating on microwave frequencies that penetrate the electrified ionosphere, the satellite circuit will not be bothered by the sun-spot interference that disrupted worldwide radio communications last November.

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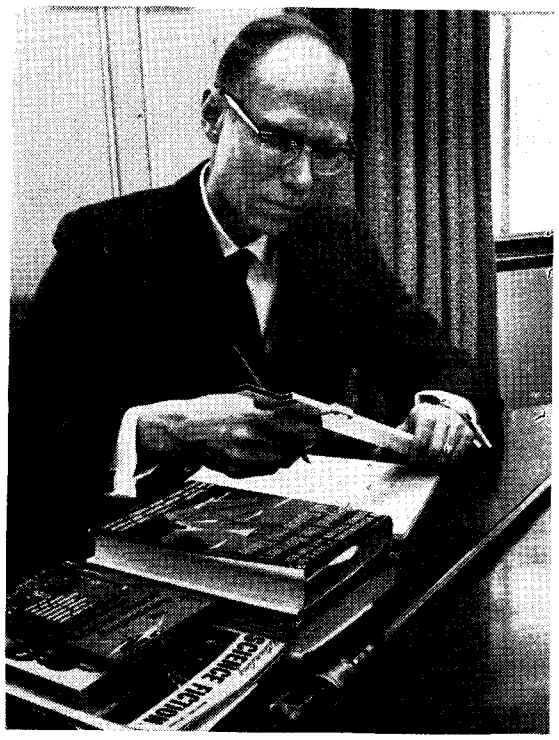
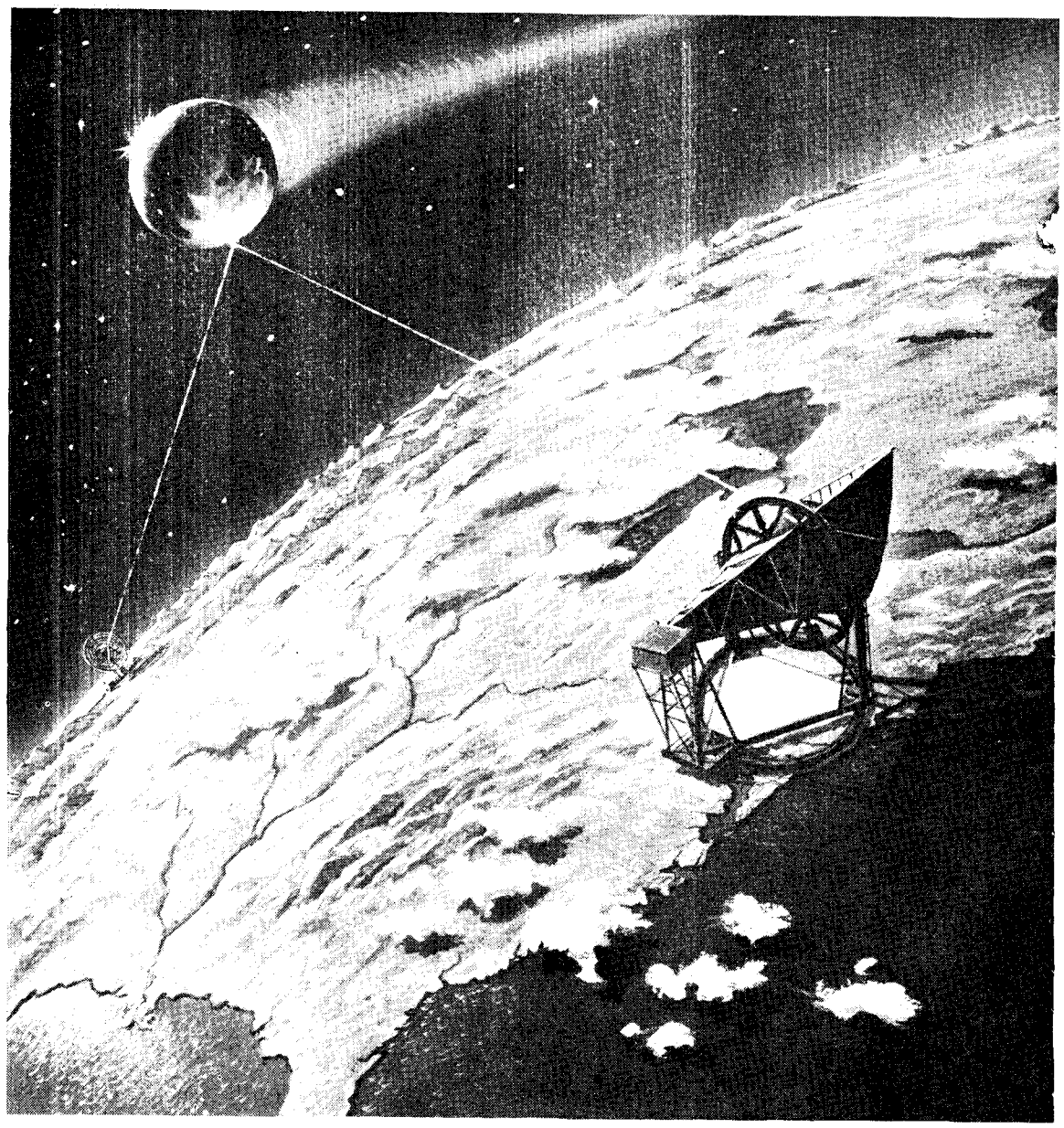
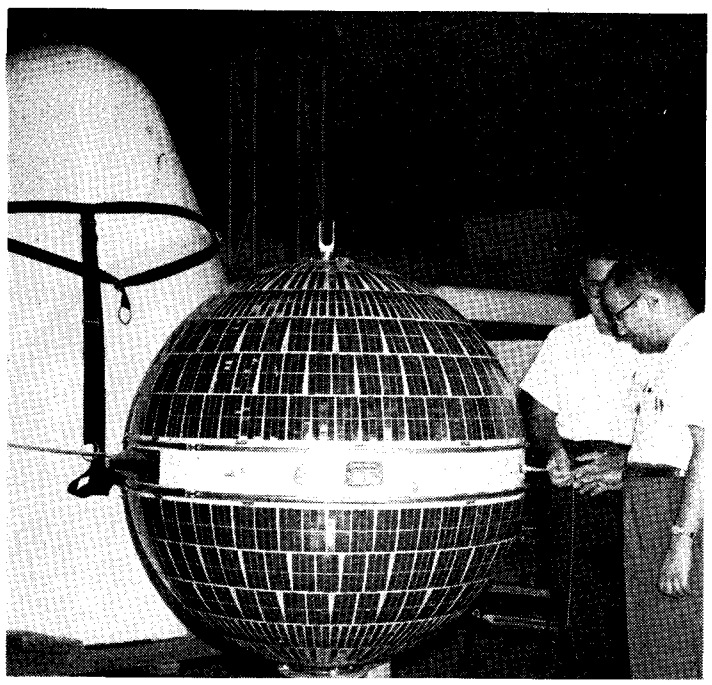


Scientist-author Dr. John R. Pierce. In 1952, he wrote a science-fiction yarn about space communications. Later he helped develop actual space-relay stations.



An artist's drawing of Project Echo, which proved the feasibility of satellite communication. Last August an Echo balloon (center) relayed a message from Goldstone, California (left), to a receiving antenna in Holmdel, New Jersey.



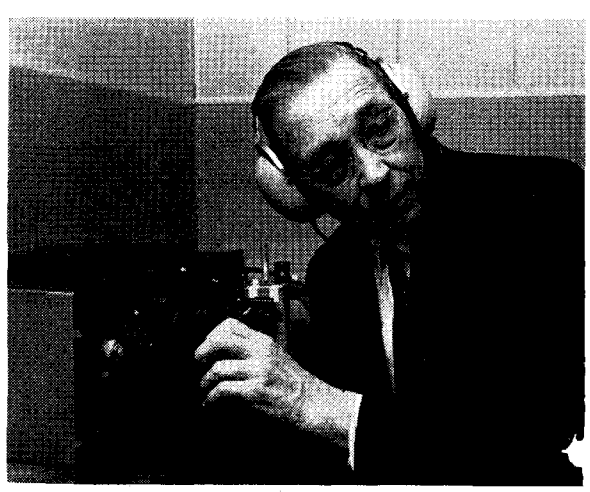
Above: An "active" satellite, the Courier contains solar cells which enable it to store and forward space messages. At left is part of the missile which carried it into space.

Below: At the Army's astro-observation center in Deal, New Jersey, engineers receive and record signals from all orbiting satellites—including the Russian Sputniks.

Doctor Pierce's 1952 speculations were followed in 1954 and 1955 by specific suggestions for several types of communications satellites. This was all some time before Sputnik streaked across the sky, in October, 1957, as the first man-made object to orbit the earth. Since then satellites have been fired into the blue at a dizzy pace. As of this writing the United States had put up thirty-two and the Russians nine. One of the Soviet objects hit the moon. One of theirs and two of ours are orbiting the sun—or were when last heard from. Of the remaining thirty-seven, sixteen are still circling the earth, and nine are still "beeping."

Now most of these products of our multi-billion-dollar space program have been propelled by military motives, or by curiosity about what's out there or by the drive to get ahead of the Russians and gain world prestige. But the communications satellites, heralded by the twinkling balloon called Echo I, are celestial conversation pieces with commercial possibilities. They are the first of the satellites that are expected to pay their own fare and return a dividend besides.

Dr. T. Keith Glennan, the husky administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—while enthusiastic about all the benefits to be realized from the space program—told me he believed "communications will be the first really effective peaceful use we will have from satellites." And in a recent



Above: They're playing his song. Dr. J. B. Johnson listens to the "Johnson noise" he discovered—radio interference emitted by "silent" objects such as trees.

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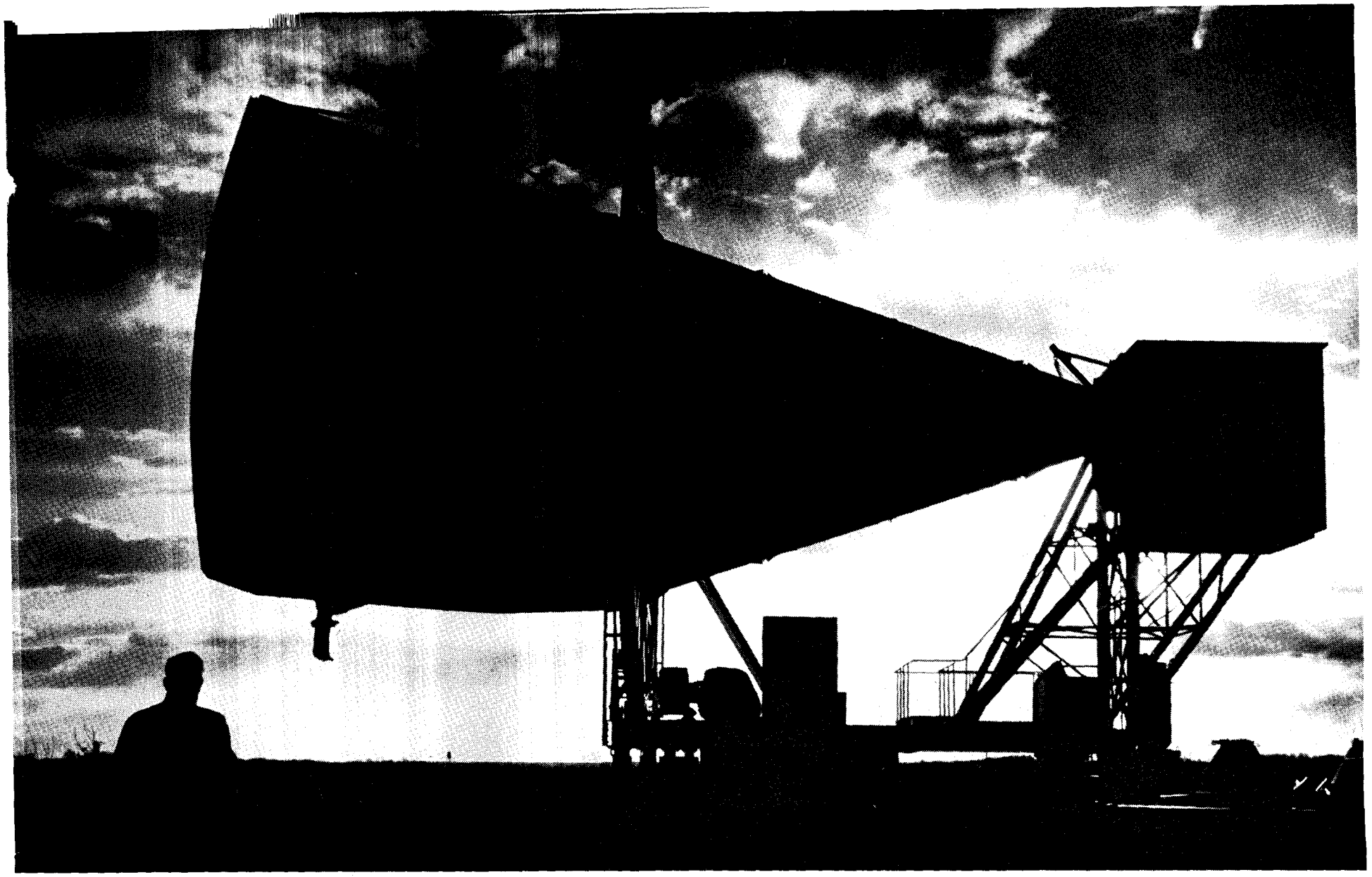

A photograph of the fifty-foot-long "big horn" which picked up the first satellite-relay message. It is a supersensitive antenna, mounted on a rotating track. The boxlike structure at the right end houses the control cab, where faint sounds from Echo are amplified.

address he said that "our Echo communications satellite—a comparatively inexpensive experiment—has made a deep and more abiding impression in other nations than many of the more difficult, more expensive and perhaps more scientifically significant experiments we have thus far carried out."

Pressure to capitalize on this impression is being exerted by the Senate Space Committee, which last month urged a more unified government policy on communications satellites. The committee, headed by Vice President-elect Lyndon B. Johnson, said that "by seizing the leadership in developing communications satellites, we in the United States have a unique opportunity to demonstrate to the world our desire to develop peaceful applications of space that will be of benefit to all mankind."

Certainly the ordinary citizen will be throwing his voice into space long before he entrusts his body to the hazards of travel outside the earth's cozy atmosphere. It should be of interest, therefore, to examine our progress toward the far-out phone call. Where does the program stand today? How does a satellite phone circuit work? What will it cost, and who will operate it? What about international television via satellite? How soon can we expect to tune in Thai or Tahitian dances, live, on our TV screens, or get instantaneous coverage of tribal outbreaks in Africa or news events in other corners of the globe?

"A great deal of research and development remains to be done before we have reliable operating capabilities," Doctor Glennan cautions. "I see no need, however, to wait for additional scientific breakthroughs. What we need now is plain hard work if we are to avoid, sometime in the future, the annoyance of an operator saying, 'I'm sorry you were cut off, sir, but your satellite just went out of range.'"

Nothing has done more to bring the concept of satellite communications within practical range than the sparkling exhibition of Echo I, launched last August by the National Space Agency, and the brief but busy performance of Courier, an Army Signal Corps satellite placed in orbit on October fourth. Because of a mechanical failure Courier stopped "talking" on October twenty-second. Echo was a bright object in the sky over much of the United States as recently as last month. It then moved out of our seeing range for a time, but is expected to become visible again sometime this week.

Echo, a project of NASA, with participation of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the Jet Propulsion Laboratories in California, is a passive satellite. Radio waves that strike it, carrying voice, code, teletype or radio-photo messages, are reflected back to ground receiving stations an ocean or a continent removed from the sending station. Echo travels about 1000 miles above the earth, at a speed of 16,000 miles per hour. So long as both sender and receiver can "see" the satellite at the same time, they can use it for straight, line-of-sight microwave transmission. These waves, with Echo's help, can vault over distances which, because they cannot follow the earth's curvature, are too great for them to span on the surface. It is like using a mirror to see around a blind street corner, or a periscope to peer over the heads of a parade crowd.

Courier, on the other hand, is an active satellite—or was until it went silent. It is a four-foot sphere crammed with transmitters, receivers and tape recorders, and sheathed in 20,000 thumbnail-size solar cells. The latter draw in the sun power needed to operate the "bird" as a store-and-forward relay station. Courier was constructed by the Philco Corporation's Western Development Laboratories at Palo Alto, California, under the technical direction of the Army's Signal Research and Development Laboratory at Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey.

As a matter of record, the Signal Corps laboratory inaugurated the era of satellite communications on December 18, 1958, with Project SCORE, a pair of radio and tape-recorder relay units attached to an Air Force Atlas missile. SCORE orbited for only a few weeks before it burned out, but in that time it transmitted a Christmas message from President Eisenhower to five stations in the United States and otherwise demonstrated the practicability of the technique.

During Courier's active life last October, messages sent to it were amplified, recorded on tape at greatly accelerated speeds and then relayed to the ground stations on command. Circling the earth in an orbit ranging in height from 502 to 658 miles, it behaved beautifully for eighteen (Continued on Page 69)

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"They're phonies," Archie said to Wolfe. "Counterfeit."

Beginning a new Nero Wolfe mystery by Rex Stout.

THE COUNTERFEITER'S KNIFE

PART ONE

My rule is, never be rude to anyone unless you mean it. But when I looked through the one-way glass panel of the front door and saw her out on the stoop, my basic feelings about the opposite sex were hurt. Granting that women can't stay young and beautiful forever, that the years are bound to show, at least they don't have to let their gray hair straggle over their ears or wear a coat with a button missing or forget to wash their face—and this specimen was guilty on all three counts. So, as she put a finger to the button and the bell rang, I opened the door and told her, "I don't want any, thanks. Try next door." I admit it was rude.

"You would have once, Buster," she said. "Thirty years ago I was a real treat." That didn't help matters any. I have conceded that the years are bound to show. "I want to see Nero Wolfe," she said. "Do I walk right through you?"

"There are difficulties," I told her. "One, I'm bigger than you are. Two, Mr. Wolfe can be seen only by appointment. Three, he won't be available until eleven o'clock, more than an hour from now."

"All right, I'll come in and wait. I'm half froze. Are you nailed down?"

A notion struck me. Wolfe believes, or claims he does, that any time I talk him into seeing a female would-be client, he knows exactly what to expect if and when he sees her—and this would show him how wrong he was. "Your name, please?" I asked her.

"My name's Annis. Hattie Annis."

"What do you want to see Mr. Wolfe about?"

"I'll tell him when I see him. If my tongue's not froze."

"You'll have to tell me, Mrs. Annis. My name ——"

"*Miss* Annis."

"O.K. My name is Archie Goodwin."

"I know it is. If you're thinking I don't look like I can pay Nero Wolfe, there'll be a reward, and I'll split it with him. If I took it to the cops, they'd do the splitting. I wouldn't trust a cop if he was naked as a baby."

"What will the reward be for?"

"For what I've got here." She patted her leather handbag, the worse for wear, with a hand in a woolen glove.

"What is it?"

"I'll tell Nero Wolfe. Look, Buster, I'm no Eskimo. Let the lady in."

That wasn't feasible. I had been in the hall with my hat and overcoat and gloves on, on my way for a morning walk cross-town to the bank to deposit a check for $7417.65 in Wolfe's account, when I had seen her through the one-way glass panel, aiming her finger at the bell button. Letting her in and leaving her in the office while I took my walk was out of the question. The other inhabitants of that old brownstone on West Thirty-fifth Street, the property of Nero Wolfe except for the furniture and other items in my bedroom, were around, but they were busy. Fritz Brenner, the chef and housekeeper, was in the kitchen making chestnut soup. Wolfe was up in the plant rooms on the roof for his two-hour morning session with the orchids, and of course Theodore Horstmann was with him.

I wasn't rude about it. I told her there were several places nearby where she could spend the hour and thaw out—Sam's Diner at the corner of Tenth Avenue, or the drugstore at the corner of Ninth, or Tony's tailor shop, where she could have a button sewed on her coat and have it charged to me. She didn't push. I said if she came back at a quarter past eleven, I might have persuaded Wolfe to see her. She turned to go and then turned back, opened the leather handbag and took out a package wrapped in brown paper with a string around it.

"Keep this for me, Buster," she said. "Some nosy cop might take it on himself. Come on, it won't bite. And don't open it. Can I trust you not to open it?"

I took it because I liked her. She had fine instincts and no sense at all. She had refused to tell me what was in it and was leaving it with me and telling me not to open it—my idea of a true woman, if only she would comb her hair and wash her face and sew a button on. So I took it and told her I would expect her at a quarter past eleven, and she left. When I had seen her descend the seven steps to the sidewalk and turn left, toward Tenth Avenue, I shut the door from the inside and took a look at the package. It was rectangular, some six inches long and three wide, and a couple of inches thick. I put it to my ear and held my breath—and heard nothing. But you never know what science will do next, and there were at least three dozen people in the metropolitan area who had it in for Wolfe, not to mention a few who didn't care much for me; so instead of taking it to the office, to my desk or the safe, I went to the front room and stashed it under the couch. If you ask if I untied the string and unwrapped the paper for a look, your instincts are not as fine as they should be. Anyhow I had gloves on.

Also there had been nothing doing for more than a week, since (Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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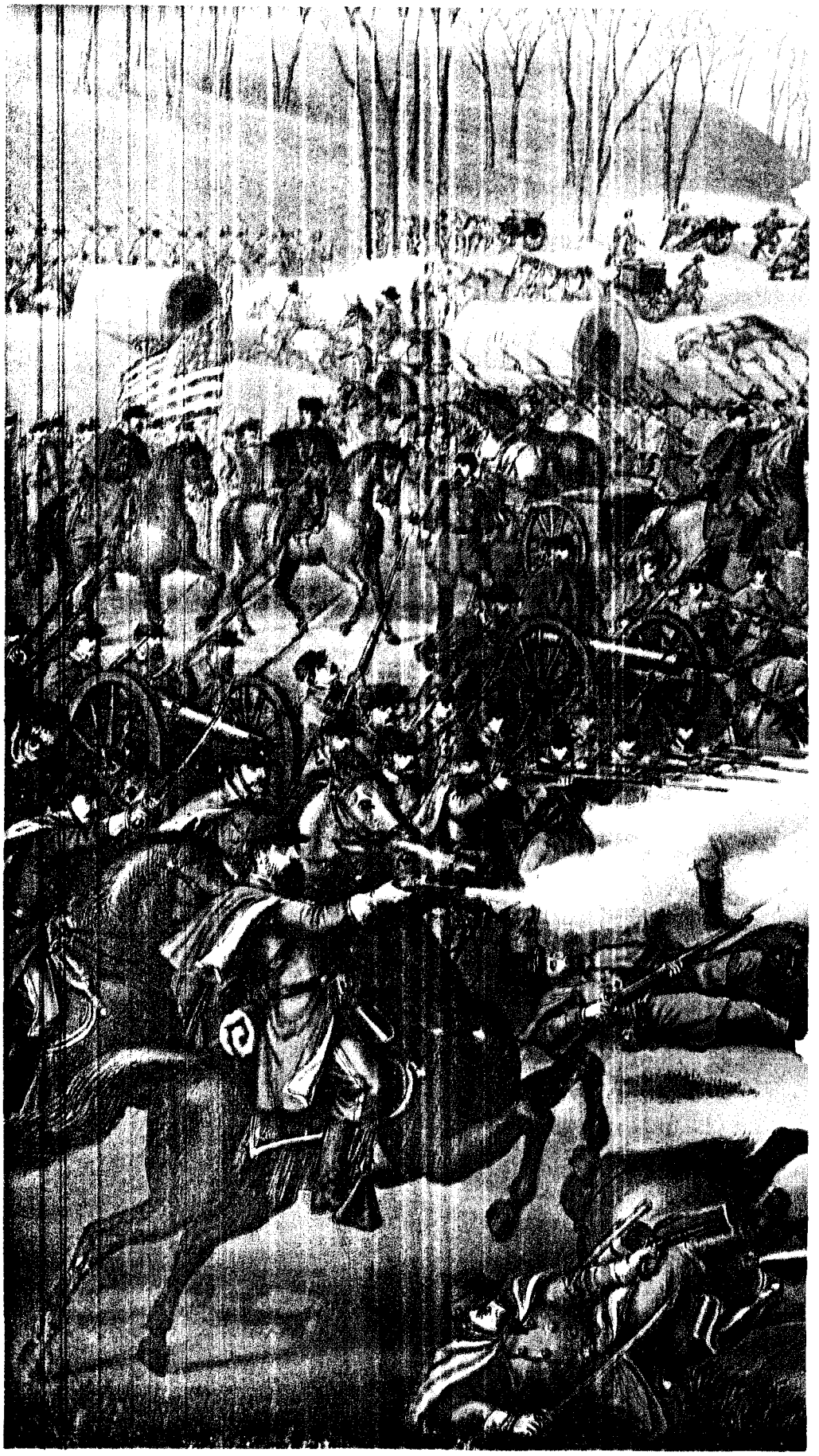
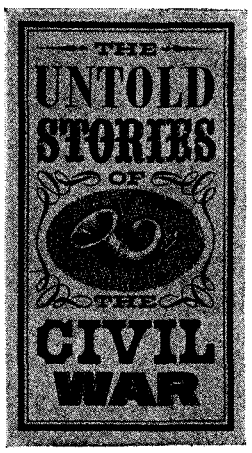
Right: Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 7-8, 1862, where about 3500 of the 16,200 Confederate troops were Indians. This 1889 Kurz and Allison print is a highly romanticized artist's conception of the engagement.





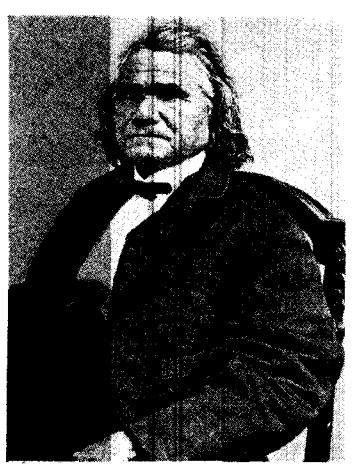
By ASHLEY HALSEY Jr.

Second of a Series

THE BRAVES IN BLUE AND GRAY

More than 10,000 Indians fought in the Civil War on one side or the other. Here is the story of their generals, their heroism—and their savagery.

Gen. Grant (left) chose as his staff military secretary Donehogawa (right), a Seneca chieftain better known as Gen. Ely S. Parker.



Gen. Stand Watie, a Cherokee chief, commanded the last Confederate army unit to surrender.

Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton was emphatic to the point of rudeness. The Union would win the Civil War with white troops, he asserted. It needed no help from Indians.

The towering, swarthy man standing before Stanton scarcely changed expression at the words. Donehogawa, sachem of the Senecas, had been rebuffed before simply for being an Indian. After studying law successfully while representing his tribe in Washington, D.C., for twenty years, he was denied admission to the bar because he was not a United States citizen.

Next, he learned civil engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute well enough to be appointed superintendent of a Government project at Galena, Illinois. There, incidentally, he befriended a former

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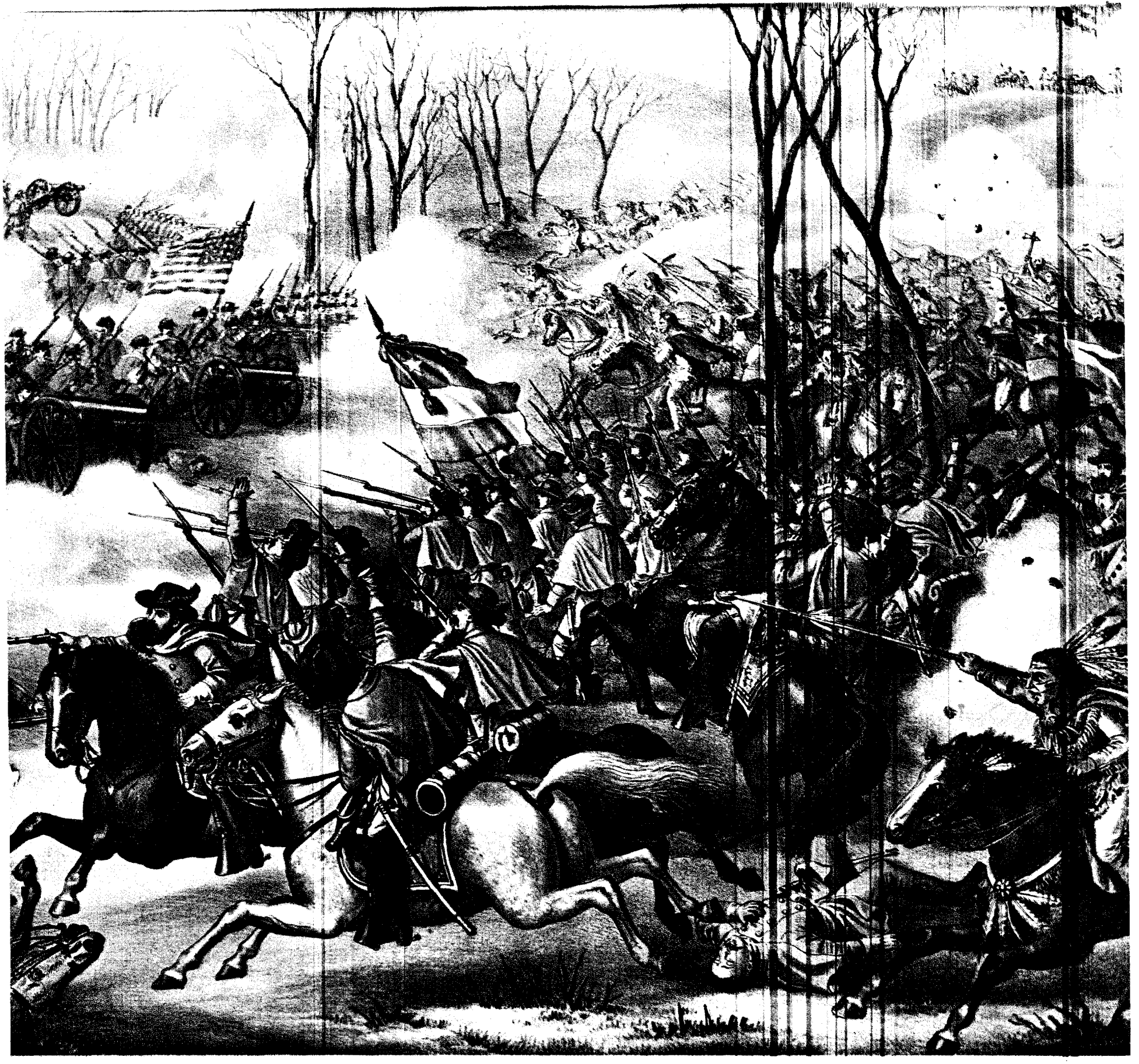

Army officer who was so down on his luck that he worked as a humble clerk.

In 1862 the sachem returned to the tribal reservation in Genesee County, New York. In accordance with tribal custom, he obtained his father's permission to go to war. Then he applied to the governor of New York for a state-militia commission appropriate to his standing. The governor, perhaps mindful that there were still some voters whose parents had been tomahawked in past wars, flatly declined to send the redskin on the warpath even to save the Union. In Washington, Secretary Stanton said the same thing—more impolitely if possible.

Not until the summer of 1863 did the Seneca chieftain, whose "white" name was Ely Samuel Parker, manage to wangle a commission as a captain of engineers. Quite likely the clerk whom he had befriended at Galena helped him. For by now the former clerk spoke with authority and influence. His name was Ulysses S. Grant, now a major general and the conqueror of Vicksburg. Ely Parker soon joined Grant's staff.

Within a year Parker was a lieutenant colonel and military secretary to General Grant. He rode beside Grant through the death and desolation of the Virginia campaigns, a tall figure on a rangy black horse, known among the troops as "the Indian." At Spotsylvania he is credited with saving Grant from death or capture. The absent-minded general rode straight toward the rebel lines. (Continued on Page 78)

Gen. Albert Pike recruited Indians for the South and let them fight with arrows and tomahawks.

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HEAL A WOUNDED HEART

How can a woman help a man who has lost all interest in living?

By Peggy Simson Curry

John Durham lay on the sand and felt lifeless. It was as though a curtain of glass had been drawn between him and the world. He could look through it, but he could not break it. He heard the surf, but it didn't really reach him; it was like something happening in a faraway tunnel. His hand moved under the beach towel and touched the bottle. He had not used it. He had scorned it as he scorned the pills the doctor had given him. But now, in the warm, sea-moist afternoon, he took hold of the bottle and raised it to his lips.

"That's bad for you," a small, flutelike voice said.

He knew that voice. She had been by every afternoon, and he didn't bother to look up. Her feet were in his range of vision, small, brown feet stained with tar that washed in with the waves. Why didn't her mother ever get those feet clean? he wondered crossly. And then something sharp and terrible happened inside him; he saw the feet that had been his daughter's—white, delicate, awakening in him a queer tenderness. "*Put your shoes on, honey. You'll get stickers in your toes.*"

In the mountains it had been—high Montana. His wife had rested in the curve of his arm as they lay under the pine shade. Their child had played near them, her shoes and stockings cast carelessly aside. John Durham pressed his arm across his eyes. *I can't bear to remember*, he thought. *I don't want to remember*. He spoke harshly, "Go away—go away and leave me alone."

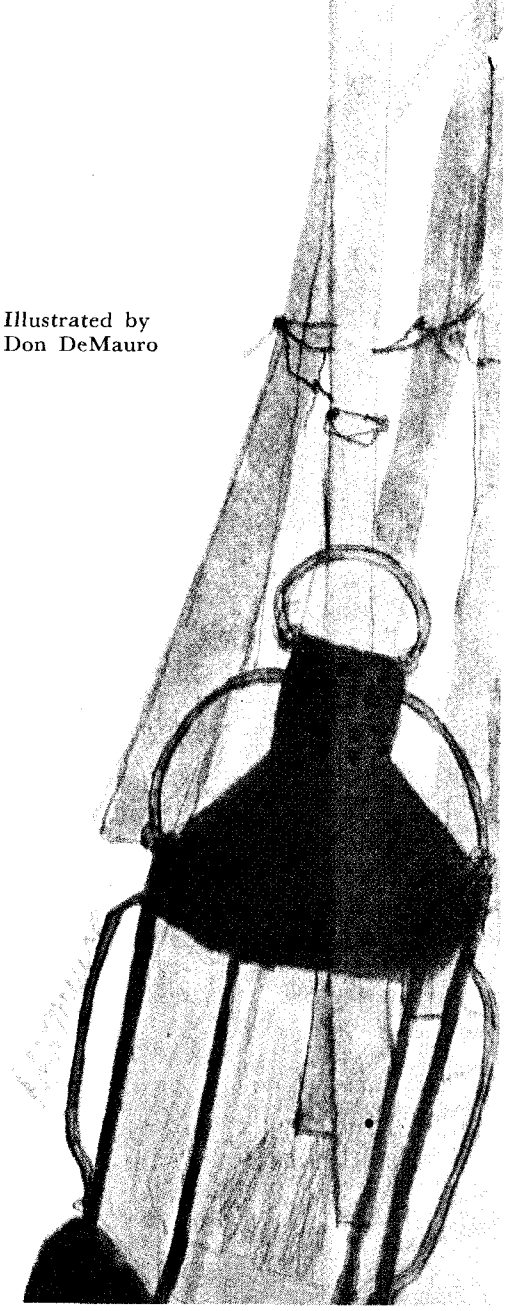
But the dirty, tar-stained feet didn't budge, and the maddeningly clear voice went on, "Don't be so nasty."

He heaved himself to a sitting position, the taste of the warm whisky sickening in his stomach. He forced himself to look at her. She was as she had been that afternoon a week ago when he'd first come to the beach. Her brown, freckled face was alert with mingled curiosity and reproof. The faded blue bathing suit clung to her thin hips and rode on the mound of her stomach as she stood, back arched, sturdy legs spraddled. Her sun-bleached blond hair was straight and thick, and suddenly he wanted to put his hand on it.

"What's your name?" he said, trying to control the convulsive movements of his stomach.

"I told you the first day. It's Mary Ann." She eyed him critically. "You don't remember much, do you?" (Continued on Page 73)

Illustrated by Don DeMauro



"I don't even know your first name," he said.

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The Face of AMERICA

The Peaceable Kingdom

Most utopians have dreamed of states arranged for social betterment, with laws devised to make life free of trouble, work and disease, but lesser philosophers have dreamed a more primitive dream. For example, the Quaker preacher, Edward Hicks (1780-1849), an uninhibited part-time artist, had a special dream of the Peaceable Kingdom described by the prophet Isaiah (Chapter eleven, Verse six). Hicks painted twenty-five versions of his dream. Another dreamer was our photographer, who heard of a curious stuffed-animal collection at Seabrook, New Hampshire. When the owner of this "animaland" exhibit sold his building to the Seabrook Federated Church, our photographer-philosopher hastened to the scene to picture the displaced animals, all relics of the Barnum and Bailey menagerie. Children of the church posed with the life-size stuffed beasts—and with some live pets—to make the dour old prophet's dream a graphic reality, just as literally as Hicks did: "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

● Photograph by Ormond Gigli

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Know-It-All

A girl can put up with just so much of such a man.

By John Randolph Phillips

Henry Quentin's well-ordered life fell apart on a rainy Sunday afternoon in late summer. Inasmuch as it was the first really shattering experience he had ever undergone, it left Henry profoundly shocked, childishly confused and utterly desolate. The person who was responsible for this havoc was a blue-eyed blond-haired, notably attractive and heretofore thoroughly dependable feminine character named Lucinda Fray.

The day began auspiciously enough. Bright sunlight greeted Henry when he looked out his window first thing that morning. He had breakfast with his mother and father and his sister June and particularly enjoyed the cured ham and hot biscuits. True, his mother looked a little listless; but then, of late she frequently appeared indifferent.

"Paper hasn't come yet," Quentin senior said upon conclusion of the meal. "I'm going to call that boy's home and see what the trouble is."

"I'll do it," Henry offered.

Mr. Quentin shook his head. "Thanks. I'll do it myself."

That was a Quentin trait. Quentins did things for themselves. Quentins conducted their affairs in a self-sufficient little world of their own as far as that was humanly possible. Quentins were ruggedly independent and conspicuously reticent about their activities.

Henry was only twenty-five, but already a junior officer in the bank of which his father was president. He was quite tall and attractively lean. His eyes were brown and circumspect, his hair light brown, thick and, sometimes, parted. Though he performed creditably on the tennis court and had played end on the football team in college, he was not precisely the athletic type.

After breakfast Henry telephoned Lucinda. "This is the day I take you up to see Marge and Johnny." (Continued on Page 38)

"You're right I'm upset," Lucinda said. "As of this moment I feel I've had all I ever want of independence and the Quentin brand of self-reliance."

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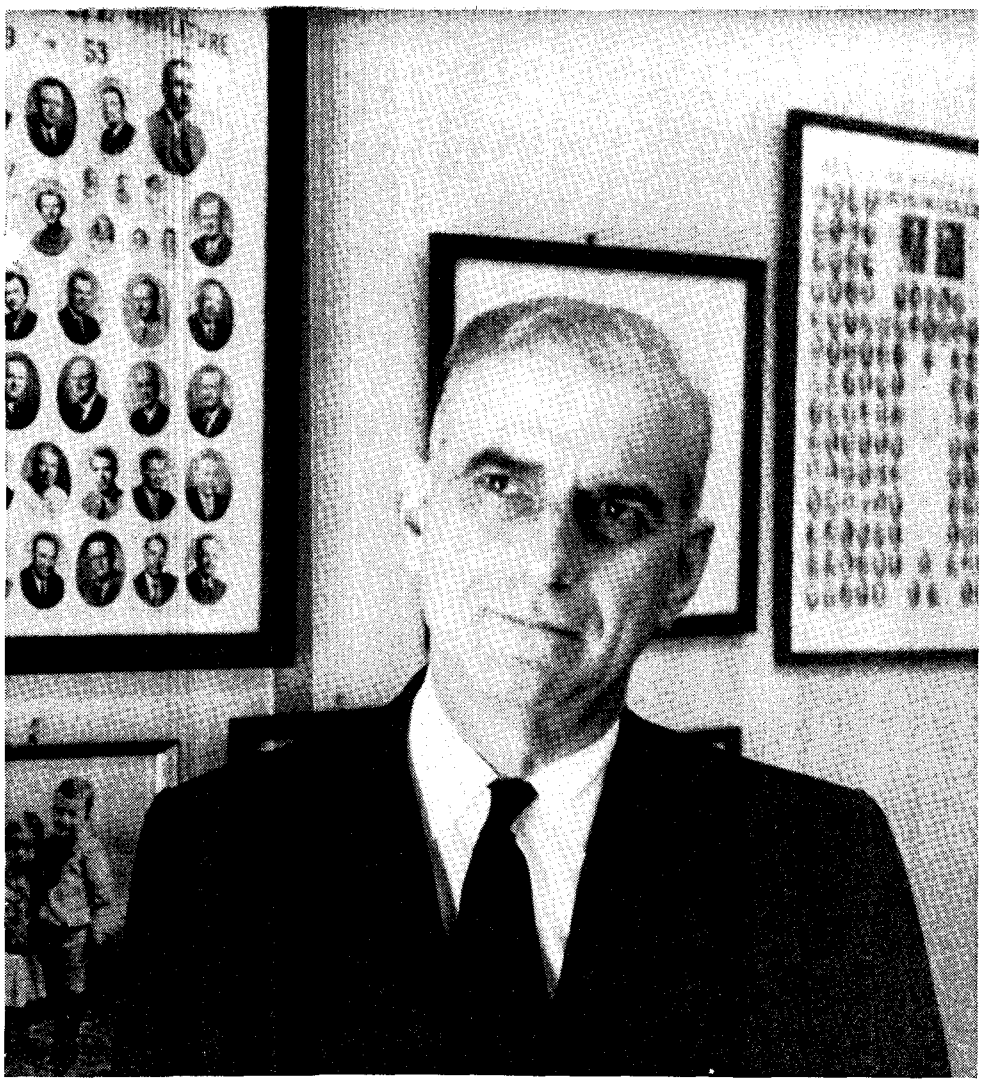

Lt. Gov. Ben Ramsey, boss of the Texas Senate. The state's feminist group accuses him of killing women's-rights legislation, but he says, "I never did get a chance to."

Hermine Tobolowsky is a leader of the Texas uprising. A state senator once asked her, "What trouble are *you* having with your husband?"

The Revolt of Texas Women

In the Lone Star State the law has long classified women with children and idiots. But now the ladies are rebelling. A *Post* editor reports.

By Peter Wyden

IT'S AN UPRISING! said the red headline over a front-page editorial in the Austin, Texas, *Statesman* several months ago. "Texas women have gone to war," agreed the Beaumont *Enterprise*. "The women have some pretty good arguments against the overlording male," editorialized the Houston *Chronicle*; "don't they always?" The weekly *Pioneer* in Fort Stockton (pop. 6123) inquired, ARE WOMEN PEOPLE? While not committing itself to an unequivocal reply, it suggested that Texas women were getting a run-around from the state legislature and that the legislators should know better.

"No mere man has ever won an argument with an aroused female," the *Pioneer* concluded. "Capitulation appears the only wise course."

Behind these less than straight-faced comments smolders a dead-serious tug of war. Another round is about to commence in Austin, the state capital, and capitulation is nowhere in sight. In one corner stands a determined and well-organized band of Texas ladies. In the other, slightly camouflaged by verbal smoke screens, lurk some of the most powerful politicians in Texas. At stake are forty-four laws which seem to have been lifted from a misogynist's happy dream.

For instance:

A husband who surprises his wife with her paramour and kills him goes free without even standing trial, but a wife who eliminates her husband's mistress under similar circumstances is charged with murder. A wealthy woman wants to buy some bonds with her own money, but can't place an order with her broker without her husband's written consent. A lady shopkeeper wants to purchase merchandise from a

(Continued on Page 55)

Ada Nelson, Bridge City businesswoman: "It's insulting the way a woman in Texas isn't thought responsible."

Louise and Grier Raggio, Dallas law partners. Her husband must sign all bail bonds for her clients.

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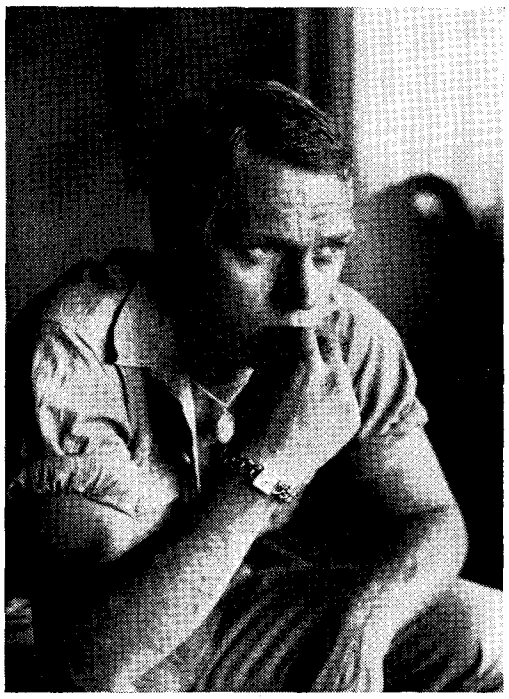


"I was always alone." Thirty-year-old McQueen, the "Western beatnik," now earns $100,000 a year as a TV Western star.

TV's ANGRY YOUNG STAR

Steve McQueen, the boyish hero of *Wanted—Dead or Alive*, is an ex-delinquent who frequently treads on the toes of writers, directors and fellow actors. . . .

By ROBERT JOHNSON

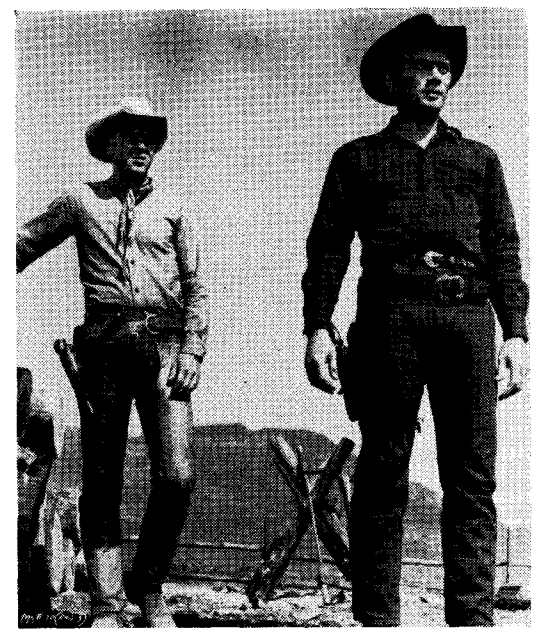
Two years ago, when Steve McQueen was just starting to make a name for himself in television, he got the kind of break which few young actors encounter outside their dreams: Director John Sturges offered him a supporting role in the motion picture *Never So Few*, starring Frank Sinatra. McQueen naturally accepted with alacrity—but not without misgivings. A lifetime spent in singlehanded combat against a largely hostile world had taught him to expect thorns in even the rosiest prospects, and he had rarely been surprised.

This time he was—most of all, probably, by Sinatra himself. Frank has the reputation of sometimes being hard to get along with, but, says McQueen, "when we met, I sort of dug him and he dug me. We're like minds; we're both like children emotionally." What cemented his friendship for Sinatra was their common affinity for firecrackers. "Those so-and-so's," Steve says, grinning. "One day I was sitting reading my script, being very industrious, and they sneaked up behind me and put a lighted firecracker in one of the loops of my gun belt, and the thing blew up and shot me about three feet in the air. So I went and got one of the Tommy guns we used in the picture and a full clip of blank cartridges. And Frank and Peter Lawford and the others were just walking away, and I called, 'Frank!' and they turned around and I went 'Wa-a-a-a'—the whole clip." At close range the wads and flash from a blank cartridge can be both shocking and painful, and, says McQueen, "that whole set just went dead still for about ten seconds." Then Sinatra laughed, and it was all right.

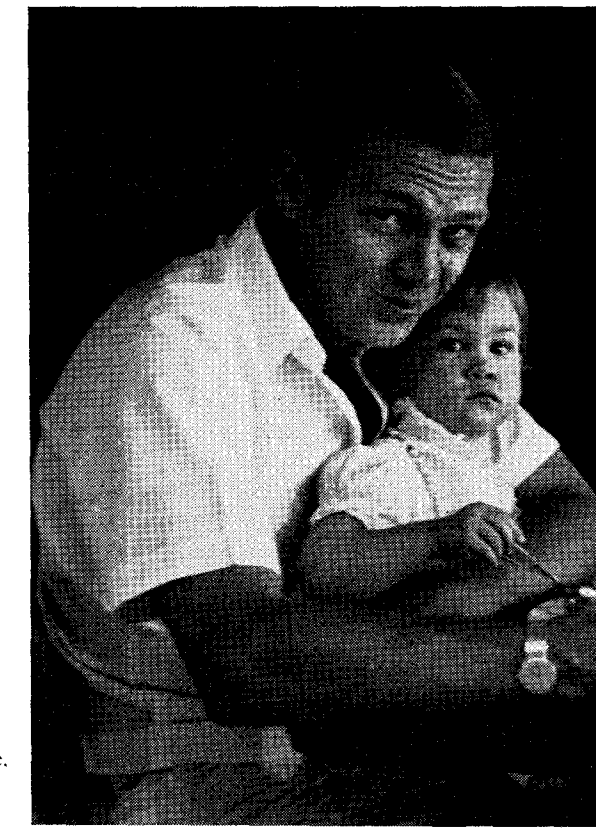
From then on they spent much of the time between takes lobbing firecrackers at one another—"We had about six hundred cherry bombs on the back lot at Metro," Steve says—and everybody had a ball. "I thought, 'Man, I've found the Palisades Park for myself.' What a way to live! You know? It was just organized chaos."

The key that opened the door to this exhilarating world for McQueen was his early work in the television series *Wanted—Dead or Alive*, now in its third season. Back in 1958, when C.B.S. launched the show, John Sturges saw some of the first episodes and liked the way Steve handled himself as Josh Randall, the slight, blond, bullet-headed bounty hunter who is *Wanted*'s unlikely hero. Bounty hunters—men who stalked fugitives from frontier justice for the reward money—were not generally held in high esteem; but McQueen has from the beginning succeeded in making Randall both believable and sympathetic, without resorting to either spurious sentiment or

As TV bounty hunter Josh Randall, Steve portrays a loner whose personality is much like his own.



In *The Magnificent Seven* with Yul Brynner (right). Their clashes on the set made Hollywood news.



Right: "I've got a kid that I love very much." His daughter Terry will be two in June.

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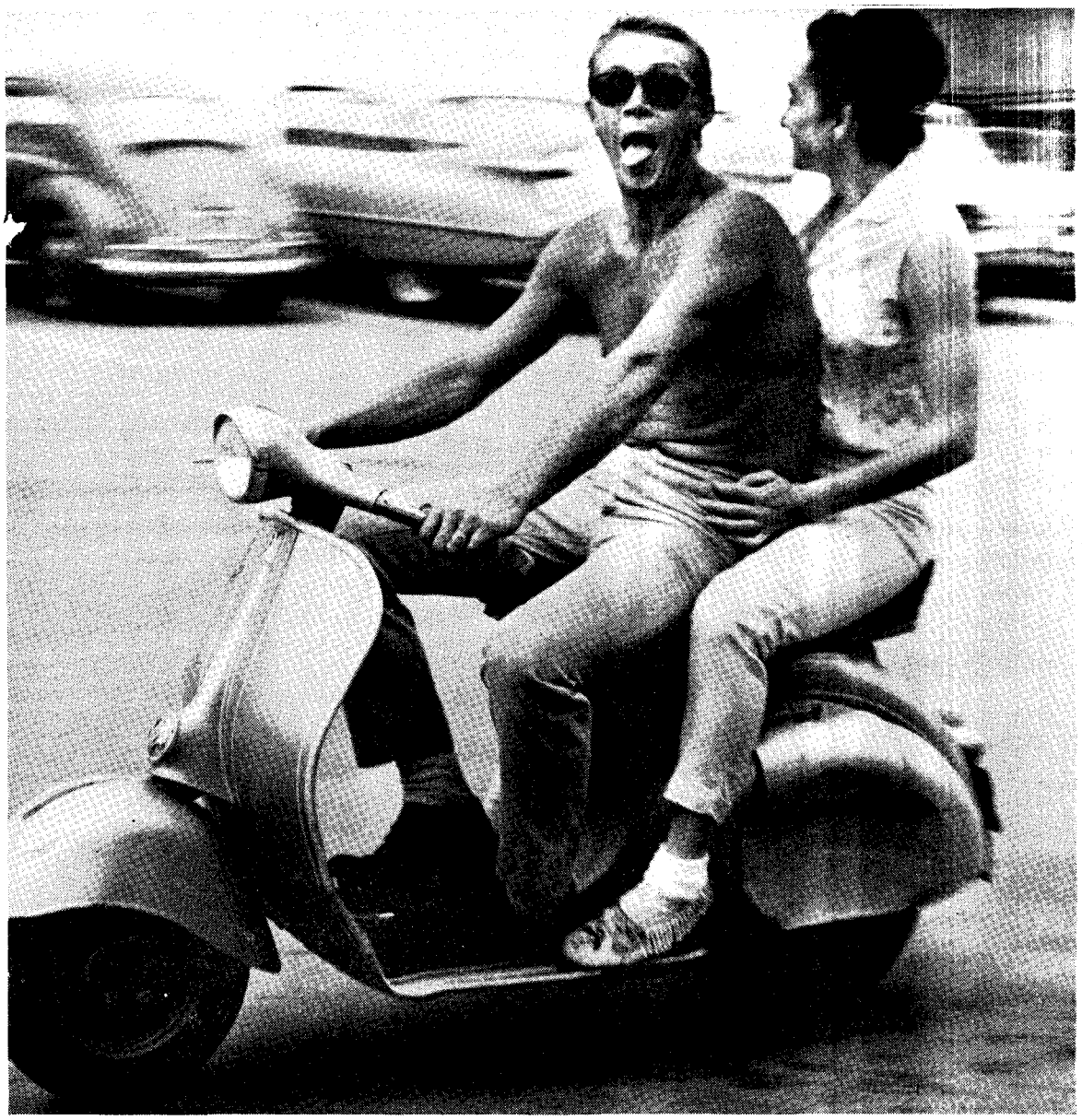

He has given up sports-car racing and motorcycles, but still can't resist showing off on his motor scooter. Here he clowns with stunt girl Valley Keene at the *Wanted* studio.

showy heroics. Whether the script concerns the hunt itself or the complications involved in escorting an unwilling prisoner to jail, he is simply a man trying to do a dangerous, unglamorous job with a minimum of fuss.

That, at least, is the way McQueen comes across on the screen. Around the studio of Four Star Television, which makes *Wanted*, the fuss is often considerable. "He's an itchy guy," says one of the show's three directors. "Things have got to be done his way." And McQueen's personal manager, Hillard Elkins, who has known the actor for several years, adds, "He has a chip on his shoulder. He's been pushed around so much in his life that it's instinctive with him to push back—sometimes even when nobody's pushed him yet."

Moreover, McQueen is unencumbered by a high regard for conventional behavior, a fact which has caused him to be described as a "Western beatnik." He rides a battered motor scooter around the studio as if its only speeds were Full and Stop, frequently rearing it back and squirting it along on the rear wheel. His favorite mode of dress consists of sneakers and abbreviated shorts, often with the top button undone. His speech is a nearly inaudible high-speed mumble liberally salted with beatnik slang and barracks-room epithets. And when he itches in public, he scratches.

This last, as a matter of fact, is a habit he is trying to overcome; and when it impels people to compare him with Marlon Brando, as it sometimes does, he is as much annoyed as flattered. "All this ratchin' and scratchin' jazz," he says. "I don't think Mr. Brando is really like that; I think he uses it as an actor, which is great. But I come from a world of ratchin' and scratchin', and I'm trying to get away from it. I don't want people staring at me in a room like I'm some long lost bird from Ethiopia."

Like nearly all television actors, McQueen is haunted by the fear that his success is a bubble which may burst at any moment, particularly since *Wanted* has this season been moved from Saturday to Wednesday night, where it comes up against *The Price Is Right*, a notorious killer of competition. But McQueen's position is actually a good deal less precarious than that of most young television stars, for he has also earned himself a solid place in the more prestigious world of motion pictures.

Starting his career in Hollywood films with *Never So Few*, he so impressed John Sturges with his performance that when the director set about casting his new large-budget Western *The Magnificent Seven* a year ago, he wanted Steve as one of the picture's seven badmen-turned-benefactors. This was a distinct compliment to McQueen, because Sturges chose his actors less for their facility in certain types of part than for their ability to project strongly individual personalities. Steve had considerable freedom to develop his role as he liked, to improvise and experiment—and these are things dear to the heart of McQueen.

His relationship with Yul Brynner, on the other hand, was somewhat less cordial than with Sinatra in the previous picture. Steve says, "I think I represented a threat to him. He doesn't ride very (Continued on Page 58)

The McQueens have been married four years. His wife, actress Neile Adams, says of their romance, "Suddenly this wild man was in my life."

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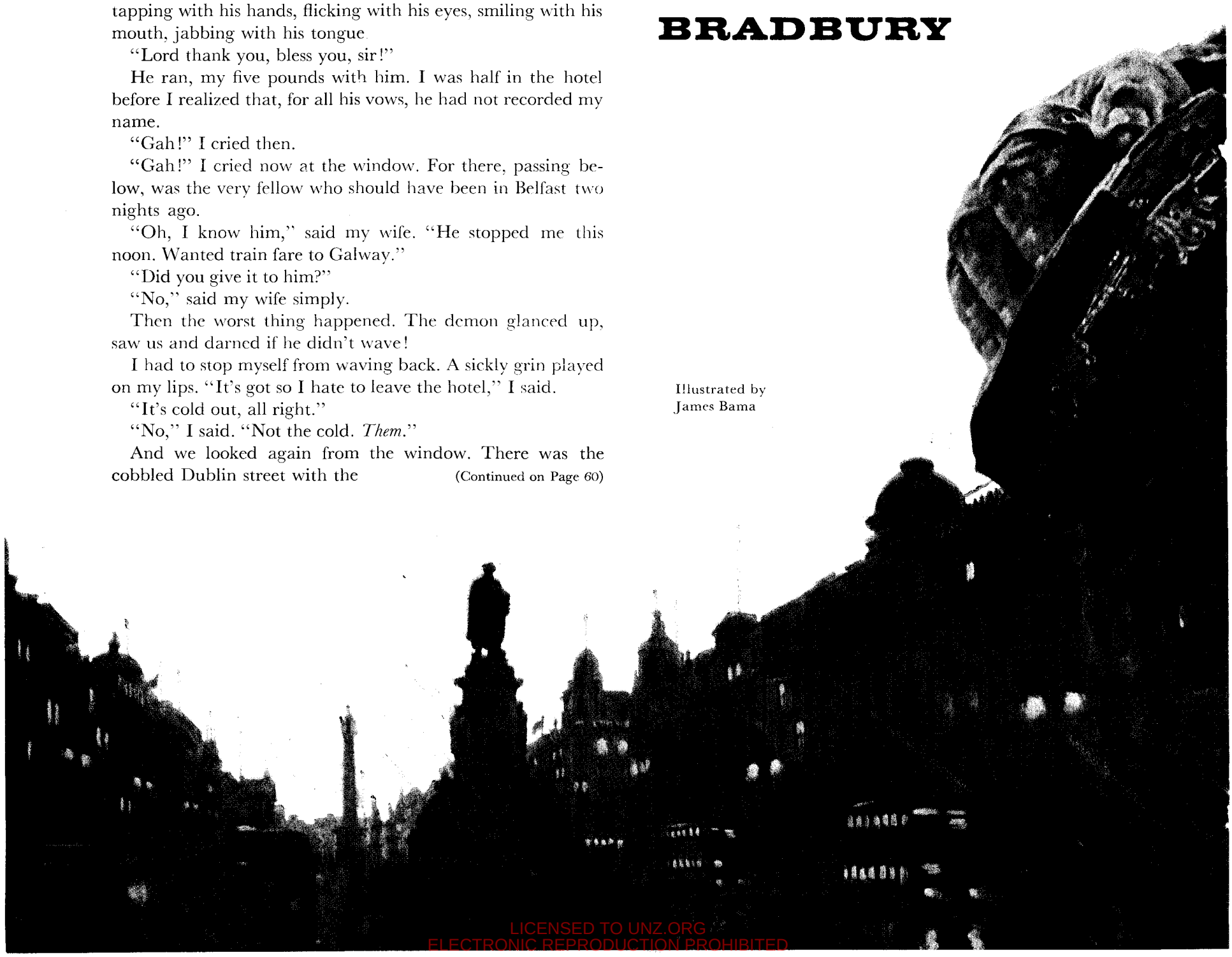
THE BEGGAR ON THE DUBLIN BRIDGE

A Short Story by RAY BRADBURY

Illustrated by James Bama



A fool," I said. "That's what I am."

"Why?" asked my wife. "What for?"

I brooded by our third-floor hotel window. On the Dublin street below a man passed, his face to the lamplight. "Him," I muttered. "Two days ago ——"

Two days ago as I was walking along, someone had "hissed" me from the hotel alley. "Sir, it's important! Sir!"

I turned into the shadow. This little man in the direst tones said, "I've a job in Belfast if I just had a pound for the train fare!"

I hesitated.

"A most important job!" he went on swiftly. "Pays well! I'll—I'll mail you back the loan! Just give me your name and hotel ——"

He knew me for a tourist. But it was too late; his promise to pay had moved me. The pound note crackled in my hand, being worked free from several others.

The man's eye skimmed like a shadowing hawk. "If I had two pounds, I could eat on the way ——"

I uncrumpled two bills.

"And three pounds would bring the wife ——"

I unleafed a third.

"Ah, hell!" cried the man. "Five, just five poor pounds, would find us a hotel in that brutal city and let me get to the job, for sure!"

What a dancing fighter he was, light on his toes, weaving, tapping with his hands, flicking with his eyes, smiling with his mouth, jabbing with his tongue.

"Lord thank you, bless you, sir!"

He ran, my five pounds with him. I was half in the hotel before I realized that, for all his vows, he had not recorded my name.

"Gah!" I cried then.

"Gah!" I cried now at the window. For there, passing below, was the very fellow who should have been in Belfast two nights ago.

"Oh, I know him," said my wife. "He stopped me this noon. Wanted train fare to Galway."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No," said my wife simply.

Then the worst thing happened. The demon glanced up, saw us and darned if he didn't wave!

I had to stop myself from waving back. A sickly grin played on my lips. "It's got so I hate to leave the hotel," I said.

"It's cold out, all right."

"No," I said. "Not the cold. *Them*."

And we looked again from the window. There was the cobbled Dublin street with the (Continued on Page 60)

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Bama

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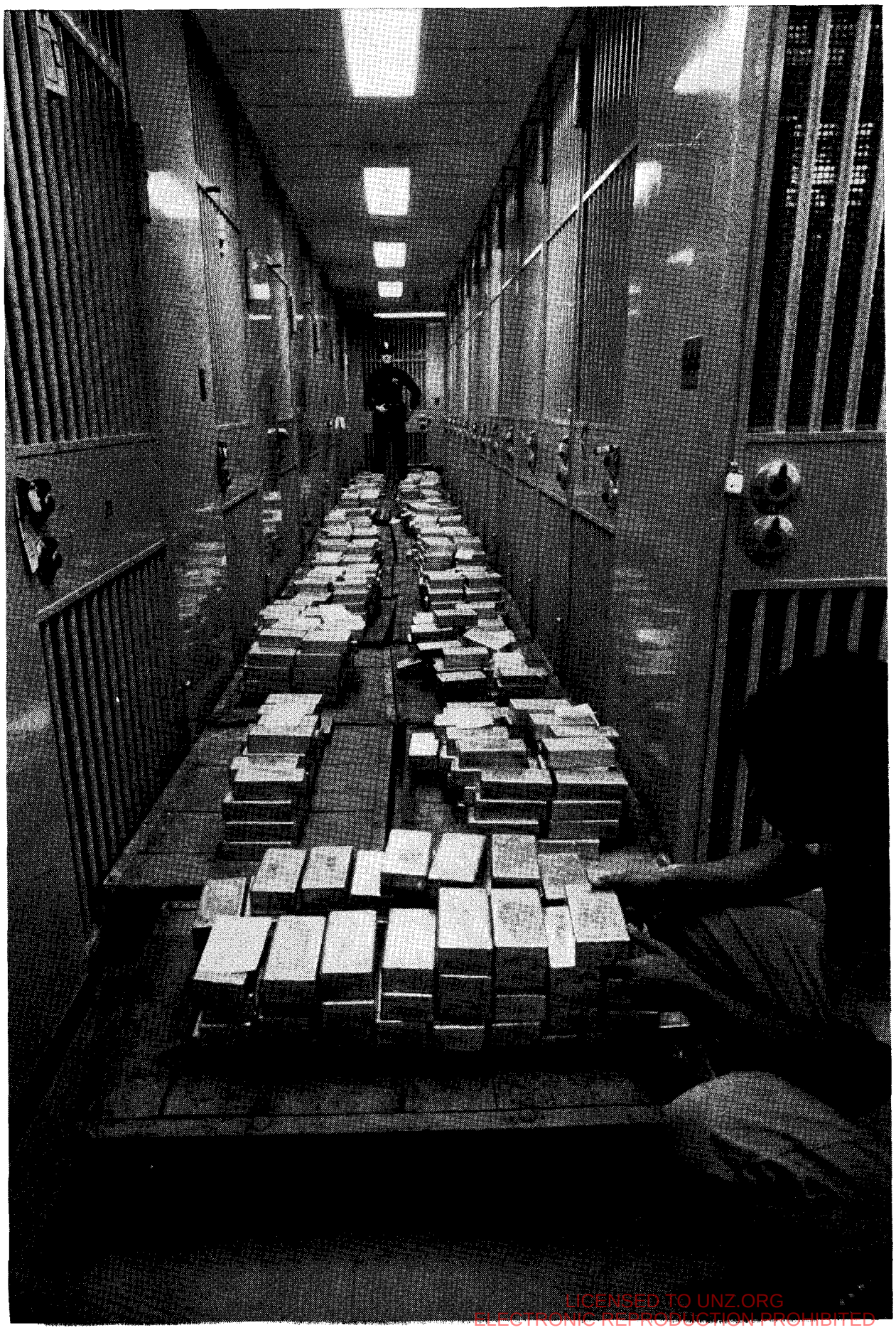
OUR DWINDLING GOLD

A *Post* editor tells why America's vast reserves of monetary gold have been swiftly slipping away from us into foreign hands, and what it means to the ordinary citizen.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Uncle Sam pays off: The gold shown below—several million dollars' worth—is being shifted from United States vaults to compartments assigned to various foreign countries at the Federal Reserve Bank in New York.



Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold. . . .
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould. . . .

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

THOMAS HOOD

Except for the fillings in his teeth, his lodge emblem, his wedding ring and a few shining baubles his wife inherited from some affluent ancestor, an American today owns less gold than many a Chinese coolie or Arab camel driver. No matter how rich in bonds or stocks or paper dollars he may be, the world's historic standard of value has no more meaning to him as an individual than has some unknown metal hidden beneath the mountains of the moon.

As a citizen of the United States, he is, of course, co-owner of the great treasure which his Government has buried at Fort Knox. So far as he is personally concerned, however, these stacks of gold bars and sacks of gleaming coins might as well be clay bricks or bags of sand. Whether he is a millionaire or a pauper, he has no legal claim on them.

If he wishes to go around lumpy and jingling, he can take his dollar bills, and certain of his fives, down to the bank and swap them for silver, for these "silver certificates" are fully redeemable in silver dollars. He can do the same thing with his other fives, and with his tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds. But he cannot exchange them for gold, even though these bills are Federal Reserve notes and every dollar by law is backed by at least twenty-five cents in gold.

He would not notice any immediate difference in the buying power of his dollar, in fact, if Congress should quietly change this law and reduce the gold that backs his paper money to ten cents, or increase it to seventy-five. For the strength of any currency in a nation's domestic economy does not depend on the amount of gold on which its currency is based. It depends, instead, on what the dollar, or the franc, or the pound will buy in goods and services on any given day. Most other governments, for example, though they hoard gold assiduously, establish no fixed ratio at all of gold to currency.

In view of the above, the question naturally arises: "What good is gold?" Why should America's political leaders and monetary experts be so

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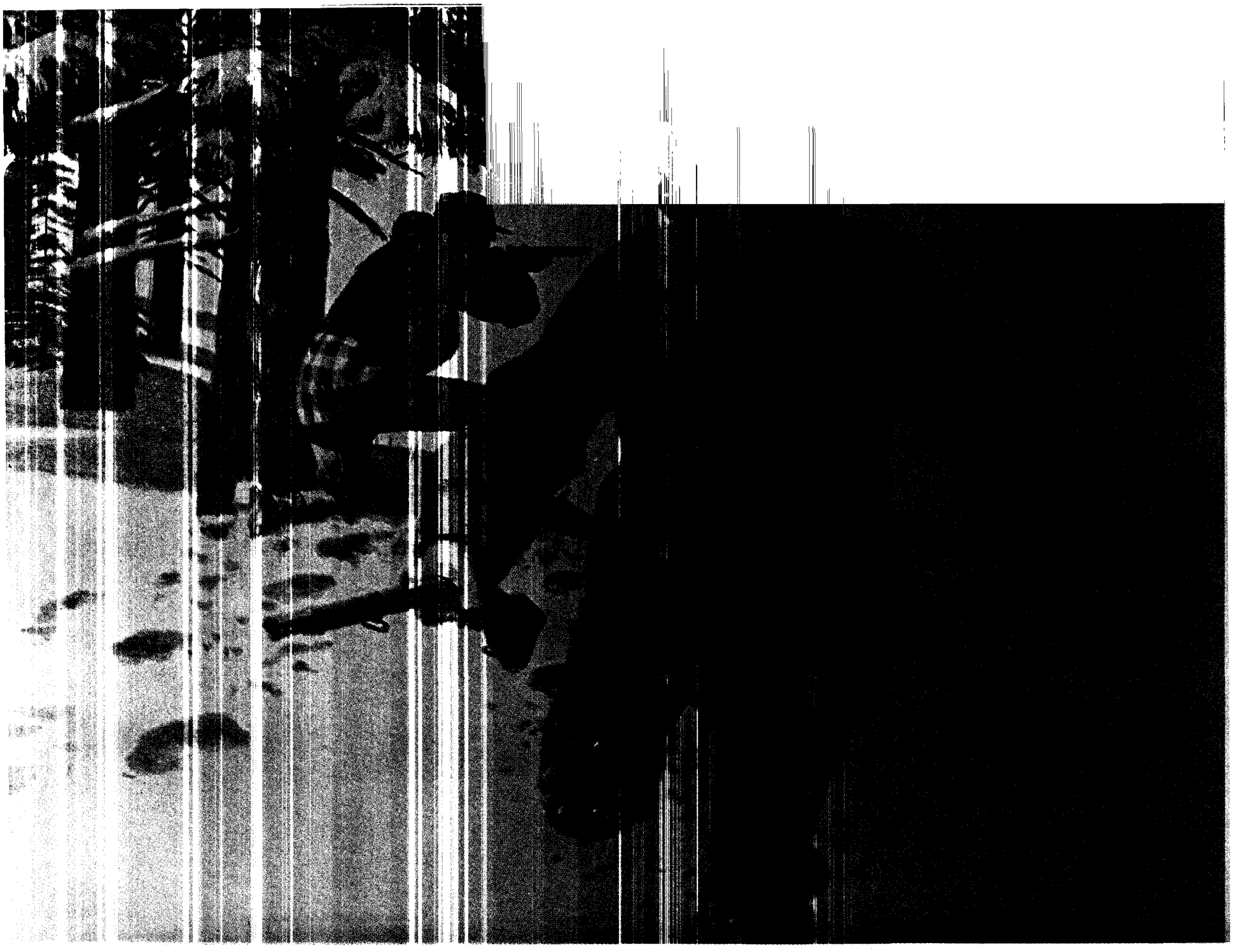

The wounded wolf ran directly toward them, snarling.

WOLVES of FEAR

By RICHARD SAVAGE

He could never face danger without turning to run.

It was late at night in early December, and the veteran trapper's eighteen-year-old companion stirred sleeplessly in the rough, hand-hewn bunk, rustling the hay and marsh grass beneath him. The iron stove in the center of the cabin still threw off some heat, although he and the trapper, who snored softly on the other side of the room, had gone to bed several hours earlier. Why he had awakened suddenly, Paul didn't know at first—he had been tired enough after a day of sawing logs and making practice runs out from the cabin on snowshoes. He turned his head so he could gaze at one of the two small windows high off the floor. The thick, wavy glass was so frosted he could not see through, but the moon was out and the window-pane shone a luminous white against dark logs.

Then suddenly the youth shivered, and he knew what must have awakened him. A long, quavering howl rose from the far shore of the lake, then another and another. Breaking the profound quiet of the snow-covered wilderness, the sound seemed to fill the woods around them and the cabin itself. He tried to fight back his fear, keenly aware of how disappointed and scornful his father would be if he gave in to it and proved a failure on this trapping expedition.

When his father had arranged for him to spend these six months in the wilderness with an old trapper friend with whom he had gone through high school in Duluth years ago, he had talked of what a wonderful experience it would be for Paul before he started college. But Paul knew all too well why his father had urged him to go on this trip. He could almost remember when it all started.

When Paul was ten years old, his father had bought him a small tent one summer and helped him to pitch it at the edge of the wooded lot behind their home on the outskirts of Minneapolis. Then he had suggested that Paul try sleeping in it alone. Paul had been frightened at the idea to begin with, but he had been game (Continued on Page 49)

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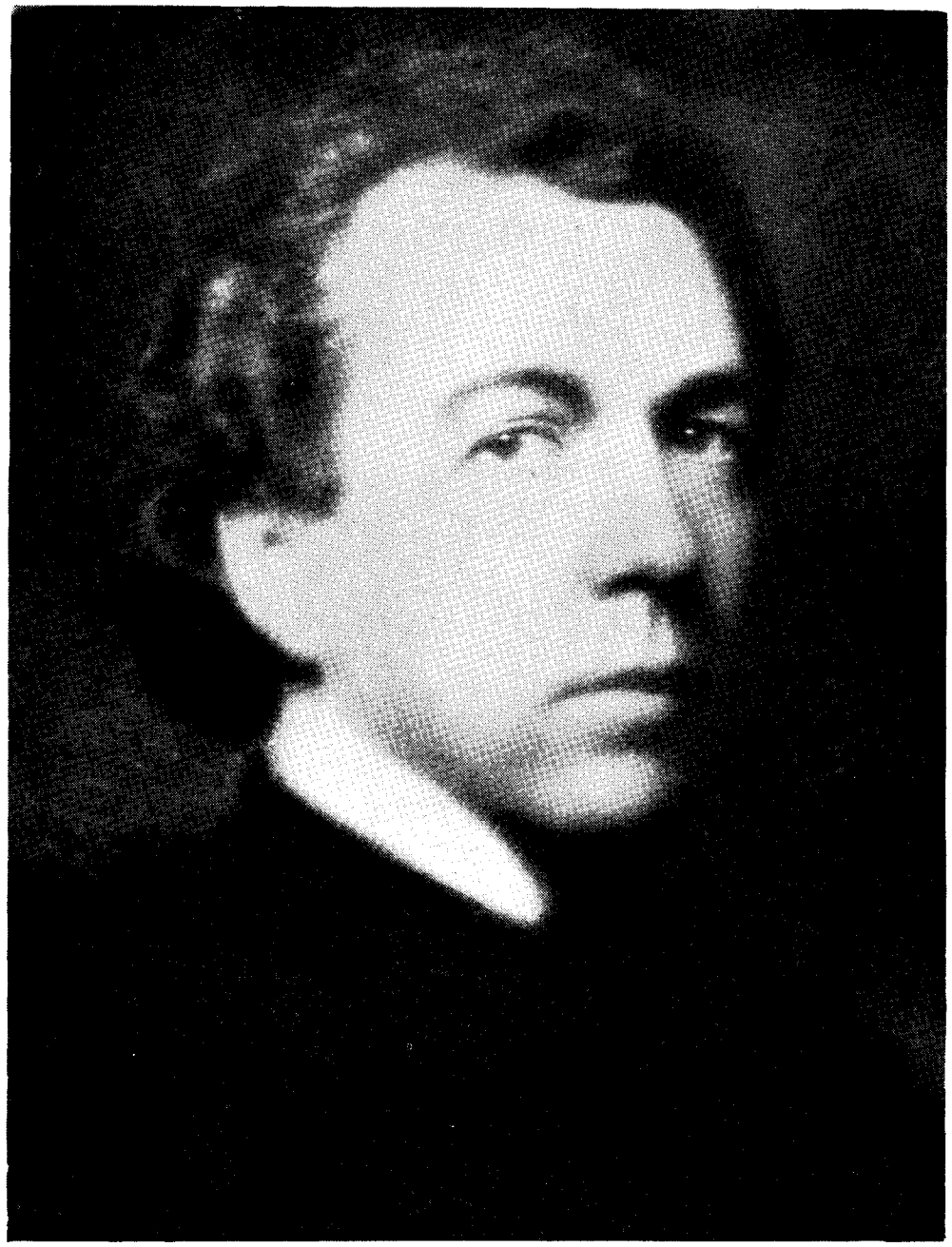
Frank Lloyd Wright: DEFIANT GENIUS

By FINIS FARR

PART TWO

The BIRTH of a LEGEND

Even in his earliest years
America's architectural iconoclast
showed a talent
for arousing controversy.



Wright at the time he lived with Mamah Borthwick Cheney, his "loyal comrade."

When Frank Lloyd Wright arrived in Chicago in 1887, at the age of eighteen, determined to become an architect, he carried his entire property in a carpetbag and had cash resources of seven dollars, minus the fare from Madison, Wisconsin. His courage almost failed him at the sight of the roaring, bustling, gas-lighted city, which struck him as ugly and unfriendly. He put up at a cheap hotel, cut his diet to doughnuts and coffee and set out to find a job in one of the many architectural offices in the swiftly building city.

Although Chicago had almost entirely burned down sixteen years before and had been little more than a mud flat within the memory of man, it was now the fastest-growing city on earth. The wealth of the Middle West, funneled through Chicago because of its supremely advantageous location at the foot of Lake Michigan, had created a new class of millionaires, and these men needed architects to put up palaces on Prairie Avenue and massive business buildings in the Loop. It was a time of unbounded opportunity—more than one of these lords of Chicago had come to town with a peddler's pack on his shoulders. And all of them were fond of remarking that "they had not come to Chicago for their health."

Frank Lloyd Wright, at least, could believe that the great pushing city was not a health resort when he started out on his fourth morning in town with no breakfast in his stomach and only a few coppers in his pocket. That day Wright would either have to land a job or start beating his way back to Madison. One thing he would not do was apply for help to his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd-Jones, the Unitarian preacher who was a notable personage in Chicago. Wright wanted to hear a sermon by his uncle only from the pulpit.

Almost everyone runs into good luck at one time or another, but the indispensable piece of luck for a creative man is that which first gives him a chance to show what he can do. In Wright's case, this essential stroke of fortune came when he walked into the office of Joseph Lyman Silsbee and was interviewed by a draftsman named Cecil Corwin. As courteous as Wright's previous interviewers had been surly and rude, Corwin put aside Wright's roll of sample drawings and looked at the young man who proffered them.

"You're a minister's son," said Corwin.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I'm one myself, so I can always tell. So are Silsbee and two other fellows here. If you come in, there would be five of us."

"Well—*could* I, by any chance, come in?"

"Let's see what you have here," Corwin answered as he unrolled the drawings. After a moment he said, "You have a good touch. Wait a minute."

Corwin went away and came back with a tall, distinguished-looking man whose eyeglasses hung on a long gold chain. This was Mr. Silsbee himself, a transplanted New Englander, like so many Chicagoans, and one of the most successful house designers in town. He glanced at Wright and then made him a professional by saying, "Take him on as a tracer—eight dollars."

But it was evident as the next few weeks went by that Frank could hardly support himself on his wages from the Silsbee office. He got a four-dollar raise, but that was eaten up by the rent of his furnished room on Vincennes Avenue. The money shortage was so painful that Wright soon asked for a raise to fifteen dollars a week. When Silsbee refused, Wright went to another (Continued on Page 76)

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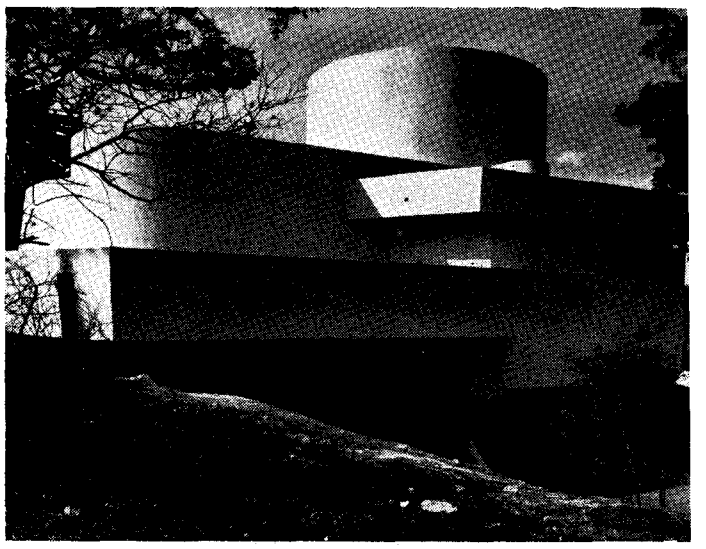
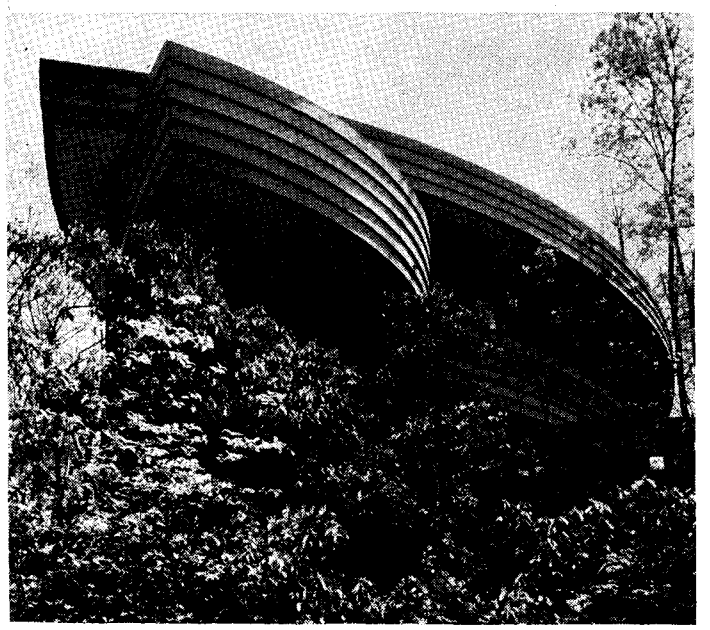


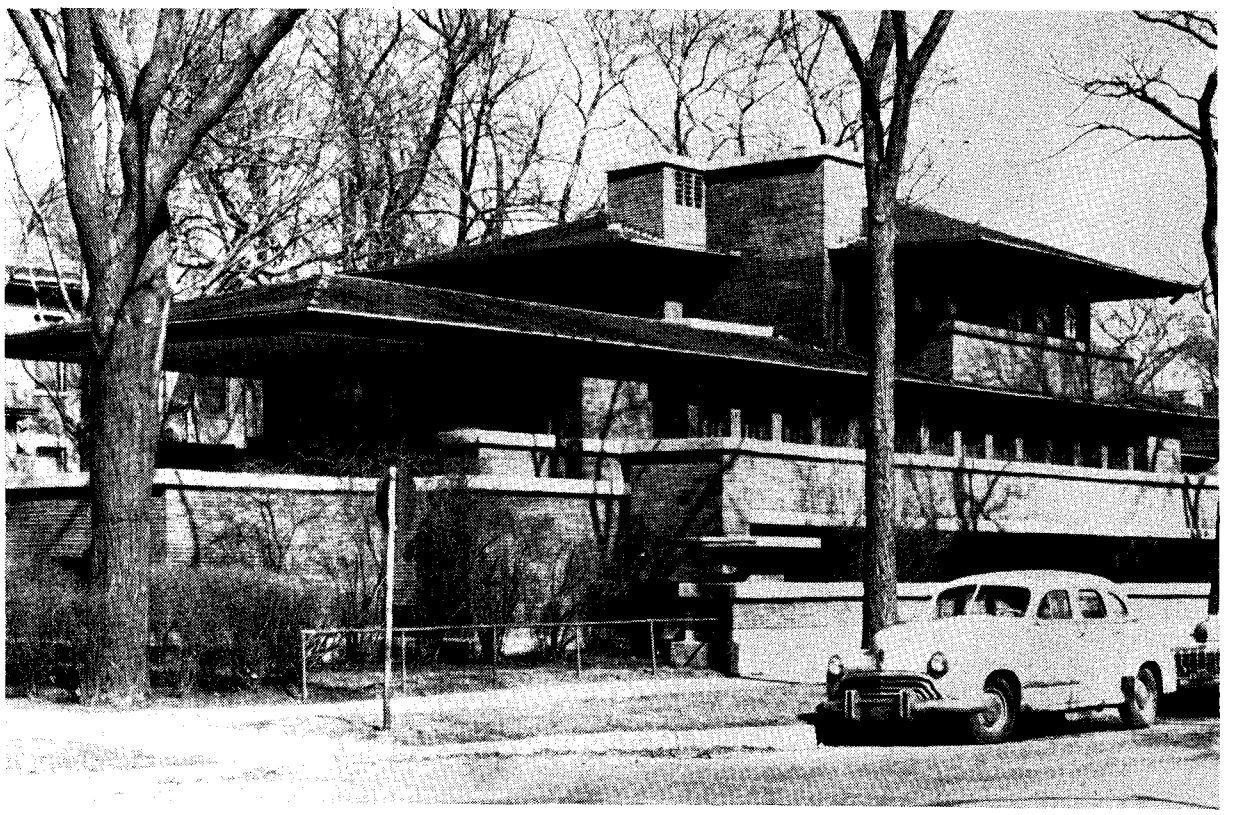
The Kalita Humphreys Theater, Dallas: When this playhouse opened in 1960, actor Charlton Heston described it as "the only new theater built in 300 years."



The Robert L. Wright house, Bethesda, Maryland: Wright designed this structure for his youngest son.

The architect receiving an honorary doctorate from the University of Wisconsin in 1955. This occurred sixty-eight years after Wright left the university in his sophomore year to become an architect in Chicago.

Louis Sullivan, who hired Wright as an assistant in 1888. Five years later Wright left his "beloved master" to establish himself as an independent architect.



The Frederick C. Robie house, Chicago: A public protest saved this famous "prairie house" from destruction a few years ago. Eventually it was designated an official city landmark. The residence was designed by Wright in 1909, the year he eloped to Europe with Mrs. Edward Cheney, the wife of one of his clients.

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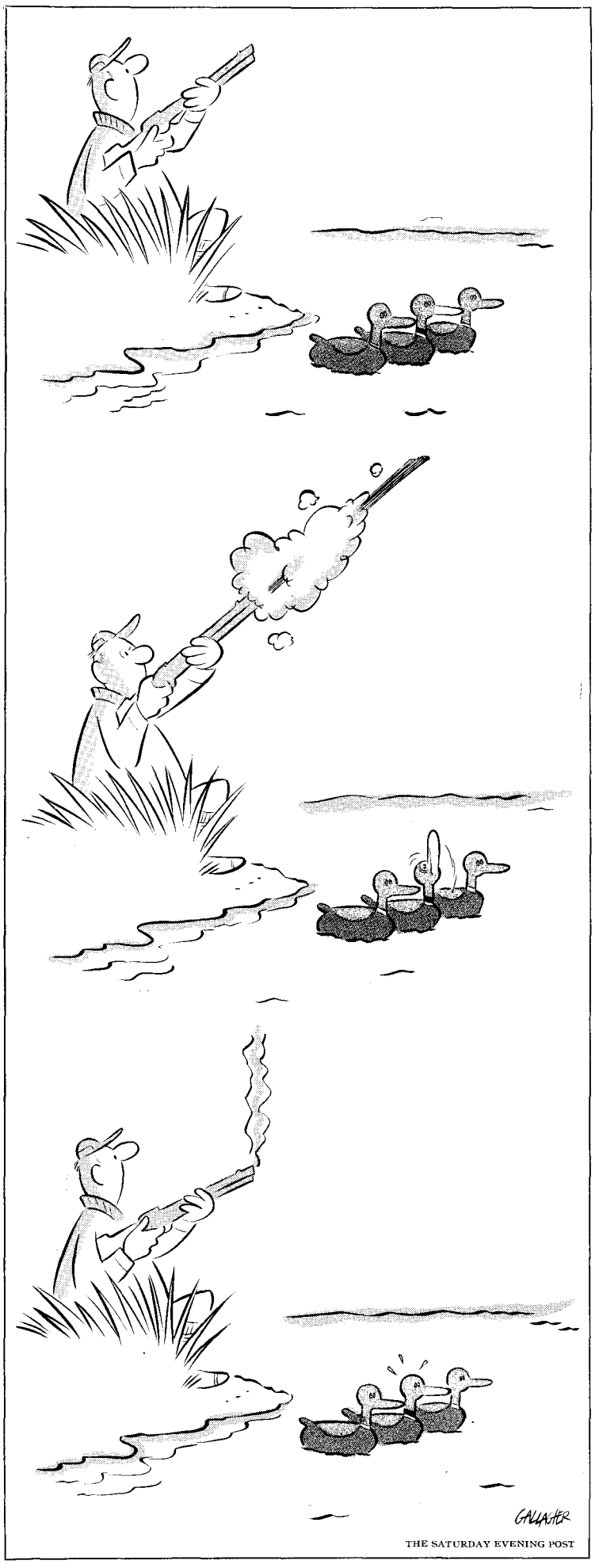
Post Scripts



Beyond the Pall of Duty

My child deserves a medal
  Which I duly will award her—
Alone, her valiant efforts
  Brought chaos out of order.

COLLEEN HYNES JOHNSON

I'm Glad You Asked Me That Question

(Or, Why We Didn't
Camp Out on Our Vacation)

"No two ways about it, camping is the ideal family recreation. I mean, why spend money on motels or a cottage when you can simply pack everything you need in the old station wagon and be as free as a bird. Stop when you feel like it; stay as long as you please. No reservations to worry about, no ——

"Our trip last summer? You bet your life we did. Evelyn and the girls loved it. Boy, you should have seen our camp the first night up on Shafer Lake. We ——

"Yes, I know that's only thirty miles, but we got sort of a late start. The icebox leaked, and by the time I got the sleeping bags dried out it was almost noon. Then it took a while to talk Evelyn back into—well, anyway, we figured we ought to stop early and work out a systematic procedure. Good thing, too, because we had a couple of minor mishaps. Sue and Anne got into a fight over whether the stuff in front of the tent was poison ivy or nettles, and then Linda stepped in the beef stew. Luckily we had some steaks, so I put them on to broil, and the stove caught fire. Anne put it out all right, but that used up most of the coffee, and the steaks were more or less a loss. 'Camp Chaos,' Evelyn called it; laughingly, of course. Great kidder, Evelyn. Always there with a joke. Then ——

"What's that? . . . Oh, it turned out to be nettles. But I had affairs under control by ten or so—before the worst of the rain at least—and those cold beans tasted mighty good. Man, talk about ——

"Next night? Well, naturally, we didn't camp every night. Women like to get back to civilization now and then to clean up a bit. We stopped at a motel near ——

"The third night? We were in Wisconsin, I believe ——

"Well, no. As a matter of fact, we stayed with Evelyn's cousin, but you see I hadn't had a chance to get the tent fixed. I forgot to tell you—I ripped it on the car door when I backed out to go get medicine for Sue's indigestion and Linda's chigger bites and ——

"How many nights did we camp? Well, gee, I didn't keep a logbook, you know, and it was way last August. There was that night at Shafer Lake, and then, ah, let me see, we had a picnic lunch one day, but Evelyn refused—I mean it was too cold to camp. Then there was—oh, I don't remember, but it's the only way to travel. The only . . ."

JACK SWEZEY

My Dry Cleaner Loves Me

Do I spill my tea or beans
When I am dressed in old blue jeans?
Do I slosh my ginger ale
When I am wearing old percale?
Oh, no. I seldom get a spot on
Any ancient, rag-bag cotton.
Those slips between the lip and cup
Always come while I'm dolled up.
When I am in my burlap smock,
My hand is steady as a rock.
But put me in a velvet skirt,
A pink brocaded satin shirt,
  And, ooop!
There goes the cream-of-spinach soup.

ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG

I.Q. Test for the Adult Male

(Any score under 100 per cent—poor)

1. J. Richard Roe, personnel manager for X Company, has just chosen himself a new secretary from many applicants because she (check best reason)

( ) Reminds him of his older sister.
( ) Uses no make-up and wears her hair in a bun.
( ) Has a good head on her shoulders.
( ) Has nice shoulders, an alluring, flashy smile, lives near Mr. Roe and said something about seeing him go by the house every morning.

2. Donald Spare refused an invitation to accompany the boys to an overnight bowling stag in Kokomo, Indiana, because

( ) He was subject to car sickness.
( ) His bowling ball was out of round.
( ) His sensitive nature rebelled at the thought of rough language, cigar smoke and late hours.
( ) His wife said, "I wouldn't go if I were you, Donald."

3. Mr. Diller laughed very hard at the story of the three Scotchmen in the bar, as told by Mr. Felver, because

( ) He enjoyed hearing the story again.
( ) He was cracking up anyway.
( ) It hit him hard on an empty stomach.
( ) Mr. Felver was Mr. Diller's boss.

4. J. Richard Roe, who had never been on time in his life, suddenly began arriving at work promptly because

( ) He ran the last half mile for exercise.
( ) His dad gave him a good talking to.
( ) He could get his pencils sharpened before the big rush.
( ) His new secretary, who had an alluring, flashy smile, and whom he picked up every morning, was always waiting for him on the corner.

A. R. SWINNERTON

There's a Time and a Place for Everything

"Honey, I bought a new dress today."

If it cost less than thirty dollars, tell him as you serve him his cherry pie.

If it cost more than thirty dollars, tell him while he's writing out a check for his new golf clubs.

"Darling, guess who's coming for a visit! Sis and the kids!"

If it's *his* sister, tell him in front of his mother.

If it's *your* sister, tell him in church.

"Say, dear, I had a little accident with the car yesterday."

If it's covered by insurance, tell him after he's had his morning coffee.

If it's not covered, tell him while he's under the shower.

"Congratulate me, honey. I was elected president of the P.T.A. this afternoon."

If he is an understanding husband, build a fire in the fireplace and load the record player with his favorite albums. Mix up a pitcher of Martinis and bake some of those cheese titbits he likes. Put on your pink velvet TV pants, your black sweater and those earrings he gave you for your birthday. Take the steak out of the freezer and get rid of the kids. Meet him at the front door with a big hug, give him a big kiss and a big Martini. *Then* tell him.

If he's an understanding husband about everything except the P.T.A., why spoil the evening? Don't tell him—let him find out for himself.

KAY NELSON

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S LOW-PRICE COMPACT FOR 1961!

IF VALIANT GIVES YOU A BIG HEAD YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM FOR IT

What makes people feel so proud the moment they step out in Valiant? Come see. Step into Valiant yourself. No squirm, no squeeze. It's easier to get into than you'd think—because Valiant is priced way down with the lowest. Valiant has more headroom than many full-size cars. As you ride, check Valiant's easy-going Torsion-Aire suspension that paves roughest roads around. And Unibody construction. Does away with oldfangled, rattle-prone nuts-and-bolts design. Economical? You bet. Valiant seldom takes a gasoline break. Come get acquainted with the King of the Compacts—the *low-price* Valiant for '61—today!

61 Valiant! Looks and drives like twice the price

AT YOUR PLYMOUTH-VALIANT DEALER'S

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MURDER ON THE TURNPIKE

By WILLIAM P. McGIVERN

Somewhere on the highway a maniac was loose with a beautiful hostage.

On Bogan's orders, Sheila lay face-down on the floor.

Harry Bogan murdered a young couple in New York and drove to the Tri-State Turnpike. He abandoned his car to avoid identification by the police and started looking for an inconspicuous car to drive.

At the service station near Howard Johnson's No. 2 he found what he wanted: a Ford sedan driven by a young man with horn-rimmed glasses. The boy looked intelligent. That's important, Bogan thought. There was a lot to explain, and it would be tiresome explaining things to a fool.

After the young man paid for his gas, the attendant walked back to the next car in line. Bogan opened the door just as the car began to move. He slid onto the front seat and showed the young man his gun.

II

"I didn't really mean to kill them," Bogan said a few moments later as they were rolling smoothly along the pike. The young man's name was Alan Perkins, and Bogan had instructed him to drive in the slow, right-hand lane at about forty-five miles an hour. It was dark and windy outside, with rain spattering through the headlights, but the interior of the car was snug and warm. Bogan felt grateful and at peace with himself as he studied the reflection of his teeth and glasses in the windshield. The young man, Perkins, would be pleasant company. He had a clean, immature face, and was dressed neatly in tweed jacket worn over a sweater. Very polite and obedient, Bogan thought, with his bow tie and glasses, and thin white hands grasping the steering wheel. He drove with care, hunched forward slightly, and never letting his eyes flick toward the gun gleaming in the dashboard light.

In a careful voice the young man said, "If you didn't mean to kill them, perhaps the best thing would be to tell the police about it."

Bogan smiled, admiring the sudden emerging brightness of his big, white teeth. "No, that wouldn't be the best thing. There's no need to tell the police anything."

Bogan touched his forehead with his fingertips. This wasn't what he wanted to talk about; it was the other thing, the red heat of the summer, and watching them night after night from the humid darkness of his room. Yes, that had to be made crystal clear. "They hadn't been married long," he said, and was pleased at the low, judicial tone of his voice. "Naturally, they were selfish—it's something young people can't help, I know. But it's evil of them to shut out everyone else." He paused, aware that his breath was coming quickly. It was really so simple, so obvious, but when he tried to trap his thoughts with words, they skittered away like mice.

The young couple operated a small furniture shop on Third Avenue near Forty-eighth Street. That was accurate, Bogan knew; he had watched them from his room across the street. She was slim and blonde; he was a tall

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redhead. They laughed a lot, but were serious about their business. They sold unpainted sections of tables and chairs and desks which could be fitted together with glue or a few nails. Frequently they worked at night, and the young man would bring in sandwiches and beer, and they would eat and drink, sitting on the counter, the girl in shorts, bare legs golden in the soft evening light and the young man grinning up at her.

Bogan felt his breath catch sharply in his throat; the memory of the couple he had killed reminded him of the trooper and the slim, dark-haired girl at the Howard Johnson restaurant. He was rigid with pain. They were the same sort, selfish and greedy, driving everyone else away from the radiance of their love. They drew a magic circle about themselves that no one could pass through.

"Do you have a girl?" he said suddenly, and stared at Perkins's clean, young profile.

"No," Perkins said. He groped for something to ease the tension he could feel in the man beside him. "Girls can be a big waste of time. There's time for all that later, I guess."

Bogan nodded approvingly. If they would all just wait a while instead of rushing together to lock themselves in the charmed circle. That was the maddening thing about the couple in the furniture shop. Twice he had stopped to make a trifling purchase, and they had made him feel like an intruder, something gross and ugly profaning their happy isolation. They were polite enough on the surface, quick with a smile and a comment on the weather, but they gave him no warmth or affection. That was too precious to squander on anyone but themselves. He couldn't remember when he had decided to kill them; the thought must have been there always.

The planning had been a dreary business and strangely confusing—acquiring the gun from a disquietingly jocular pawnbroker, and then the tedious search for a car, which had been the most difficult problem of all. But eventually he found what he needed—the Buick used by the corner drugstore for deliveries. The young man who drove it obviously operated on a tight schedule, for he didn't remove the key when he went inside to pick up his parcels. When the car was parked at the curb, the key was always in the ignition; Bogan established this fact in a week of patient snooping. Thus the timing of his ultimate act was determined by the delivery schedule of the drugstore. And for some obscure reason this pleased Bogan; it lent a whimsical, unpremeditated tone to his plans.

Bogan felt in his pockets for a chocolate bar, then remembered that he had left them in his overcoat. He felt his eyes sting with tears; he needed something sweet, but he had been so pressed and excited that he hadn't remembered to take the candy bars from his overcoat.

Bogan sat up straighter. Suddenly he thought of the dark-haired waitress at the restaurant—the one he had bought the coffee from. Why had he been such a fool? The need for something warm and sweet had been powerful, but he should have resisted it; she would tell the police what he looked like—and enjoy doing it, he thought sullenly and unhappily. She would like telling on him, getting him into trouble. He knew that from her face and eyes; there was no warmth there, only meaningless politeness.

"Don't get excited," he told himself, his soft lips silently forming the words. The trooper didn't ask her about me; there was still time.

He said quietly to Perkins, "We're going to have to make a U-turn."

"But that's not legal. We'll be stopped."

"We'll just make sure there are no patrol cars in front or behind us," Bogan said easily. "Anyone else will think we're an unmarked police car."

Bogan put the muzzle of his gun against Perkins's side. "You're a nice young boy. I don't want to hurt you. Turn into the left-hand lane, and we'll watch for one of those openings the police cars use."

Bogan felt a pleasant excitement running through him; he was almost glad of the way things were working out. It would be very satisfying to have that arrogant girl in his hands. And he realized that he had the bait to lure her to him—the name he had heard from the gas-station attendant: "Dan O'Leary."

Lieutenant Trask and O'Leary learned nothing from the white Edsel station wagon; it had been driven twelve miles, from Howard Johnson's No. 1 to No. 2, and then abandoned, the driver disappearing like a phantom. Lieutenant Trask had checked out the waitresses and countermen in the restaurant while O'Leary and a team of troopers searched the grounds and inspected the trucks that were lined up like huge animals in the truckers' area. They waked the drivers and examined the lashings and tail gates for any sign of forced entry.

After this O'Leary talked to the gas attendants. None of them remembered anything helpful. He did come on a bit of irrelevant information, however; one of the attendants mentioned that someone—a man standing in the shadows of the office—had made some comment about O'Leary's speed when O'Leary had driven into the area ten or fifteen minutes earlier. The attendant said he told the man Trooper O'Leary knew his business—or something to that effect. The attendant wasn't exactly sure of what he'd said, but it wasn't important in any case, O'Leary decided.

He rejoined Trask, who had returned to the Edsel station wagon. Trask had been in contact with Captain Royce. They now had an identification on the owner of the Edsel, the elderly man who had been killed at Howard Johnson's No. 1.

"He lived in Watertown," Trask said, flipping his cigarette into the darkness. "Name was Nelson, Adam Nelson, a widower, retired executive at the paint factory there. They got a line on him from the laundry marks in his shirt."

These markings—in this case a triangle with the digits *356* beneath it—had been relayed to state-police headquarters by radio, where they had been checked against the master file of all laundry marks in the state. The sergeant in charge had established the location of the laundry from the triangle; a telephone call to the manager had established the identity of the customer from the digits *356*.

Trask added, "He was on his way to spend a few days with a married daughter in Newbury. None of which helps us a damn bit."

O'Leary was frowning faintly. He had been trying to fit together a picture of the murderer, and for some reason his guesses about the man bothered him; the portrait was flawed with inconsistency, and O'Leary had the tantalizing feeling that a significant fact was hidden somewhere in that blurred image.

What in heaven's name was it? O'Leary tried to analyze the inferences he had drawn from the man's behavior. The killer was both bold and deliberate. He had killed brutally and swiftly, with no signs of panic. He had made a mistake in taking a conspicuous car, but had corrected it cleverly—which meant he was thinking clearly under pressure. And he hadn't duplicated his first mistake; he had got away from the Edsel without being seen, and by now, safe to assume, was on his way in a less conspicuous car. Also, he seemed to be working according to a plan; time wasn't important to him, or he'd have taken a chance and tried to get through an exit in the Edsel. After all, he couldn't have known for sure that the police would identify the missing car. But he hadn't taken that chance; he was in no hurry. And he'd given the police credit for being as smart as he was.

It was a picture of a man who was ruthless and cunning. A man who thought clearly and measured his chances shrewdly. And that was where the inconsistency became apparent; the image was streaked with flaws, something was out of place, something incongruous. Because the killer had done something foolish. . . .

"What's the matter with you?" Trask said.

O'Leary put both hands over his ears; the traffic on the pike rushed by like a river of noise and light, and he tried to shut out the sound of it, tried furiously to find the truth that was hidden somewhere in this maze of facts and hunches, of inferences and intuitions. Then it was as if a clear and brilliant light had snapped on in his mind; then he had it.

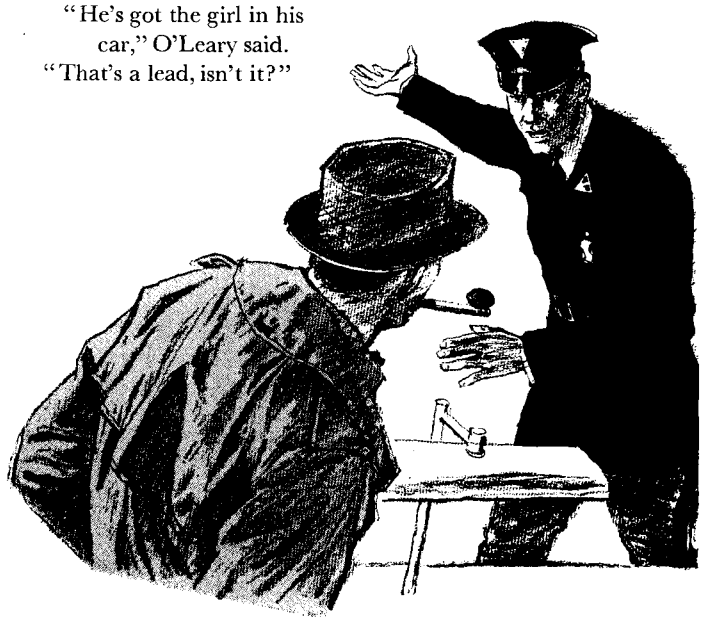
He caught Trask's arm. "The dead man, Nelson; he'd had his dinner, right? He had left the restaurant and walked to his car. But there was a coffee container beside his body. And one of those little cardboard things they put hot dogs in. Remember?"

"Sure." Trask's dark face was impassive; but a flicker of understanding came to his eyes. "Go on."

"Those containers belonged to the killer," O'Leary said. "He ate and drank there beside Nelson's car. Then he dropped them on the ground."

(Continued on Page 44)

"He's got the girl in his car," O'Leary said. "That's a lead, isn't it?"



Illustrated by Paul Nonnast

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Know-It-All (Continued from Page 24)

"The weather forecast calls for rain this afternoon," Lucinda said. "Had we better wait until next Sunday?"

"Definitely not. This afternoon will be fair. You going to believe a stuffy old weatherman instead of your future husband?"

"Of course, you learn a lot about the weather working in a bank," Lucinda retorted, "but I'm going to bring my raincoat."

"You have a beautiful raincoat," Henry said, "and you're beautiful yourself, and the world is beautiful."

"That's what I like about modern young executives," said Lucinda. "They have a touch of the poet in them. At least my young executive does. Listen now, because I'm only going to say it once." She dropped her voice to a whisper. "I love you."

"I couldn't hear you," Henry responded. "Will you speak a little louder, please?"

"Get lost, bum!" Lucinda shouted.

Henry replaced the telephone, put his arms up, locked his hands high over his head and stretched. If ever a man felt good, he felt good this morning. The banter he had just exchanged with Lucinda was enormously gratifying, because of late he had thought there was a slight quality of strain in their relations, as if Lucinda were displeased with him in some vague, mysterious way.

For a while Henry contemplated the afternoon before them. Marge and Johnny Howe were their closest friends. Last spring they had bought an abandoned farm up a lonely creek forty miles from the city, had fixed up the house and were spending their vacation there. Henry and Lucinda would take to the road in the middle of the afternoon. Around six o'clock, while the girls caught up on their girl talk, Henry and Johnny would broil steaks outdoors. Tonight Henry and Lucinda would drive home by moonlight. You could think all day and not dream up a pleasanter prospect.

Later that morning Mrs. Quentin announced she was not going to church. She gave no specific reason, but she made quite a point of not going and, Henry thought, made it rather irritably. So Henry and his father and June attended services at St. John's without her. By the time they came out of church there were a few scattered, sulky clouds in the sky. They went home. Dinner was at two. After dinner Henry changed to gray slacks and a white sport shirt. When he came downstairs, Mrs. Quentin asked him where he was going.

"Oh, Lu and I are taking a drive in the country."

It did not occur to him to tell her exactly where they were going. That was another Quentin trait. A Quentin said good-by when he left and hello when he returned. Where he was going was his own affair. Ditto where he had been when he returned. As a matter of fact, he had not yet told his family that he and Lucinda were engaged.

She had evidently been waiting on the porch for him, because Lucinda was halfway down the walk by the time he stopped at the curb. She came eagerly, which was the way she did most things, and with a breathless quality in her manner. She wore a blue linen dress and had a red scarf around the blond hair. And to Henry Quentin she was the answer to what counted most in his life.

"Hi," she said. "Remember when I used to make you wait for me? Shows what being engaged does to a girl." Henry helped her into the car, and in so doing managed a quick kiss on a passing cheek.

"Henry Proctor Quentin!" Lucinda said. "Daddy's on the porch!"

"Does he own a shotgun?"

Lucinda laughed for more than that was actually worth. She had the knack of at times making Henry feel himself a very witty fellow. That, he supposed, was a part of being in love. You each thought the other said the funniest, wittiest things.

They were ten miles from town, rolling merrily along in the Sunday traffic, when Lucinda suddenly sat up straight. "Oh! I forgot to tell my folks where we're going."

"Does it matter?"

"Don't you always tell your —— No, I don't suppose you do. But I always do." She looked at him a little defensively. "Stop at the next gas station, please, Henry, and I'll phone them. I've always told my folks where I was going. Something could happen that would make them want to locate me in a hurry."

"Yes, such as an Indian uprising."

Again she laughed for more than a remark was worth. She was still smiling when Henry stopped at the first station. When she had disappeared into the telephone booth, Henry bought five gallons of gas he didn't need because he always felt compelled to buy something when he stopped at a gas station for free service. Lucinda came back.

"They don't answer, Henry. They must have gone out."

"Logical conclusion," Henry said.

"Look. Would you call Tom Austin next door and ask him to go over about five o'clock—I'm sure they'll be back then—and tell mother we've gone to Marge and Johnny's?"

In a way Henry did mind, but he tried not to let her see it. She could have called Tom herself while she was in the booth. The reason she had asked him was probably that Tom was his cousin. Evidently, according to feminine reasoning, being a cousin took precedence over being a next-door neighbor.

When he returned to the car after making the call, Lucinda looked subdued. As soon as they were on the highway again, she said, "I'm sorry, Henry. I keep forgetting you hate to ask favors."

"It's all right," he said, and meant it.

But Lucinda remained on the subdued side. A few drops of rain spattered the windshield. Lucinda said, "Henry, did you ever have a really close friend? No, I don't mean that exactly. Were you ever in trouble and you couldn't see your way out, and all of a sudden you thought of this friend and you went to him and he helped you and all of a sudden you felt the—the wonderful warmth of gratitude?"

Henry thought about it. "Once when I was in college I spent all of my allowance way ahead of time. I didn't write to dad—he was terribly strict about that sort of thing—but I borrowed ten dollars from Joe Bloxom, and it felt mighty good. But I guess that's not exactly what you mean, either."

"No, it isn't," Lucinda said in a low voice. "I—I just think you're missing something, Henry."

"Some people," Henry said stoutly, "prefer to remain independent as far as possible, even of small favors."

"Some people certainly do!" She was suddenly brighter. "I'm all for independence, too, and paddle your own little canoe. Relax, darling. I'm not trying to make you over. How's your mother?"

This was a natural and not merely a polite question. Lucinda and Mrs. Quentin were extraordinarily close. Henry said his mother was fine. The raindrops came faster, and thunder rumbled. They were in wooded, hilly country now, and Henry began to watch the right-hand side of the highway closely.

"Looking for something?" Lucinda inquired.

"Yes. A short cut over Harmon's Ridge that Johnny told me about. It saves twelve miles. Hey! This is it."

Lucinda regarded with misgiving the mouth of the narrow dirt road leading to the right and winding up the side of the ridge. "You sure, Henry? Isn't there a gas station up the highway about a mile? Hadn't we better drive up there and ask to make certain?"

"This is it," Henry told her firmly. "I recognize it from Johnny's description. I like old dirt roads out in the woods. Gives you a sense of adventure."

"At the risk of making like a nagging wife before I'm even a bride, I'd like to pose one more question. It's raining harder now. What if we get stuck on this ducky little wilderness road?"

"Relax. Like the pony express or something, we're going through. O.K., pal?"

"Whither thou goest," Lucinda responded with only a moment's hesitation.

That was quite a road, as Henry soon discovered. Its chief characteristic turned out to be an inability to make up its mind. Here it dipped down a hollow back toward the highway. There it rambled along the crest of one of the lesser ridges leading off from the main ridge. Next, apparently regaining its sense of direction, it plunged recklessly up a steep incline toward the skyline. Not that much skyline was visible now, the way the rain was pouring.

"Probably an old Indian trail," Henry said cheerfully.

"Laid out by a drunk Indian," said Lucinda. "Perhaps the same Indian who told you it wouldn't rain today."

That was quite funny, and Henry laughed heartily. Then he took his eyes off the road long enough to glance at his watch. It was only four o'clock, but already it was as dark as twilight. He turned on the defroster to clear the fogged windshield. A couple of times, when he was careless in feeding the gas, the rear wheels spun. He was conscious of how tensely Lucinda sat beside him, and he didn't blame her.

"I'm sorry. I should have stuck to the hard road."

Lucinda made no reply. He looked at her anxiously, but she wasn't sulking. Rather she seemed uncommonly thoughtful. He called her attention to the first sign of human habitation they had encountered on this road, a one-story farmhouse in a ragged clearing. Lucinda nodded without speaking. They went on, slipping, twisting, climbing. The rain fell harder and harder and harder.

By now Henry would have turned around, but he couldn't on this narrow road. He had to keep going—the only thing. Suddenly he peered hard into the gloom. The car ran on level ground now.

"Hey!" he shouted. "This is the top of Harmon's Ridge. We'll be going down now. We're over the hump."

"A Quentin always knows what he's doing," Lucinda said.

"Which is nothing to be ashamed of," Henry pointed out.

And then the road stopped. The road quit. The road came to an end in a small clearing on the lonely crest of Harmon's Ridge. Henry jumped out to make sure. He jumped back in, drenched.

"This is a dead end," he said unbelievingly. "It—it was the wrong road."

Somehow this predicament assumed a significance out of all proportion. It was the first time he had ever taken the wrong road, or the wrong street, for that matter. He always knew what he was doing. A quick look at Lucinda did nothing to bring the situation back into proportion. Not that she appeared particularly disturbed. On the contrary she seemed almost serene, and there was an expression of resignation in her clear blue eyes.

"Go ahead," Henry said contritely. "Tell me off."

"Can you turn around here?" Lucinda asked practically.

"There's room enough."

After some delicate maneuvering Henry made the turn. They started down. At the first curve the car slipped into the ditch, and they were stuck fast. Henry got out in the rain and looked the situation over. Lucinda put on her raincoat and got out too.

"Where are you going?" Henry demanded.

"Knowing you," Lucinda said, "I know that you will insist you can get unstuck all by your self-reliant self, so it's up to me to toddle down to that farmhouse we passed and see if the farmer has a tractor or a team of horses to pull us out."

"Come back here!" Henry shouted. "I *can* get out."

Lucinda went splashing down the muddy road, and Henry was so angry that he did not splash after her. Instead he went to work with a kind of frenzy. For want of a better tool he used the jack lever to scoop out the mud blocking the right rear wheel. Then he filled the cleared space with loose stones. Fifteen minutes later, drenched and muddy, he got the car unstuck and back in business again.

Overtaking Lucinda a hundred yards short of the farmhouse, he opened the door and she bounced in. The raincoat had protected what it covered, but her shoes were lost in mud, her stockings probably ruined and her hair drowned. She unwound the scarf and began to wring the water out of her hair with her hands. They did not speak.

At the highway, which they finally reached without further mishap, Henry stopped in the mouth of the ill-fated dead-end road. He said, "I'd like to point out that I *did* get the car unstuck. Maybe it's a minor point, but ——"

"Oh, hush!" Lucinda said. "Let's go home, please." (*Continued on Page 40*)

Preparty Scene

By Mildred Luton

I tried to tell her quickly
All that I had learned—
Little pearls of wisdom
Delicately turned
So that they might nestle
In her shell-pink ear.
Zipping up her formal,
Holding back a tear,
I tried to find the words for
All that life could mean,
Talking to her backbone.
She was seventeen,
Restless in her satin,
Watching for her date,
Eyes as big as saucers
Fastened on the gate.
Heaven knows how hard I
Tried to make it clear
In a final briefing
That she didn't hear,
Rushing off to meet life,
Whirling like a dancer,
Ready for the Problem,
Not for the Answer.

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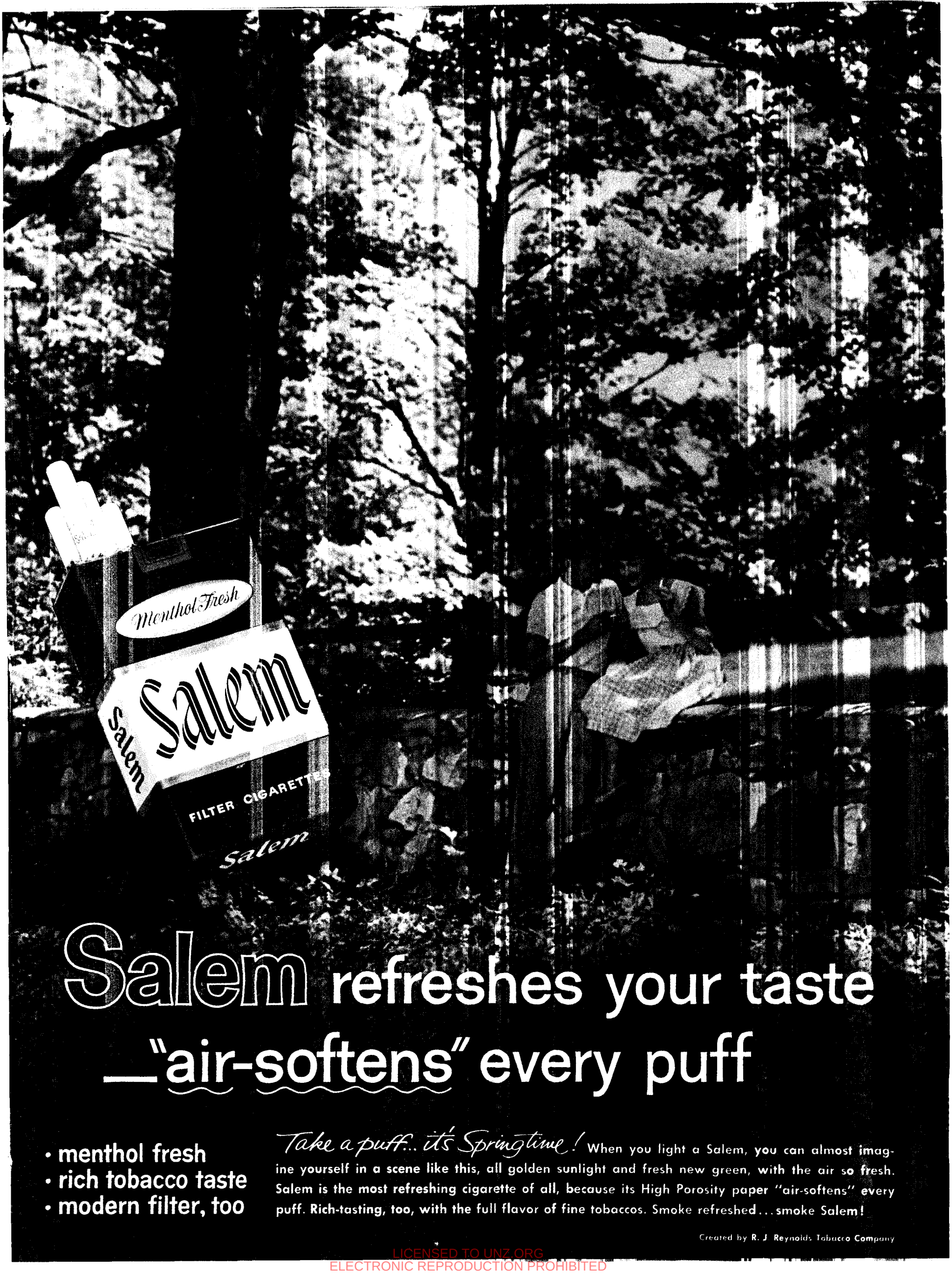

Salem refreshes your taste
—"air-softens" every puff

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- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! When you light a Salem, you can almost imagine yourself in a scene like this, all golden sunlight and fresh new green, with the air so fresh. Salem is the most refreshing cigarette of all, because its High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. Rich-tasting, too, with the full flavor of fine tobaccos. Smoke refreshed... smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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(*Continued from Page 38*) "We're actually closer to Marge and Johnny's. They can give us dry clothes."

She shuddered as if he had proposed a jaunt to darkest Africa. And then she said, as far as Henry was concerned, the darnedest thing. She said, "I wonder how your mother has stood it married all these years to your father; he's just like you."

Henry was no fool. He saw through that statement. Shocked to the soles of his wet feet, he nevertheless managed to say, "Meaning that you wonder how it will be to go through life with a man who took a wrong road once in his life?"

"No, that isn't exactly it. I think I would rather like taking a wrong road with you, Henry." There was a wistful note in her voice. "No, that's not it at all. It's the way you happened to take the wrong road—because you were too damned self-reliant to drive a mile up the highway and ask a simple question."

Henry had never before heard Lucinda use profanity, and this, too, shocked him. But he hastened to soothe her. "You're upset, honey. You're wet and probably cold and ——"

"You're right I'm upset," Lucinda told him succinctly. "As of this moment I feel I've had all I ever want of independence and the Quentin brand of self-reliance. And if you think this is a sudden thing, you're mistaken. It's been lurking in the back of my mind for quite a while. Today's performance just brought it to—to ——"

"The boiling point?" Henry said helpfully. "All this because I made a simple mistake, because I took a dead-end road?"

"You don't understand, do you? Well, please take me home, Henry, and—and let's not talk about it any more. Please!"

Henry turned south on the highway. The car purred gratefully at contact with the hard surface. Henry said, "Are we—are we still engaged?"

"I don't know. I honestly don't know, Henry. I do know that I don't want to see you for a few days. I—I have got to have time to think this out. I'm scared. I'm afraid I couldn't be like your mother—serene and patient all the time."

"Look," Henry said, and cocked his ear at the thin note of desperation in his own voice. "I never thought you and I would live all our married life without a fight now and then. That's not normal. And my mother is not sweet, serene and patient all the time. Why, just last week she and dad had a little go at each other, or rather she had a go at him. It's funny, but it was sort of like the very thing you and I are fighting about now."

"I can well imagine!"

"I should think a woman would want a man who was self-reliant, a man who ——"

"She doesn't want it coming out of his ears! Will you please not say any more about it, Henry? Will you please just drive the car and take me home?"

Henry shut his mouth, stepped down hard on the gas. Gradually the shock diminished and he was only hurt and confused. So confused that five miles short of town he did a thing the sheer childishness of which would amaze him for as long as he lived. He pulled into a gas station he occasionally patronized and shouted at the attendant, "Say, is this the road to town?"

The attendant gaped at him. "You all right, Mr. Quentin? Or is that your idea of a rainy-day gag?"

Henry pulled out of the station. "It's the right road," he told Lucinda triumphantly. "Just wanted to make sure. I'm a very careful man, and I didn't want to get lost again."

"That was the unfunniest thing I've ever seen!"

Already he felt like a beast. She was wet and shivering, and he had taken time out for a bad joke. But at least she had stopped shivering. Couldn't shiver and blaze at the same time. And she was really blazing now. Up on Harmon's Ridge she had been thoughtful and then resigned. Later she had been patient in trying to tell him how she felt. Now she was just plain old-fashioned angry.

He felt suddenly desolate, and he felt the same way when in front of her house Lucinda hopped from the car and fled up the walk. He started after her and stopped, and that, he guessed, would forever remain the low point of his life. He put out his hand as if to lean against something and then, with nothing to lean against, stalked back to the car.

The way home was as lonely as that dead-end road up Harmon's Ridge. His father's car sat at the curb in front of the house. Henry drove his own down the driveway and into the garage. He sat a moment with his head in his hands. Then, because you had to make like a man even when your life had fallen apart, he made a dash through the rain to the house.

In the morning, impossible as it seemed now, he would pick up the pieces. But the remainder of this sorry evening and tonight he would be as miserable as he pleased. Nobody was going to take that away from him. "Miserable" was the precise word, too, because he had been in love with Lucinda a long time, and for the last six months had known the exquisite joy of being engaged to her.

Henry let himself in the back way and stealthily climbed the back stairs. Once inside his room, with the door closed tight, he stood motionless until his dripping shoes made a puddle on the polished floor. Then he shucked off his soaked clothes, picked out fresh ones and changed into them mechanically.

Afterward he sat a long time at the window of his room, sat there until the meager light outside failed entirely and black night closed in. Some time as he sat there he heard an automobile starter grinding away. This went on for quite a while. Then there was silence, broken at last by the sound of raised voices downstairs. Next there was a scurrying sound, followed by the clatter of hard heels on the stairs and the slamming of the bedroom door across the hall.

Henry ran out of his room. The closed door across the hall faced him forbiddingly. He advanced cautiously to the head of the stairs and saw his father below, and for a panicky moment he thought his old man was in shock. But Quentin senior rallied.

"I didn't know you were home! If I'd known your car was here, this thing wouldn't have happened."

"What thing?" Henry demanded the moment he reached his father's side.

"Your mother just left me, son."

"Left you? Talk sense. She just went in the bedroom."

"Yes. The noise she made, I imagine people down on Railroad Street heard her go up those stairs." Side by side they walked into the living room and stood facing each other. "But she's leaving me, son. She told me so. After twenty-seven years, five months and some odd days. Leaving me!"

"I don't believe it," Henry said. "What happened?"

"The littlest thing you can imagine. I decided to go down to the bank, get some papers I forgot yesterday and look them over tonight. The damned car wouldn't start. I didn't know yours was here. I came back and made the mistake of saying I was going to call a taxi."

"Did you?"

"Hell, no. I never got the chance. Miriam said why didn't I call Fred Mabry next door and borrow his car. I said no, firmly. I said she knew very well I didn't like to be beholden even to a neighbor. Miriam insisted. I said I'd never borrowed a car in my life, and I wasn't going to start now. I said this was my trouble and not Fred's, and I was going to handle it myself. Then your mother exploded."

Henry waited for his father to regain his breath.

"Son, she's going to leave me because I wanted to call a taxi. A little thing like that. She said twenty-seven years was long enough to live with a man who made a religion of independence, a man who had self-reliance coming out of his ears."

"Did she say that?" Henry demanded. He was suddenly jittery with shock. "Are you sure she used those exact words?"

"Son, I have quoted her word for word. I remember everything she said exactly as she said it, and I'm not likely to forget. Lord, Henry, help me!"

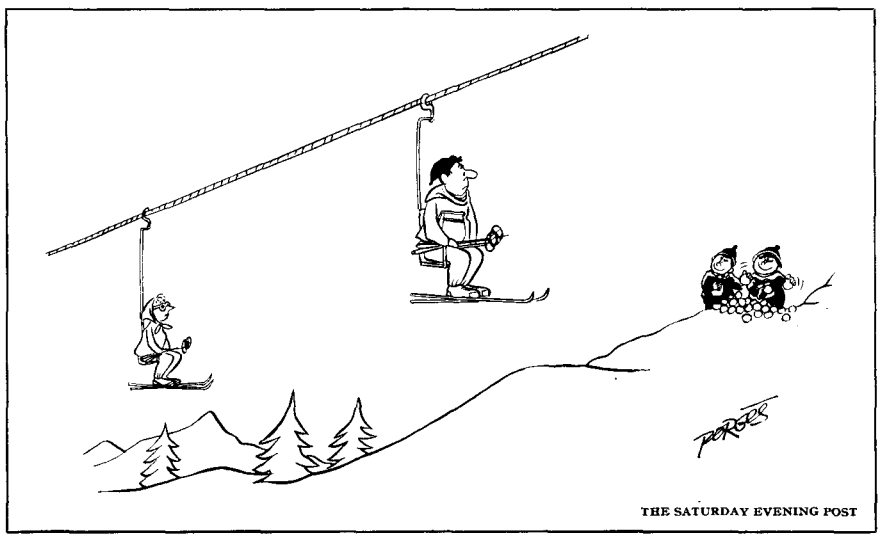
"Did you tell her you thought a woman would want a man who was self-reliant?"

"Yes. That's when she mentioned it coming out of my ears."

If anything, Henry became more jittery. He and his father were companions in misery, and in this ridiculous situation he should be firmly on his father's side, but suddenly he didn't sound like it. What he said then he said as if it were a piece he had learned to recite.

"The first thing you have to realize, dad, is that this thing has been lurking in the back of mother's mind for quite a while. The taxi call only triggered it." He regarded his old man sternly and sadly. "I myself have found out the hard way that women take a dim view of self-sufficient men. If you want mother to change her mind, you'd better take a long look at yourself and start figuring out how you're going to convince her that you intend to make a few adjustments in your personality."

"At my age!"



"You can't do it any younger. Now you wait here."

Mrs. Quentin did not answer his knock. Henry opened the door. Two bags lay open on the bed, but she had not yet begun to pack. She sat between the bags folding and unfolding her hands, and there were tears in her dark eyes. But they were tears of anger and resentment. Henry knew his mother. She was far from the easiest person in the world to live with; she was emotional and at times perverse. But she happened to be someone he loved dearly. A change had come over him in the last ten minutes that made her dearer than ever.

"This isn't something out of the blue," Mrs. Quentin said as he closed the door.

"I know," Henry said gently. "It's been building up for years."

"How would you know that?"

"Never mind. Don't you still love him, mother?"

"Love him? I'm not sure that has much to do with it now. All right, yes, I love him. But I'm leaving him." She began to speak very rapidly, as if to prevent Henry from interrupting. "I'm going to Aunt Kate's in Mobile. You and June can drive down for weekends."

That last statement was typical of his impractical mother. He said, "Sure! It's only a thousand miles. June and I can make it every weekend. By the way, where is June?"

"She went over to Mamie Howard's. At least *she* tells me where *she's* going."

"Mother, you can't leave him. Please."

"But I can and I am!" She bounced off the bed, ran to a closet and began throwing dresses on the bed.

Henry watched her for as long as it took his heart to beat half a dozen times and knew he couldn't stop her. She was impractical, emotional and as changeable as the day was long, but there were occasions when you couldn't budge her. He walked numbly out of the room and was halfway down the stairs and farther than that out of his mind when he remembered how close his mother and Lucinda were.

"Please, Henry," Lucinda said over the telephone. "I don't want to talk to you yet. Call me in a few ——"

"I need you," Henry said, and put all his heart into the three eloquent words. "I'm in trouble. Boy, I'm in real trouble!"

"*You're* in trouble?"

"I'll be there in ten minutes. Please, Lu, be ready to come back with me."

He was there in eight and a half, and Lucinda was ready. She had changed into a yellow dress and wore a blue ribbon at her throat. On the way back he acquainted her with the crisis at his house.

"I'm sorry, but not surprised," she said gravely. "Now does what I told you this afternoon make sense?"

It seemed to Henry that he and his father waited in the living room for hours. Actually it was only forty-two minutes. Henry sat. His old man paced up and down, paced up and down. Once he said, "I guess I can see where a man like me would get on a woman's nerves."

"You've taken the first step on the long road back," Henry encouraged him, but with acrimony in his voice, because he wished things were as simple as that in his own case.

Lucinda came down the stairs, lovely, composed, but still grave. Quentin senior ran to meet her. Lucinda said it was safe for him to go up now. Mr. Quentin threw his arms around her and kissed her hard. Lucinda blocked his way to the stairs.

"Wait. She's not going to leave you. But I had to commit you to something. You and Mrs. Quentin are going on a long automobile trip out through the West, just the two of you."

"Sure! That's fine. I'll get busy on it first thing in the (*Continued on Page 44*)

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*National Research Council, Publication 589 (Revised 1958)
**National Research Council, Publication 711 (1959)

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1. To build our product on the concept of scientifically balanced nutrition – including high quality milk protein with *proportioned* indispensable amino acids.

2. To provide in a 900 calorie food drink all important nutrients for which recommended dietary allowances* and minimum daily adult requirements have been established.†

3. To make and market **ready diet** in strict adherence to the standard of quality and ethics long associated with the Borden name.

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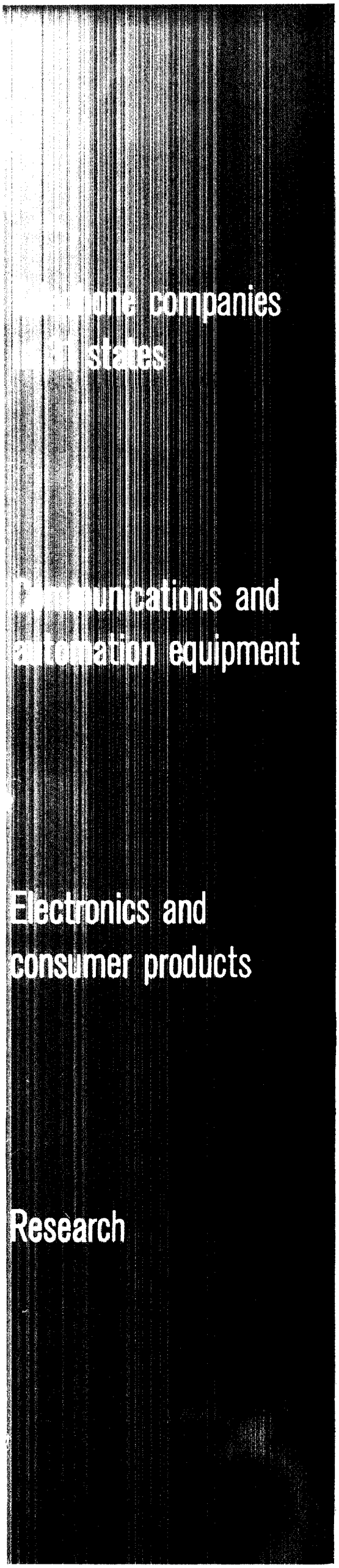

Taking a good look at ourselves

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The solid base from which our company has grown is the telephone—and America's ever-expanding need for more and better communications. Today our operating companies supply this vital need in the growing areas of 31 states.

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(*Continued from Page 40*) morning. Get our course lined out. Make reservations."

"Will you please wait till I've finished? You don't touch this trip, Mr. Quentin. Your wife arranges everything, where you go, how long you stay, reservations."

"Good Lord, we'll be trying to check in at the wrong hotels! We'll get lost every day!"

"Probably," said Lucinda. "Doesn't it sound like fun?"

Mr. Quentin swallowed. "It sounds—like fun." He charged at the stairs and went up them manfully. But at the very top he began to walk gingerly, and if Henry hadn't remembered the gray in his father's hair and the lines in his face, he would have thought his old man was about eighteen and on his way to make up with a girl the same age.

"Will you take me home now, Henry?"

"Will you wait a minute?" He looked at her steadily, as if he could never have enough of looking at her. But for a while there she was not simply the girl he was in love with. She was a person who had helped him when he needed help the worst kind of way. A warmth suffused him the like of which he had never before even remotely felt. "Will you wait long enough for me to tell you how grateful I am?"

"Never mind. I know you're grateful, Henry."

"What did you say to her that changed her mind?"

"I lied to her."

"Lied to her? But what did you say?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Not tonight, you mean, or not ever?"

"Probably not ever. It wasn't easy. I don't like lying, even in a good cause and with my fingers crossed. But I think they'll sort of find each other all over again on this trip. That's what we have to hope for anyway. And don't ever get the idea your mother was going to chicken out at the last moment."

"Please tell me what you told her."

"At least I made her happy, very happy. I told her something was going to happen. It was something she wanted with all her heart to happen, but which she was afraid never would."

As mentioned before, Henry was no fool. He realized what Lucinda had told his mother. He opened his mouth, then shut it quick, because in the nick of time it occurred to him that in view of the general climate of their present relationship the thing to do was play dumb. He said, "I think I deserve to know what you said."

"That's unfair."

"Please, Lu."

"It seems to me anybody with half a brain would have already guessed it. All right, I said you and I would be married when they came back from their trip."

"It doesn't—it doesn't have to be a lie, Lu." Henry said this wistfully, with the kind of lingering wistfulness that girls find hard to withstand. And then he gave it the light touch. "You'll have a lot of fun taking me apart and fitting me together again."

"Stop that! You know I never wanted to make you over. You wouldn't stand for it anyway. I—I'd just like to change you a little. Oh, take me home, Henry!"

"Something happened to me tonight," Henry said earnestly. "You know what? I defended my mother against my father." He let this sink in, and then he employed the light touch again. "It really bothers me that you told my mother a lie."

Lucinda laughed in spite of herself, and it occurred to him that laughter was ever a good sign. He put out a hand experimentally. Lucinda didn't run out of the room. He extended both hands, and Lucinda came uncertainly between them into his arms.

Moments later she said, "You did call for help, didn't you? You didn't attend to it yourself. You were down and you hollered long and loud for help. I suppose I have to take that for all it's worth and hope it's worth enough."

She kissed him, shyly at first and then eagerly, and Henry had the odd but exciting feeling that they were falling in love all over again.

Murder on the Turnpike (Continued from Page 37)

"Which means he went into the restaurant after all," Trask said, his voice sharpening. "But you told me you checked out the waitresses. They should have remembered a guy without a hat or coat on a night like this."

"I didn't check all of them," O'Leary said. He suddenly felt sick with guilt and apprehension. "I talked to the hostess. She'd have spotted anybody who wanted a table. Then I went to the take-out counter. But I only questioned one of the girls on duty. I—I forgot about the other one."

"You forgot?" Trask said sharply. "What do you mean by that?"

"She's a friend of mine, Sheila Leslie." O'Leary drew a deep breath. "I was more interested in her than my job, that's all, lieutenant. But I wasn't after a murderer then. I was after the owner of a stalled car. Which is no excuse."

"I guess it's not," Trask said. "But you've put us back on the right track. We'll find the girl who sold him that coffee. When we know what he looks like, we'll seal off this pike till it's damn near watertight. I'll call Captain Royce on the way. Let's go."

O'Leary ran toward his car. The killer must have bought his coffee from Sheila, he realized; if he hadn't done that one compulsive, dangerous thing, they might never have got a line on him. He could have drifted through their nets like a wisp of smoke. And then O'Leary remembered something that caused a strange coldness to settle in his stomach; the killer had corrected one mistake. He had got rid of the Edsel. Would he try to correct his other mistake—by getting rid of the only witness who could identify him?

O'Leary snapped on his red beacon and jammed his foot hard on the accelerator.

Harry Bogan sat in the rear seat of Alan Perkins's sedan, which was now parked close to the entrance of Howard Johnson's No. 1. He was smiling softly; they had made two U-turns in doubling back to the restaurant, and for all the attention they received they might have been lazily circling about a sleepy village on a Sunday evening. He held his gun so that it pointed at Perkins's head. "We'll have to wait until a car pulls in alongside us," he said. "You remember what you're to tell the driver?"

"Yes, I remember," Perkins said.

"You're a good boy. I don't want to hurt you."

They were close enough to the restaurant for Bogan to see the dark-haired girl at work behind the take-out counter. She was slim and cool and swift in her white uniform, her skin smooth and glowing under the bright light, her teeth flashing now and then in quick smiles. They meant nothing, he knew, and felt his heart speeding with anger. A bone thrown to a hungry dog, nothing more. The smile that told of her real feelings wouldn't be squandered on the lonely and miserable persons lined up at her counter. She would save that for the trooper, inviting him with her eyes and lips into the warm, selfish circle of her love.

Financial Condition

If I found fifteen dollars in
My pocket, I'd be staring
With mouth agape and
wondering
Whose trousers I was wearing.

Leonard K. Schiff

They did not have long to wait. A small, middle-aged man in a leather jacket pulled in beside them and climbed from his car.

"All right," Bogan said quietly.

Perkins rolled the window down and called to the man. "Pardon me, sir, but would you do me a favor?"

The man turned, peering into the darkness toward Perkins's voice. The shadows blurred Perkins's face and obscured Bogan completely. The man came a step closer. "Well, if I can, I don't mind," he said in a soft Southern accent.

"There's a waitress inside I want to send a message to," Perkins said. "You can see her from here—she's the dark-haired one at the take-out counter."

The man glanced toward the restaurant, nodding slowly. "I see her all right. Just what kind of a message is it?"

"Just tell her Trooper O'Leary wants to see her outside for a second."

Bogan smiled in the darkness; the trooper's name had been a gift, a priceless bit of luck, and he accepted it as a talisman of success.

"Trooper O'Leary, is that it?" the man said. "Well, I'll tell her for you." He laughed softly. "Man taking messages to pretty girls can get in a fix of trouble sometimes. But this is kind of different."

"Listen to me, for heaven's sake," Perkins said to Bogan, as the stranger walked with a leisurely gait toward the restaurant. "It won't work. She'll be frightened; she's liable to scream or something." He turned his head slowly, cautiously, until he could see the shine of Bogan's glasses. "Please, there's no need—to hurt anybody. I'll take you anywhere you want to go. You can ride in the trunk. I give you my word of honor."

"I don't need your help to get off the turnpike," Bogan said, laughing softly. "Now you just do as I told you. When she gets that message, you drive up and stop in front of the entrance. Keep the motor running. That's all you've got to worry about." He prodded the boy's cheek with his gun, sharply, cruelly. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, all right." Perkins barely whispered the words.

They watched the man in the leather jacket make his way through the crowded restaurant to the take-out counter. He removed his hat and raised a hand to get the dark-haired girl's attention.

The girl smiled at him, and when he spoke she leaned forward slightly, her head tilted slightly to one side. She glanced toward the windows; the man had gestured in that direction, obviously telling her where he had received the message. The girl gave him a quick, warm grin then and came swiftly around the counter and walked toward the revolving doors of the restaurant, one hand pushing at a stray curl on her forehead. She stopped briefly to speak to the hostess. Asking permission to step outside for a moment or so, Bogan thought, smiling faintly. A very proper little girl, obedient and responsible. She was moving again, walking toward the entrance.

"All right," he said quietly.

Perkins backed his Ford out of line, then cut the wheels and drove toward the entrance, which was marked as a no-parking area. The revolving doors glittered as they spun around, and the girl came out onto the broad sidewalk. An awning protected her from the rain, but the cold wind whipped the skirts of her white uniform about her slim legs.

Perkins stopped, and Bogan reached forward and opened the front door. The girl came toward the car, bending to look into the dark interior. "Dan, is that you?" she said, in a clear, unworried voice.

Bogan glanced quickly out the rear window. A family was hurrying toward the restaurant, a mother, father and four small children, but the parents were involved in shepherding their charges and paid no attention to the stopped car and the girl standing beside it.

"I have a message from Dan," Bogan said.

"What is it?" She put her head in the car, bracing herself with a knee against the front seat. The family with the four children had filed out of sight, and when she said, "What is it?" the second time, a bit sharply now, Bogan caught her arm and pulled her into the front seat. "Go!" Bogan said to Perkins, and before she could scream, he had the gun in her face, and the car was leaping forward, the door swinging shut with a bang.

She would have screamed, regardless of the gun, but Perkins's voice cut through her terror. "Don't!" he cried. "Please do what he says. He'll shoot."

"That's true," Bogan said, pleased with the young man. "Now drive over to where the trucks park." He still held the girl's arm and could feel the tremors shaking her body.

"Now what do you want with me?" she said in a dry, careful voice.

"That will have to wait a bit. We'll have time to talk later." The fear in her eyes and face satisfied something deep inside him; and he remembered how the girl in the furniture shop had looked when he raised the gun, her face blank with panic, eyes wild and frantic. Once as a child he had seen a horse trapped in a burning barn; and the girl's eyes were like those of the poor horse, crazed and helpless. The sight of her fear had been almost unendurably exciting.

The area reserved for the big trucks was a hundred yards beyond the gas station, an unlighted expanse of concrete the size of a football field, with parking spaces indicated by lines of white paint. Bogan directed Perkins to the far end of the lot.

In the silence that settled when Perkins cut the motor, Bogan heard the girl's shallow, uneven breathing. The sound was satisfying; no longer laughing and confident, he (*Continued on Page 46*)

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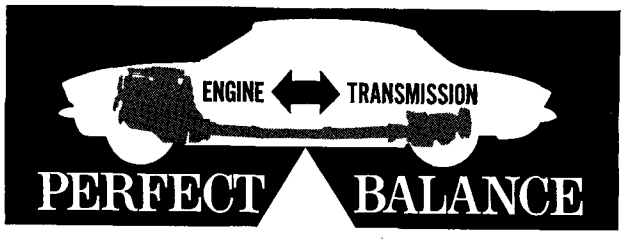

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(*Continued from Page 44*) thought, no longer warmed by the admiring eyes lingering on her slim body. Now she would pay attention to him. In a quiet, deliberate voice Bogan explained what he wanted them to do, and they obeyed carefully and quickly, like children trying to appease a fearsome, unpredictable adult. It wasn't the gun they responded to, but the tension coiling beneath his surface calm. They knew with a primitive instinct that he was hoping they might disobey him; they knew he would relish the excuse to throw his self-control to the winds.

They got out of the car on the girl's side and stood motionless until he joined them. Then the girl, on order, climbed into the rear-seat section and lay face down on the floor. Bogan had already removed his tie and belt. He gave them to Perkins, who knotted the tie about the girl's wrists and looped the belt about her ankles, buckling it with trembling fingers. When he straightened up, Bogan inspected his work, then closed the rear door. "Now climb into the front seat," he told Perkins, but when Perkins turned to obey, Bogan struck him heavily with the barrel of his gun, the blow landing just above his right ear. Perkins pitched forward, moaning in pain, but Bogan caught him before he struck the ground and carried him into the field adjoining the parking lot. He rolled the limp body into a ditch and returned to the car.

Safety lay on him like a balm, filling him with a warm complacence. Perkins wouldn't recover consciousness for hours, if at all; and the only other witness who might identify him was trussed up in the back of his car. Now there was nothing left but to get off the turnpike. And he knew how to solve that problem.

He started his car and drove along the wide, curving lane that led to the turnpike, laughing as he merged smoothly with the swift, southbound traffic. The rain was coming down harder, bouncing on the shining concrete, and the Ford was swiftly lost in the dark streams of cars, with no more identity than a leaf in a storm or a chip swirling down a stream. The beams of oncoming headlights broke on his thick glasses and glittered against the excitement in his eyes.

"Are you all right?" he said in a high, pleased voice. "Are you comfortable?"

The girl lay with her wrists bound at the small of her back, her cheek flat against the car's rough carpeting. She was trembling with cold and with fear, but she said evenly, "Where are you taking me?"

"Well, I'm not sure," Bogan said. In truth, he didn't know; but when they left the turnpike he would make up his mind. He would find a place that was dark and quiet. A field, he thought, or the bank of a stream, where he could rest, where they might talk for a while.

He glanced quickly over his shoulder; she lay with her knees bent, her feet raised in the air, and he saw the soles of her small white shoes, and the shine of his belt looped about her ankles. For the time being everything was all right. "Just don't worry about anything," he said.

In the manager's office of Howard Johnson's No. 1, Trask and O'Leary questioned the man in the leather jacket who had delivered the message to Sheila Leslie. "Let's try it once more," Trask said evenly, after the man told his story for the third time. They had checked his identification and knew he was a family man, steadily employed by a construction company in Philadelphia. He had a gasoline credit card in his wallet, snapshots of his wife and children, and seemed to be a responsible citizen. But Trask said, "Let's go over it again from the start—every detail, everything you saw and heard and said."

The man sat in a straight-backed chair under clear, soft overhead lights. He was about fifty, with thinning hair, work-roughened hands, and he wore jeans and a woolen shirt under his leather jacket. "Well, like I told you," he said, blinking his eyes nervously. "First the man called to me, speaking nice and polite, and asked me to do him a favor. The car he was setting in was one of the popular makes, but I can't rightly say which one. It wasn't new. Maybe a 'Fifty or 'Fifty-one. It was a dark color, like I already told you. So he asked me to tell this girl that's missing that Trooper O'Leary wanted to talk to her."

O'Leary closed his eyes and ran a hand over his face. She was gone, helpless in a killer's hands, and it was his fault. He hadn't done his job; instead of questioning her swiftly and impersonally, he had blushed and simpered like a fool, letting his feelings for her come between him and his work.

"Well, I went into the restaurant and told her." the man in the leather jacket said. "And she smiled real nice and thanked me and went outside. I sat down to my dinner, where I was when you got here and began asking for who gave her the message." One of the waitresses had remembered that someone had spoken to Sheila just before she went outside; and Trask and O'Leary had shouted for silence in the restaurant, and when they explained what they wanted, the man in the leather jacket had got uneasily to his feet. "I didn't think I'd done nothing wrong," he said now, eyes swinging quickly from Trask to O'Leary. "I was just doing a man a favor."

"You're sure he used my name?" O'Leary asked him sharply. "You're sure he said O'Leary?"

"Yes, I'm positive about that."

"Let's go back to the start," Trask said. "It was a young man who gave you the message?"

"Nearly as I could make out, yes."

"And he was alone in the car?"

"Well, there seemed a kind of shadow in the back, but I didn't see anybody." The man hesitated, then said. "The young guy sounded kind of funny, he talked fast, I mean, like he was speaking words he'd memorized."

O'Leary forced himself to think; his emotions were roiling inside him, blunting his memory and judgment. While Trask went over the man's story again, O'Leary paced the small office, the overhead lights shining on his pale, set features. He got himself in hand with a conscious effort. It occurred to him once again that the killer's pattern of action suggested a generous time schedule; twice he might have got off the pike, once in the white Edsel, again in the car he had commandeered to pick up Sheila. But he hadn't made a break for it. This might mean he had some special plan for getting off the turnpike, that he had found a loophole in the pike's defenses. But how to account for the fact that he had used the name O'Leary to lure Sheila outside? How had he known the name? And that Sheila would respond to it? Then O'Leary recalled the irrelevant bit of information he had gleaned from the gas-station attendant at Howard Johnson's No. 2. Someone had mentioned O'Leary's driving, and the attendant had told him that O'Leary was safer at a hundred than most people were at fifty. Or something to that effect. But had the attendant actually used his name?

Trask completed his questioning of the man in the leather jacket, thanked him and excused him. When the man had gone, O'Leary told Trask of the conversation with the attendant at Howard Johnson's No. 2.

"You get back there," Trask said. "We've got to get a lead, and fast."

"He's got the girl in his car," O'Leary said desperately. "That's a lead, isn't it? We can search every damn car on the pike."

Trask looked away from O'Leary, pained by what he saw in the big trooper's face. He gestured impatiently at the flash of the turnpike traffic which they could see through the windows of the manager's office.

"There's twenty-five or thirty thousand cars rolling out there tonight. Doctors on emergency calls, pregnant women, businessmen making plane and train connections, parents hurrying to sick kids. How can we tie up that traffic? And where would we get the men to search the cars? The pike would be stalled bumper to bumper in a matter of minutes. We'd block the highways coming in from three states. Maybe we could stop all cars of a certain kind—like we stopped those Edsels. Or pick up men answering to a fairly general description. But we can't bring that traffic to a halt without something to go on, Dan. Now you get back to Number Two. Maybe that attendant can give us the lead we need."

O'Leary covered the twelve miles in eight minutes, with his beacon flashing and siren screaming. The attendant he had talked with earlier recalled the incident. "I was just coming out of the office, and a man standing there said something about it looking like you were in a hurry. Well, I told him you knew how to handle your car, that's all."

"Think hard," O'Leary said. "Did you use my name?"

"Well, sure. I thought I told you. I said Trooper O'Leary or maybe Dan O'Leary, but I know I mentioned your name."

"What did this man look like?"

"He was standing kind of in the shadows. I just glanced over my shoulder at him; you know, the way you do when something doesn't mean much. He was pretty big, I'd say. And he was wearing glasses. I saw 'em flash when he turned his head."

A big man with glasses, O'Leary thought with despair; a description that might fit half the men driving the pike tonight. He questioned the other attendants then, hoping someone might have seen the man leaving the shadows of the office. But he drew blanks; none of them had seen him or noticed any unusual activity around the pumps.

O'Leary returned to his patrol car and flashed Sergeant Tonelli at headquarters. He told him what he had learned, but his heart sank as he repeated the meager description—a big man with glasses.

"Check," Tonelli said in his hard, impersonal voice. "You'll proceed south now, O'Leary. Report to Sergeant Brannon at Interchange Five and take further orders from him. You're going to be working the presidential convoy."

O'Leary was filled with bitter guilt and despair; the plans being made to find the killer obviously didn't include him. He wouldn't have even the solace of trying to save Sheila. His hands tightened on the steering wheel. "Look, sergeant, just one thing. The killer isn't in any hurry to get off the pike. Have you noticed that?"

O'Leary's question was considerably out of line, but Sergeant Tonelli was a man who understood a number of things that weren't spelled out in the department's training manual and training directives. He said quietly, "We've noticed it, Dan. But we don't know yet what's behind it. You get moving now."

"Check," O'Leary said and turned his car into the curving approach to the dark turnpike. He felt helpless and miserable, consumed with a leaden fear.

Sheila had fought down her first panic, which had been like the fear of smothering she had known as a child. Once when she was very small her brother and his friends had locked her in a trunk during some game or other and had gone off and forgotten about her. For a long time afterward she couldn't bear anything that threatened her breathing—swimming under water, a dentist's wad of cotton in her mouth, even the slight pressure of a locket at the base of her throat was enough to make her heart pound with terror. But she (*Continued on Page 49*)

"She said she was on a 17-day diet, and I merely asked if this was the first day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GETTING DRESSED in a kitchen filled with the promise of bacon sputtering on the stove made life worthwhile back in those Iowa days. And Rath Black Hawk Bacon hasn't changed a sniff. Rich with hickory, ribboned with lean, this heart-of-Iowa bacon makes breakfasts that memories are made of. Try our Rath Bacon Strip Pancakes one of these mornings. Just wonderful!

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"Dad, how come you have to work to get money?"

"Do little sisters cost as much as boys?"

"All that for a haircut? —I cut Jimmy's free!"

"Gee dad, if everything costs money, what would we do without you?"

Could you give your own child a confident answer to that question? Or do you wonder yourself how your family would get along without a father? Life insurance, of course, was developed to help solve this very problem. And modern policies make it possible for almost any man to give his wife and children the basic financial protection they need.

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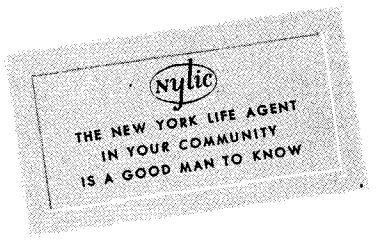

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(*Continued from Page 46*) had finally conquered that dread; she had faced the issue with hard common sense, refusing to pity herself, refusing to let herself be shackled by morbid fears.

Now, lying helpless in the rear of Bogan's car, she tried to apply the same therapy to her straining nerves. So far nothing had happened to her; her body was cold and cramped, and dust from the carpeting had made her eyes water, but that was all. She knew she was safe as long as they were on the turnpike. After that she would be completely helpless. He could take her anywhere, do anything he wanted with her. She faced that fact clearly. It meant she must get away from him before he drove off the pike. Somehow she must make him stop. Dan had told her any stopped car would be quickly checked by the police, with the trooper concealed by his own headlights and emerging from their brightness with a hand on his gun.

It seemed a hideous irony that she had been amused by his earnest discussion of the various methods used in policing the turnpike—and just a tiny bit bored by his enthusiasm for his work—when that skill and energy might be the only thing that could save her life. She tried to stop thinking about Dan O'Leary. It would make her cry, she knew, and there was no time now for that kind of self-pity. She could think of him later; of his tall, alert way of walking, and the fine, dark hair on the backs of his big clean hands, and the way he got a joke a split second after she did and grinned a bit sheepishly at her swifter understanding.

Now she must make this madman bring the car to a stop. "Please," she said in a weak voice. "I'm going to be sick. I feel dizzy."

"Well, that's too bad. But it's not much longer." Bogan glanced at his watch and then at a numbered milepost that gleamed ahead of him in the darkness. He was a bit behind schedule, but not seriously so. The rain had made him lose time. He smiled.

"Please," she said again. "I'm freezing. There's no circulation in my arms and legs. Please stop and untie my ankles."

"You're Trooper O'Leary's girl, I know," he said. "I saw the way you smiled at each other. Are you going to marry him?" He was still smiling. "Answer me. Are you going to marry him?" he said coldly.

She was silent; the changed tone of his voice sent a chill through her cramped body. She tried to guess at his thoughts, to form some picture of his needs and compulsions; but it was as hopeless as attempting a jigsaw puzzle blindfolded. "I'm not sure," she said at last.

"You're not sure," he said, mocking her in a high, petulant voice. The lying little beggar. They would get married, all right, and buy a little house and pull all the blinds down so no one could see them. And keep everyone outside their little circle of pleasure.

He remembered how it had been in his own home, the long nights that belonged only to his father and mother, and finally his guilty relief and happiness after his father's death. There was just his mother and brother then, and it was very nice. She baked sweet cookies and told them stories. It went on for such a long and pleasant time. Until his brother brought home a girl. They had fought about that; Bogan had warned him of the terrible thing he was doing, but his brother had got married anyway, and then there was just his mother and himself, and that was the best time of all. He worked as a night watchman because the sunshine hurt his weak eyes. She kept their apartment shaded in the daytime, and they watched television together, and she made his meals and took care of his clothes. When she died he asked his brother if he could live with him, but there were children now and no room for him. That was when he had got the tiny place on Third Avenue and begun to watch the couple in the furniture shop.

Bogan shook his head sharply; his thoughts were distracting him, flickering brightly and erratically against the quiet darkness of his mind.

"Please!" the girl cried again. "Fumes are coming up through the floor boards. I can't breathe."

"I'll roll down the window," he said, smiling. "I'm not going to stop, so you might as well forget your little tricks."

The cold damp wind swept over her chilled body. She was suddenly close to panic; this was what excited him, to toy with her in a cat-and-mouse fashion, relishing her helplessness. If she couldn't get him to stop, there was no hope—unless a patrol car flagged him down. But the police obviously had no way of identifying him. Otherwise he wouldn't be driving along so confidently. How could she attract the attention of the police?

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CHESTER L. MARKS

To herself or to the car, it made no difference.

But she could do nothing at all while she was helpless. She began to strain at the bands about her wrists, twisting her hands until the skin was raw, exerting all her wiry strength against the silken fabric. The young man hadn't done too efficient a job, and she blessed him for it. Perhaps he'd given her this chance deliberately. The knots were loose, and her struggles produced a precious half inch of slack. That was almost enough, for her hands were quite small. She tried again, twisting her wrists silently and desperately until the knots slipped again. This was enough. She freed her hands and put them over her mouth to silence the sounds of her rapid, shallow breathing.

But there was still not much she could do. She could unlatch the rear door, but to push it open against the wind stream would be almost impossible in her cramped position. And it wouldn't serve any purpose unless she intended to throw herself from the car. That thought instantly led to another—if not herself, what else was there to throw from the car? Specifically, through the opened window beside the driver's seat? The crumpled silk tie that had bound her wrists probably wouldn't attract anyone's attention. She felt cautiously about the floor of the car, but found only a folded newspaper and what seemed to be an empty cigarette package. No good. It had to be something that would point to her.

She thought of removing a shoe, but after a painful effort realized that it wasn't possible. She could arch her back and grasp her ankles in her hands, but she couldn't unbuckle the belt or untie the shoelaces in that position. And she couldn't risk turning over and sitting up. He would be sure to see the top of her head in the rearview mirror. But the thought of shoes prompted her to take a personal inventory. Ring, small comb, hair ribbon, a pencil clipped in the pocket of her uniform. That was all; and none of these had any special significance. They would mean nothing to whoever found them.

"That's enough air," Bogan said, and began to roll up the window.

"No, please!" Her heart was beating wildly; she had just remembered the apron she was wearing, the short, white tea apron with the restaurant's distinctive emblem emblazoned on it. Everybody associated the emblem with Howard Johnson's; it was as identifiable as a signature. "Please don't close the window. I'm suffocating." The terror in her voice was genuine; if he closed the window now her only chance would be gone.

"Well, we don't want that," he said, and rolled the window down again. "We want you nice and healthy for your handsome trooper. You wouldn't be pretty if you smothered to death."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Wolves of Fear (Continued from Page 31)

to try, and even joined his father in overcoming his mother's protests.

Lying wide-eyed and sleepless in the tent, Paul had listened to the rustling noises in the little patch of woods behind the tent and had shivered when an owl hooted. Then the howling of a dog nearby had jerked him upright into a sitting position, stiff with fear. As he stared out the opening of the tent he began to see fearful shapes of animals prowling about the edge of the wooded lot. It was all he could do to keep from crying out in terror. But he was too frightened even to move, and he sat there clutching with icy hands at the ground cloth beneath his father's sleeping bag.

At last from several blocks away he heard a car door slam and voices calling good night. This comforting sound had given him just enough momentary reassurance. He scrambled out of the sleeping bag, grabbed his flashlight and raced barefooted in his pajamas across the lawn to the back door. He opened it quickly, but silently and tiptoed up to his room, praying that no one would hear him. He could tell his father that he came into the house to go to the bathroom in the early morning and then decided to stay in his room till breakfast.

But as he slipped his feet under the covers the bedroom door opened, and there was his father, outlined by the hall light, standing large and forbidding in the doorway. "So you couldn't stick it out?" asked his father, trying to control the scorn in his voice.

The boy swallowed and turned his head away, unable to meet his father's gaze. "No," he whispered. "There were—I saw . . ." His voice trailed off in fear and humiliation.

There was a moment of silence, while the father shook his head and gazed at his son. "I hoped you wouldn't give in so easily," he said at last. "There was nothing out there that could harm you. Why were you afraid?"

"I—I don't know. I couldn't help it."

"Look, Paul," said his father, walking over to his bed, "maybe a person can't help being afraid, but they *can* keep from running away. Every time you run away you lose a little bit of yourself. You lose some respect for yourself. Remember the story I used to read to you about the gingerbread boy who ran away? And in the version we read he gets smaller and smaller as he runs? That's what happens when we let our fears make us run away. We get smaller."

It hadn't made too much sense to Paul then, but he remembered the words, till at last they had begun to have some meaning for him. He tried hard to overcome his timidity, to be as strong and unafraid as his father. He was always gamely willing to go into the north woods on a fishing or hunting trip with his father; but there was always that constant struggle to overcome his fear of the fierce, dark forces that seemed to move in the forest. And then last spring Mac, his father's boyhood friend, had visited them and said he was going to make one last trapping expedition along the Canadian border north of Ely. His father had asked the trapper as a favor if he would take Paul with him.

"Just the thing for him before he starts college," his father had said. "Do him a world of good. He spends too much time with his books anyway. A winter of trapping in the north woods will teach him some valuable things he'll never learn anywhere else." Paul understood well what was really behind his father's words, and he hadn't protested. He felt that his father was right and that he owed it to him to go on the trip. He wanted desperately for his father to be proud of him.

As Paul lay there remembering all this, he suddenly realized the howling of the wolves had stopped. A deep silence settled again on the white solitude, broken only by the occasional sharp cracking of the frost in the trees. Struggling to push back the slow, dark waves of uneasiness, of fear, he tried to relax and drift back to sleep.

All at once the quavering chorus of wolves began again, moving along the shore of the lake, and so close now that the youth sat upright in bed, a cold tingling at the nape of his neck and a coldness at his heart. This time the trapper heard it too, and Paul could see him in the dim light sitting up and shaking his head, running a muscular hand through the thick iron-gray hair. Then Mac was out of bed and pulling on his heavy pants and boots.

"Come on, boy! Let's see what those wolves are up to. They'll not do the trapping any good. Come on, maybe we can bag a couple!"

Paul jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. He grabbed his old Remington rolling block rifle just as the trapper started out the door. With his long legs the youth made better time through the deep snow and caught up with the stocky trapper. They headed for the lake about a hundred yards beyond the cabin. The howling had stopped now, and in its place they heard a muted frenzy of vicious snarls. A three-quarter moon lighted the white world around them, and when they reached the lake, they could see what was happening on the ice a little way up the shore toward the outlet of the river.

Four wolves were attacking a moose they had driven into the open, their ghostly gray-and-brown forms whipping in and out like pursuing demons. The

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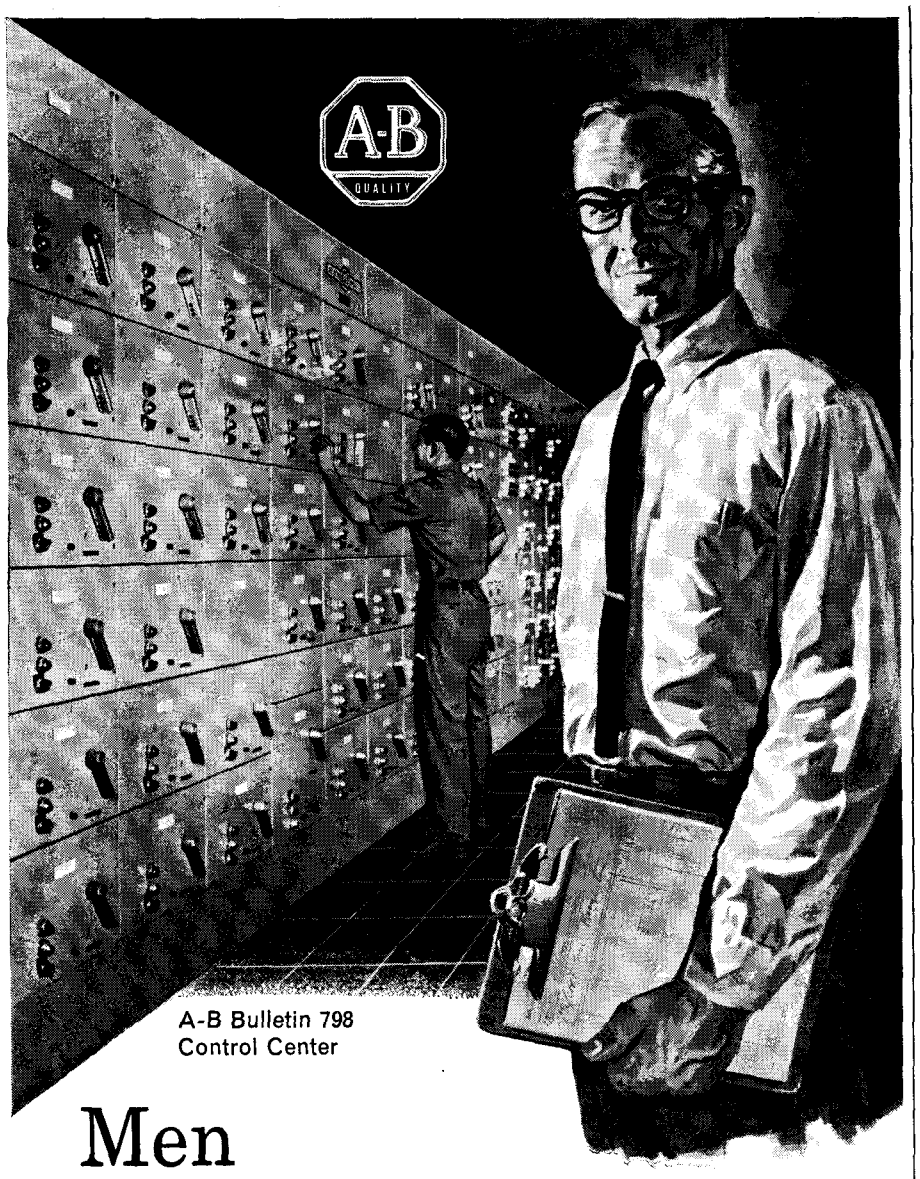

A-B Bulletin 798
Control Center

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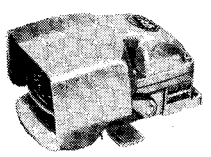
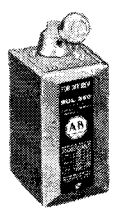
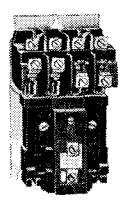
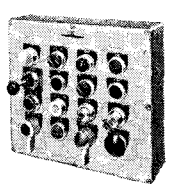

Foot Switch
Bulletin 805


Reversing Switch
Bulletin 350


Control Relay
Bulletin 700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great moose was fighting a courageous but losing battle. Two of the wolves were striking at its neck and throat, while the two others slashed at the tendons of the hind legs. Already the huge creature was down, almost in a sitting position, tossing its great antlers in a dying frenzy.

Mac stepped back from the shore into a thicket of balsam and spruce. "Come on," he said. "Keep to the trees. They might be too hungry to frighten away, but we won't take chances." Crouching low he began to move through the trees up the shore, and Paul followed, clutching his rifle so tightly his hands grew numb. About fifty yards away from the scene the trapper stopped and then crept to the edge of the trees. The moose was completely down now, and the timber wolves were tearing at the flesh. Dark stains of blood and tufts of their hair were all about on the snow.

"Now!" whispered Mac, taking aim from a kneeling position. Several shots rang out. One wolf dropped instantly to the ice and lay still. Another wolf, apparently wounded, gave a little leap into the air and then, in snarling confusion, headed almost directly toward the two men. The animal had covered nearly half the distance before Mac brought it down with one shot. The two remaining wolves sniffed the air for just an instant and then started toward the heavy timber, moving like gray ghosts in the dim light of the moon. Then they disappeared amidst several more shots.

"So!" exclaimed Mac, standing up. "There's two wolves that won't rob traps or scare game. But what the devil happened to you, boy? Didn't you ——" He stopped suddenly as he realized his young companion was no longer with him. "Hey, boy!" He gazed around, perplexed and a little annoyed. Then he spotted tracks that led back to the cabin.

When the trapper stepped inside, stamping snow from his boots, he saw the youth sitting on the edge of the bunk, his head in his hands and staring at the floor. Paul didn't look up. Mac hung up his rifle and lighted one of the deer-tallow candles they had made. Then he put several logs into the stove and began stripping down to his woolen underwear. It wasn't until he had taken off his boots that the trapper spoke. "What's the matter, boy? You get sick or something?"

Slowly Paul raised his head, his large, soft-gray eyes gazing almost blankly into the semidarkness. "No," he said, his voice nearly a whisper. "No, I—I ——"

The trapper's jaw tightened underneath his beard, and the dark, piercing eyes smoldered with angry impatience. "Look here, boy," he began, and his voice had a threatening rumble to it. Then he stopped. Perhaps it was something that he had glimpsed in the boy's open and sensitive face, or a sudden remembrance that he was the son of a friend.

He shrugged at last, and his voice softened a little. "Guess a pack of wolves can be frightening the first time. But they're not ever likely to attack a man. That wounded critter didn't know where the hell he was headed—just wanted to hit the timber."

Paul shifted on the edge of the bunk and shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mac. I—I don't know why I did it." But he did know, and in humiliation he turned away, biting his lip till it bled, as if to punish himself.

"Never mind, boy." The trapper's voice was gruffly sympathetic now, almost against his will. "No man struggles through a winter in this howling wilderness without having some pretty uneasy moments. Get a mite careless out here, and a man would soon be dragged down one way or another—like that old moose. You've got to keep your wits about you, and you can't let yourself be afraid." He got up and blew out the candle. "I told you last spring what it would be like."

"Yes," said the boy. "You did." His voice was filled with shame. "But my father ——" Then he stopped. He couldn't tell Mac what was really behind his coming on this trip. Drawing a deep breath, Paul tried to speak more forcefully. "I'll snap out of it, Mac. I'm not going to be a handicap to you."

After a few minutes he lay down on his bunk. "Mac," he said at last, trying to keep his voice casual, "if—if something did happen, like—like the cabin burning down and we had to go back before the ice broke, where would we head for?"

"Damn it, boy! Haven't we been awake long enough tonight?"

Paul winced as he suddenly remembered his father telling him how Mac had lost his wife and boy eight years before in a forest fire that had burned the hunting and fishing camp he operated.

After a moment Mac spoke again, his voice softening a bit. "Why, I suppose we'd head for that settlement that's about two days due south of here. If my old Indian-trapper friend is up here this winter, maybe we could head for his cabin if we needed. That's only a day's haul from here. Now let's get some sleep, boy!"

Then all was still, except for the occasional loud snapping of the frost in the trees. A silence so deep that the earth itself seemed to have dropped away, leaving them in a cold, white void. Paul closed his eyes and eventually slipped off into a fitful sleep. But the wolves of fear ran through his dreams.

At breakfast the next morning nothing was said about the incident of the night before. Paul, however, could not bring himself to look the old trapper in the face—he was ashamed and afraid of what he might see there. While he cleaned up the breakfast utensils, Mac went out to see what could be salvaged from the moose. It appeared that no wolves had returned, wary perhaps of the two dead ones lying nearby, but the flesh was badly torn in places from the initial attack. He quickly set about to dress the animal. Paul came out as he was finishing, and they lugged the hindquarters back to the meat shelter.

The sky had become overcast, and the temperature had risen, becoming unexpectedly mild, though far from the point of melting. The trapper got together his equipment for a day's run and then kneeled outside the cabin door to bind on his snowshoes. Paul stood by, gazing out over the lake toward the south.

"In a few more days, boy," said Mac, "I'll be able to take you along on some of the shorter runs. Right now I want to move around fairly fast and get the trap lines out in good shape. Maybe you can spend some time making that extra shelf we thought we could use—and taking an excursion on your snowshoes. By this time you ought to be getting good enough so you won't slow me down. And see what you can think up for supper, eh?"

The youth nodded, mumbled good-by and watched the trapper set out on a line northeast of the cabin. He had really been looking forward to accompanying Mac as he made the rounds of the trap lines, but now he could only gaze miserably after the departing trapper.

All at once, his face strangely set, Paul hurried inside. He began to make up a bedroll and gather together food supplies and a few clothes. When his packsack was filled and ready to shoulder, he paused for a moment. Then he quickly began to search on his shelf for a pencil and a piece of paper. Having found them, he sat down at the table and scrawled a note.

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Mac: Please don't try to follow me. I've headed for the settlement, and I'll make it O.K. It's better that I leave. Thanks for all you've done. Dad will understand.

PAUL.

He shouldered his packsack, picked up his rifle and went outside. He bound on his snowshoes and then, without looking back, headed directly across the lake, past the mouth of the river up which they had traveled in canoes during the beautiful days of mid-October. How long ago that seemed now! Driven by shame and by his haunting fear of the violent primitive forces of this wilderness, Paul felt there was nothing else to do but try to escape. Once at the settlement he could find a way to reach a train—but not to his home. He couldn't go back now to face his father. He would have to get a job somewhere and give up college, at least for a while.

So impulsive was his setting out that he didn't stop to reflect on the dangers or on what his chances were of making a two-day journey through an unknown wilderness and toward a settlement he could only hope would lie somewhere in his path if he held his course due south. Had he really thought about it, he might never have started out, no matter how desperate he felt. But the impulsiveness of his decision left no room to reason.

As he plunged into the tamarack swamp on the other side of the lake, he saw out of the corner of his eye the tracks of the wolves in the snow. He shuddered and hurried on. He traveled through dense stands of pines, across open meadows, over wooded hills and across small lakes. He looked frequently at his compass and was satisfied that he was heading due south. Around noon he stopped. But so desperately did he want to continue on that he didn't bother to light a fire. Instead he cleared a place for himself in the protected hollow of a great hemlock and collapsed wearily onto the ground, where he munched on some pemmican and cold biscuits from the morning's breakfast. The sky was still partly overcast, and the mild temperature continued.

When Paul started on again he was suddenly aware of a pain in both ankles—a pain that seemed to increase with almost every step. He was suffering from snowshoe lameness, which had actually been coming on for some time; but he had been concentrating so fiercely on covering as much ground as possible that he hadn't noticed it at first. Nonetheless, he kept on, even though the pain finally became so intense that his teeth were clenched and the tears came constantly to his eyes.

He had no clear notion of time, but knew only that somehow he had to keep going till it was dark. The packsack seemed to grow heavier, till he felt as if he were bent over and laboring under the weight of a huge rock. He saw little sign of wildlife, only a few snowshoe rabbits and an ermine; and now and then some snow buntings at the edge of a field, where they would fly up from the snow to strike the brown tops of weeds still uncovered and then drop back to the surface to feed on the fallen seeds. Still, as the afternoon wore on and the woods began to fill with the gloom of approaching night, the youth began to look about him more and more uneasily, half expecting the howl of a wolf to shatter the stillness. He was suddenly very much afraid and regretted the impulsiveness with which he had set out. But he knew he couldn't turn back now.

At last, when the pain in his ankles became so intense that he realized he could not go on much farther, he began searching for a place to spend the night. It was while he was looking about him that one of his snowshoes caught under a fallen bough which arched a fraction above the snow. Because of the pain and weariness he had become careless, and now he was flung onto the snow in a crumpled heap. The breath went out of him, and he gave a groan as he feit his right leg twist beneath him. When he tried to get to his feet, he cried out in pain, realizing with a sickening shock that he had wrenched the leg so badly he could not stand on it.

He struggled out of the packsack and then lay there in the snow, so exhausted, so stricken with pain from the twisted leg and the lameness in his ankles that he sank into a daze. Lying there with his eyes closed, listening to the deep soughing of the wind in the tops of the pines and hemlocks, he felt the exhaustion and the pain recede at last. In their place a wave of drowsy contentment crept over him, drugging him. No longer was there any thought of moving, even to try to build a fire. He wanted only to lie there and rest, forgetting everything—forgetting his plight and all the torment and humiliation his fears had brought him.

Yet as he drifted closer toward complete unconsciousness and snuggled with drowsy comfort in his snow cocoon, he was still aware of a warning signal far back in his mind—a persistent, urgent nudging to move, to move, to move. . . . Then it seemed as if the warning took strangely the form of the barking of a dog—a barking that became as irritating and disturbing as the buzzing of a mosquito which won't let one make the final descent into sleep.

The barking continued and even seemed to become louder. Was he awake or dreaming? Finally with a grimace Paul half raised himself on one elbow. Gradually he became once more aware of his surroundings and at last realized, bewilderedly, that he was not dreaming, that it *was* the barking of a dog.

Groaning slightly with the pain and the effort, he struggled onto his knees and crawled through the snow to where his rifle had landed. Then raising his head to determine where the barking was coming from, he began to crawl with painful slowness to the top of a little ridge a few yards ahead of him. There was still enough light to see the outlines of things, but the darkness was coming fast. Paul reached the top of the ridge and stared in disbelief into the hollow just a little below him.

No more than about fifty yards away were a large bear, a gray dog and an

As a Bird

By Bessie
Butler Newsom Allard

Think of my heart as a bird
And remember with what eager wings
It beat and beat under your hand.
Think of yourself as a tree
And understand
How tall, how safe, how grand
You seem to me!
It had been hard to fly
Across the night, against the wind.
I wish all frail and feathered things
Might find so good a friend.

He's rustled up a load of Rolo because he's hittin' the trail. Smart cowpokes (and their fathers and mothers) just love those luscious drums of milk chocolate filled with creamy toffee. Nine delicious pieces for just a dime. Try 'em! They're the greatest for filling wide open spaces!

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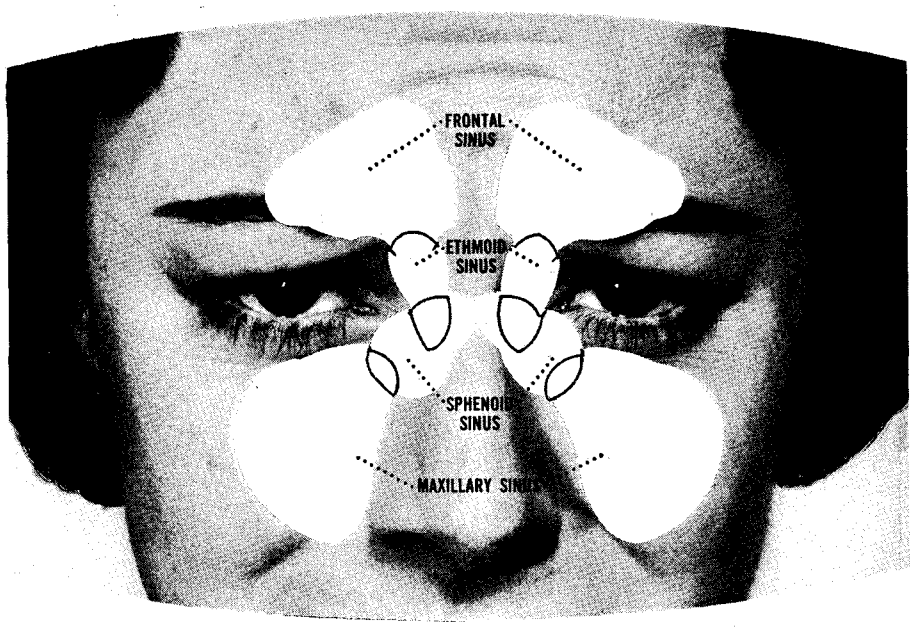

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Indian boy. With the dog barking and snapping at its rear quarters, the bear, looming frighteningly large in the dim light, was lumbering in a dazed and awkward manner toward the boy, who was armed with only a bow and arrow. Legs apart, with the arrow notched and the bow bent, the boy courageously stood his ground. For a moment the bear paused to swat clumsily at the dog. The Indian released the arrow and then retreated a few paces and notched another. There was a low, hoarse growl from the bear, and it swung forward again and continued to advance, two arrows sticking from its shoulder and chest like *banderillas* in a bull.

In a moment Paul had shaken himself free of his dazed condition. He grasped at least partially what had happened. The boy had been hunting rabbits or other small game, and the dog had routed the bear out of its winter den. This accounted for the slow, stupefied approach of the animal as it weaved toward the young hunter.

Lying on his stomach, Paul took off his mittens and raised the rifle. He hesitated. *If I miss*, he thought. *If I only wound the bear and draw his attention toward me?* Then in his fear and indecision he heard himself gasping to the boy, "Run, you little fool! Run quick before it's too late!" He had meant to shout, but it came out no more than a whisper.

Even as Paul wavered indecisively, the undaunted Indian boy drew back the arrow for another shot—and there was in that movement, in that stance, a timeless element which seemed to have in it all that man knew of resolution and courage. Sensing this Paul clenched the rifle. Something within him clicked with the clean, sharp finality of a released trigger. In that instant he saw himself standing again before the oncoming wolf, as the boy stood before the bear, only this time he did not run—and knew now that he could not run again.

Taking a deep breath, Paul squeezed the trigger. At the sharp report the feisty dog gave a loud yelp and ran to its master. The bear stopped suddenly and sat down in the snow, snarling and tossing its head. With numbed fingers Paul reloaded and fired again, and the great creature crumpled onto the snow. The gray dog raced over to the body, sniffing and growling.

The boy dropped his bow, gazed at the bear for a moment and then began jumping up and down, clapping his hands. "Good! Good!" he cried with boyish delight, as if he'd been in no danger at all. "Fine shot!" Then he stopped and peered about him.

At last he spied Paul in the near darkness and without any hesitation walked directly up the ridge toward him. He stood in front of Paul, grinning down at him in the friendliest kind of manner. "You shot just in time, mister. A little while, maybe, and there would not be much of me." He continued to smile as if the thought did not disturb him.

Paul saw that he was no more than fourteen or fifteen and noted with surprise that although he was dressed in Indian fashion, almost entirely in buckskin, his skin was very light and his features only slightly resembled the characteristic Indian face. Paul couldn't help smiling too. "And if you hadn't come along with your dog, a little while, maybe, and I'd have been a frozen corpse."

The boy looked puzzled.

"My leg is twisted," said Paul. "I can't walk on it." He paused. "I'm a—a trapper. Got off course a little following my trap line."

The Indian lad gave him a quizzical glance and then said, "Oh. You wait here. I'll bring back hunting sled." Without another word he turned and started off through the woods in a westward direction, the dog suddenly leaving the bear and racing after him.

In what seemed a relatively short time the Indian boy returned, dragging after him what looked like a narrow toboggan—two hand-hewn boards about six feet long and held in place by crosspieces with rawhide lashings and curved slightly in front. Paul got on with difficulty. He was numb with cold from lying so long in the snow.

When the boy lugged the packsack to the sled, Paul motioned with his hand. "Leave it. You'll have a hard enough time as it is. We can get it later."

The boy hesitated a moment and then nodded. "Yes. I'll get it later. I'll come back to skin the bear." He hesitated again. "You'll let us have some bear meat?" he added, a look of real concern on his face. "My mother and I ——"

"It's yours," said Paul with a smile, wondering curiously what the circumstances were of the boy and his mother living here in the midst of this wilderness. Why were they here? What had driven the boy to ——

Suddenly the sled began to move with such vigor that Paul was nearly jerked into the snow. The dog trotted along, sniffing occasionally at the stranger and then darting off. It was totally dark now, but the boy seemed to know exactly where he was going. After about a half mile they came to a clearing, and Paul, lying on his stomach with his rifle at his side, could see the dim outline of a small cabin and beyond that a broad expanse of frozen lake.

With great difficulty he rolled himself off the sled and crawled through the doorway that the boy held open for him. Inside it was lighted dimly by a single deertallow candle. In the center of the single room stood a Chippewa squaw. She motioned him toward a deerskin rug that had been placed near the stove.

"There," she said. "Lie down."

Paul took off his fur-lined jacket, the bearskin cap that had been his father's, his mittens and his boots. But instead of lying down, he sat holding his hands and feet toward the warmth of the stove.

The boy squatted beside him. "My name is John—John Burton. This is my mother." The woman nodded, smiled a little and then set about preparing something to eat. Paul understood then the reason for the boy's light skin and felt a twinge of embarrassment for his own race. Had the father deserted them?

Paul introduced himself and then said, "Your son came along just in time, Mrs. Burton. He saved me from freezing to death in the snow."

Again the squaw smiled a slow, hesitant smile. "He says you saved him," she said softly.

"He could have escaped," said Paul.

"Oh, I could not run," broke in the boy quickly. "Not while I had arrows to kill the bear. If I turn and run before then, I am nothing."

Paul stared at him in wonderment, remembering suddenly his father's whimsical words years ago about the gingerbread boy who ran away.

Then John held up a forefinger in front of Paul. "But you could not have run if the bear had come after you when you shot," he said softly. There was a pause. "We saved each other!" laughed John suddenly, clapping his hands in that childlike gesture so incongruous with the amazingly calm and courageous manner he had faced the bear.

Paul nodded and smiled, noticing then how strongly built the boy was, with his black hair and attractive, though somewhat dirty features. He noticed also that he was too thin; so too was his mother,

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who was a strikingly attractive squaw—probably in her middle thirties, Paul decided, though it was hard to tell.

In a short time they began eating their meal, which consisted of nothing more than rice, bread and tea, and Paul wished then that he had his packsack with him. So well did he and John strike it off that before long he had their confidence and was hearing, bit by bit from the woman and her son, their story. The woman's English was limited and hesitant, and the boy did most of the talking.

His mother was a full-blooded Chippewa and had married a white man, who had worked in a trading post in the settlement to the south. When he died a year ago—they didn't say how—several persons began to try to have the boy taken away from her. She had fled with her son to this cabin her husband had built some years ago when he was trapping. They had planned late last October to travel back to the settlement by canoe for more supplies. They had Indian friends there whom they could stay with and who would get for them the things they needed without betraying their presence. But the mother had become very ill, and before she was well enough to travel, the lake and river had frozen. Then the journey was impossible. Paul could see that she was still weak and had probably been giving most of what little food they had to her son.

An expert is a man who is called in at the last moment to share the blame.

DAN BENNETT

Now they were almost without supplies of any kind, and the old rifle they had been so dependent upon had broken down two months before. They were subsisting almost entirely on what small game John could shoot with his bow and arrow. The mother planned to travel farther south when summer came, where she would not be known, and there she and John would sell woven baskets and moccasins to the tourists. Paul could see in the corner some of the beaded moccasins and baskets she had been working on.

When their story was finished, there was a brief silence. Then Paul put down his tin cup of tea. "I'll help you," he said quietly. "Somehow."

At eleven o'clock the next morning Mac came barging into the cabin, having set out around six and traveling in five hours the distance it had taken Paul eight or nine hours to cover. He had known of the existence of the cabin, though he had not realized it was occupied now. Paul was not really surprised to see him. Deep in his subconscious he had known Mac would follow him. But in keeping with the inexplicable folly of his whole attempted escape, he had pretended it was not so.

Mac stood over the youth and began to roar angrily, ignoring the squaw who shrank into a corner of the cabin. "Damn it, boy!" he shouted. "What kind of foolishness is this! Did you think I could let you go like that and ever face your dad again? But, by God, if it weren't for your dad being my friend, I sure would have let you go—let you go so you could get lost and freeze to death or starve, or so the damned wolves you were so scared of really would get you! Do you think I've got time to leave my trap lines this way to play hide-and-seek across ——"

Suddenly he was startled to feel small hands pushing and pounding against his shoulders and chest. "No, no!" cried the squaw. "He saved my son. He killed meat for us. It's not right to talk so!"

Mac stopped, backing away and staring at the woman, half in irritation, half in amusement, and struck, perhaps, by her attractiveness. He shrugged and fell silent, presently he heard the story, not from her or from Paul, but from John, who had been standing wide-eyed just inside the door, having just returned from dressing the bear.

"So you stuck it out this time, eh?" muttered Mac, and then was sorry for having said it. Paul looked away—and then with an effort went about the formality of introducing him to the woman and her son. Then he fell silent, not knowing what to say to the trapper.

Mac removed some of his outer clothing and kneeled beside Paul to examine his leg. The woman withdrew to a corner to weave a basket, and John went outside to finish dressing the bear. "It will be all right in another day or two," said Mac, his voice quieter and showing some regret at his outburst. "Look, boy," he began after an awkward pause, "yesterday I met my Indian trapper friend while I was out on the trail. If you're really set on getting back to the city, he'll take care of my trap lines, and I'll take you out of here. Maybe that's what we'd better do, eh?"

Paul clenched his fists hard against his knees. "I want to stay, Mac," he said with quiet intensity. "I'm sure sorry for the trouble I've caused, and you have every right to be angry and want me to go. But, please—now I have to stay. I must stay!"

Yet even before he spoke Paul knew he had already answered Mac's question—had answered it when he lay crippled back there in the snow, watching the Indian boy standing undaunted in the path of the oncoming bear, shooting with an age-old resolution and courage his ineffectual arrows. Yet it had been more than just watching. For one mysterious, inspired moment he had stood where the boy stood, had touched the same deep reservoir of strength, had confronted with the same simple pride and dignity the forces that had once struck fear in his heart. And he knew that once having touched the source of this strength, this pride, he could find it again.

"I must stay," he repeated in a fierce whisper.

The trapper seemed to understand the urgency in the voice and all that was left unspoken. He nodded and in a gruffly embarrassed gesture patted the youth's knee.

Then in a low voice Paul told him briefly the story of the Indian woman and her son. When he had finished, Mac nodded and said, "We'll give them some help. We'll see them through the winter." He glanced speculatively toward the Chippewa squaw. "I'll do more than that. I'll give her some help when she leaves here and see that she doesn't lose her son."

There was a long pause. Then the veteran trapper spoke again, looking directly at the youth. "I think things will go all right for us this winter, Paul. You'll make out in good shape. And it'll make your dad proud to hear it."

Paul lay back, stretching his slim body on the deerskin rug, his hands behind his head and a broad smile on his lips. He was pleased with Mac's words, pleased mostly that the trapper had addressed him for the first time by his name. It was as if a hand of partnership had been extended to him.

When the trapper left his side a moment later, Paul closed his eyes, still smiling. "The gingerbread boy won't get any smaller," he murmured. THE END

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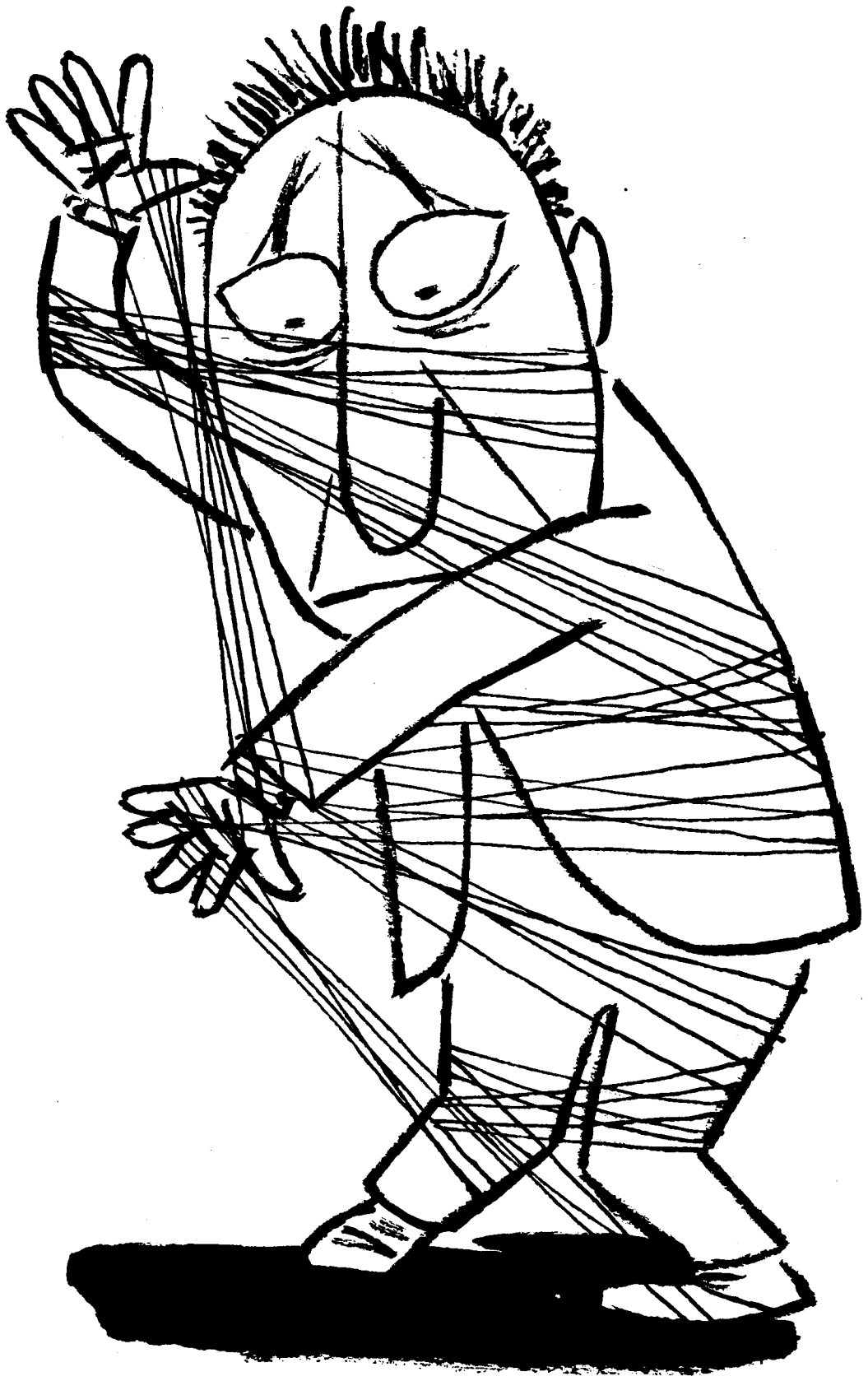

When you're feeling all wound up, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

TAKE TEA AND SEE

To get the most out of tea — make it hefty, hot and hearty. Use one teaspoon or one tea bag per cup. Add bubbly, boiling water and brew 3 to 5 minutes. For instant tea, follow directions on the package.

TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

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The Revolt of Texas Women

(Continued from Page 25)

new supplier, but can't because Dun & Bradstreet won't list her perfectly adequate credit rating. A wife is injured in an accident and wants to sue for damages, but she can't file suit because her husband is not available to cosign her complaint.

All these contingencies can and do occur in Texas, which has the distinction of retaining what experts describe as a record crop of old laws discriminating against married women. The 8400 members of the Texas Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs want these laws wiped out, and the controversy is turning warmer.

"It's a filibuster," says Dallas District Judge Sarah T. Hughes.

"Some of these senators were rude to me," says Mrs. Hermine Tobolowsky, former president of the Texas federation and crusader-in-chief for the nearly 5,000,000 women of Texas. "So I said to myself, 'O.K., boys, you want war? You'll have it'!"

The leader of the male opposition, state Sen. Wardlow Lane, winks and says, "These do-good women come to Austin in droves all dressed up and preach that I hate women. I deny the charge!"

While Mrs. Tobolowsky and her confederates are generating political heat for an amendment to the Texas constitution which would guarantee women completely equal treatment under the law, the National Federation of B. & P. W. and other women's groups are lobbying in Congress for a similar addition to the United States Constitution. For, contrary to popular notion, the campaign for women's rights did not cease with the riots and jailings that preceded the adoption in 1920 of the Nineteenth Amendment guaranteeing universal suffrage.

Special treatment for females varies widely from state to state, cutting across real estate, commercial, divorce and criminal laws. The Women's Bureau of the United States Labor Department, in an attempt to keep up with changes in such statutes, produced a stack of pamphlets nearly two inches high. The sum of these laws is impenetrable confusion.

Three states—Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina—still bar women from juries, and other states require special qualifications of lady jurors. In five states—California, Florida, Nevada, Pennsylvania and Texas—married women must get court permission to go into business for themselves. Quite a few states limit the rights of women to make contracts, and only twenty have laws guaranteeing women equal pay with men in comparable jobs. Employers working on Government contracts may not discriminate against workers because of race or country of origin, but there is no Federal rule against discrimination because of sex.

Still, the ladies' case is by no means as clear-cut as it appears at first glance. Some of the "discrimination" against them is surprisingly defensible. There are, for example, laws protecting women from excessive working hours and other hazards. An equal-rights amendment would wipe these out too. The B. & P. W. campaigners feel that women need no special treatment whatsoever. But as we shall see, there are influential groups that disagree.

The most popular defense of anti-women legislation is that it "protects" the ladies. In certain Texas circles, though, "protection" is no longer a polite word. Mrs. Tobolowsky, a deceptively mild-appearing, thirty-nine-year-old Dallas attorney, recalls that the 1957 Texas legislature made "all able-bodied citizens, male and female" subject to military duty in an emergency. Then she says, "I question the sincerity of a man who wants to 'protect' women from the ordeal of managing their own property when they're willing to draft them for the *militia*!"

Before a legislative committee she put it even more bluntly. "Gangsters use that word 'protect,'" she said. "It's being applied to us in the same form. The laws were designed to protect women, but under today's standards they do not. Women are in ample position to protect themselves."

Mrs. Tobolowsky certainly is. Her family has run dry-goods stores in San Antonio since the '70's, and when Hermine was growing up, the family tradition was that everybody worked. Her mother kept the books. Hermine sold and cashiered after school. A bright girl with an obvious gift for argument and persuasion, she drifted naturally into the University of Texas Law School and was graduated with honors in 1943.

Early in her legal studies she learned how Texas law descended from the British Common Law and ancient Spanish rules. Both codes treated women as chattels. As Blackstone wrote, "Husband and wife were one, and that one was the husband." Hermine also was aware of the frontier saying that Texas was fine for men and horses but hell on dogs and women. But like most Texans she didn't realize how much modern law *still discriminates* against her sex. Then, in class one day, the instructor discussed a case history that shocked her so thoroughly that her life has not been the same since.

It was the case of a Houston wife whose husband deserted her and left her with five children. With a small inheritance from her family she wanted to start a business, but nobody would lease her a store. Her attorney suggested that she petition the local court to remove her "disabilities of coverture" and declare her a feme sole (woman alone). The petition was denied. Unwilling to get a divorce because of religious reasons, she moved to a town where nobody knew her, passed herself off as a widow, opened a store and became prosperous. Twenty-one years later her husband located her, discovered that she was well-to-do and took over management of her property and money. Within months the wife discovered that the husband had signed over substantial chunks of her wealth to a girl friend. The wife's attorney advised her to sue the girl friend for half of the gifts. She sued but lost.

This sequence happens to encapsule several remarkable laws—all still in force. The Houston lady couldn't lease a store because all contracts of a Texas wife are voidable unless cosigned by the husband. Her petition to go into business under the so-called "sole-trader" law was denied because the court was not allowed to grant it without her husband's approval. Her attempts to recoup from the husband's girl friend failed because Texas husbands hold exclusive rights to manage all property of husband and wife and—short of hard-to-prove fraud—can do anything they want with it.

Few people are ensnared by this much red tape in one lifetime. But each of these statutes can produce a rich lode of trouble. In a southwest Texas city a woman who had long owned a successful dress shop discovered that her marriage to a carpenter altered her fortunes unexpectedly. It wasn't just that the husband considered himself a fashion authority and told his wife what dresses to buy. He relished his managerial rights and would not O.K. his wife's request to have herself declared a "sole trader." And since Dun & Bradstreet refuses to list the credit rating of a business involving a part owner whose legal liability is doubtful, the lady is having an increasingly difficult time getting merchandise.

Business women who get along swimmingly with their husbands resent being forced to go to court and pay legal fees to obtain an economic "divorce." Some, like Mrs. Ada Nelson and several of her fellow shopkeepers in Bridge City, are so piqued that they struggle along without court assistance. "We're not going to spend that money," says Mrs. Nelson, who runs Ada's Shoe Shop. "It's unfair. Some companies look at you and say, 'You'll have to have your husband sign; you know a woman isn't responsible in Texas!' It's insultin'!"

Women are apt to discuss the removal of their legal disabilities in surgical terms. ("I had mine in Forty-six.") Frequently they discover, only after this legal operation, that it is no cure-all. Feme-sole status is granted only for mercantile and trading purposes. If a wife wants to sell, say, a car or a bond or a house, she must have her husband's power of attorney, and the document must spell out precisely what rights he is surrendering.

Mrs. Tobolowsky learned of these and other ramifications of the antifemale laws back at law school, but even after she joined a San Antonio law firm there was little she could do about them. Since 1921 Texas women's groups had concentrated on campaigns for the right of women to sit on juries. When Mrs. Tobolowsky joined this movement in the '40's, its cause was still controversial. Should women be exposed to "messy" court cases? Could they render dispassionate judgment on complicated litigation? Many Texans evidently didn't think so, for the question was put to a vote as a constitutional amendment in 1949 and defeated. Significantly, a lot of opposition came from women. They didn't want to be separated from their families and "locked up overnight with a bunch of men." But in 1953 the proposition was approved.

"I wish he'd call so I could hang up in his face."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By this time Hermine had married Hyman Tobolowsky, an executive of a Dallas clothing store, who was and is in sympathy with her feminist outlook. She was also rising in the Texas Federation of B. & P. W. By 1957 she was president and ready to tackle the legislature on behalf of womanhood.

She caused two bills to be introduced. One would have given women control over separate property owned by them at marriage or acquired by inheritance. The other would have eliminated "separate acknowledgement" by women in the sale of homes. During the closing of such sales before a notary public, according to an 1841 Texas law, the husband must be sent out of the room and the sale explained separately to his wife. In the days when husbands gambled away homesteads, and many wives couldn't read, this insured that the little woman understood the transaction and wasn't selling her fireside under husbandly duress.

Today most husbands know their place well enough to comment wryly that their spouses should be sent out of the room instead. But nobody likes the law's implications.

"I think it's the silliest law we have," says the owner of a large title company. "It makes the women feel like morons." Furthermore, unless carefully observed in the presence of witnesses, it is a gateway to fraud. In East Texas, after oil was discovered in 1901, numerous land deals were invalidated because they were not "separately acknowledged" by women. When oil was found under land which these ladies and their husbands had sold, they simply claimed that the wives hadn't understood what they were doing and got their property back.

In lobbying for their bills, the business and professional women encountered good-humored acceptance as well as undisguised antipathy. When Mrs. Ruth Fox, a puckish but grandmotherly-looking social worker who is the current president of the federation, dropped in on one legislator she announced, "Senator, I've come to lobby you!" Her victim chuckled and promised his support.

But Mrs. Tobolowsky's stern and well-documented approach ruffled legislative feathers. "What trouble are *you* having with your husband?" inquired one senator at a hearing. In the end the separate-property bill was emasculated and the separate-acknowledgement bill died.

To understand why, it is necessary to know something about the Texas legislature, especially the powerful thirty-one-man senate. It is a relatively informal body not unacquainted with scandal and maneuvering by interests juggling huge stakes. Its ringmaster is Ben Ramsey, who was recently elected to a record-breaking sixth term as lieutenant governor

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and has built his office into one of extraordinary influence.

When the usually monosyllabic Ramsey was once asked when the senate would come to order he said, "The senate of the state of Texas never comes to order. It just meets." Its business, moreover, is conducted under "Ramsey's Rules of Order." Few have been heard to question Ramsey's fairness. But few deny that he holds strong opinions and manages to make them known. When a senator once said he wouldn't yield the floor because he was afraid he'd lose it, Ramsey intoned, "The senator refuses to yield because of fright." On other occasions he has stifled action on bills by consistently failing to see senators who were trying to get the floor.

"Sometimes he gets nearsighted," says Sen. Dorsey Hardeman, grinning.

Mrs. Tobolowsky and her crew are convinced that Ramsey killed women's-rights legislation in 1957 and again in 1959. Ramsey looks hurt at the charge. "I never did get a chance to," he drawls.

In fact, the active opposition was captained by Ramsey's friend, Sen. Wardlow Lane, an attorney in Center (pop. 4487), just twenty minutes up the road from San Augustine (pop. 2581), where Ramsey practices law. Lane's most dedicated helper has been Senator Hardeman. It happens that these two witty and efficient operators are veteran chairmen of the two most potent senate committees. Together, Ramsey, Lane and Hardeman constitute the senate's core, its "in-group."

Routed in 1957, Mrs. Tobolowsky and her strategists decided that attempts to change forty-four laws one by one were hopeless. They decided instead to champion a blanket equal-rights amendment; it would require approval by two thirds of both houses of the legislature and then by a majority of the electorate. The ladies also decided to wage a livelier campaign.

While B. & P. W. leaders continued to donate their time and most travel expenses, a $17,000 war chest was raised. Each club member was asked for three dollars, but "the girls" of the Lubbock club, for example, were so enthusiastic that they contributed nine dollars each. Instead of buying corsages for speakers, ladies fashioned "moneysages" of dollar bills which wound up in the treasury. Mrs. Fox journeyed from meeting to meeting displaying a ragged doll which she called "Poor Pitiful Mrs. Pearl Texas." She collected dollars in her "finance hat," a floppy ninety-five-dollar French creation.

"Too long we have suffered behind the Iron Curtain of legal inequalities," she cried.

Most of the contributions went into printing more than 300,000 brochures explaining the objectionable laws. Nobody really knew much about many of them, and it took Mrs. Tobolowsky weeks at her law books to locate and outline them. It turned out that a man asking for a divorce because of adultery need prove only one unfaithful act by his wife; a woman wanting a divorce on the same grounds has to prove that her husband has left home and is living with another woman. Then there were laws classifying women together with minors and idiots; statutes prohibiting women from filing law suits without the "joinder" of their husbands; or making notes without their husband's signatures; or signing bail bonds, even if they were trying to get their own husbands out of jail.

As Mrs. Tobolowsky traveled and spoke—she made eighty-one talks in nine months—more and more women rose in her audiences and related their hardships. She decided to write three skits about such cases. They were presented at club meetings throughout Texas. Invitations to the most successful playlet, *The Court of Public Opinion*, were by "subpoena" to be present at the trial of the case, "Texas Women vs. Discriminatory Laws." The skit featured a judge who was compelled to hand down unfair verdicts because her hands were tied by Texas law. The audience was the jury. More than 1000 delegates who witnessed this dramatization at a B. & P. W. state convention found themselves transported into a state of notable enthusiasm.

"Do you find the laws of Texas fair to women?" they were asked.

"No!" they shouted.

"Should the laws of Texas be changed?"

"Yes!"

"Are you willing to work to change them?"

"Yes!"

By now, several thousand women have taken the "twenty-four-hour pledge" promising to campaign a total of at least twenty-four hours in the cause.

At the 1959 legislative session, an equal-rights bill passed the house unanimously, perhaps in part because "the girls" in Lubbock had lobbied persuasively with their fellow townsman, Waggoner Carr, the speaker. In the senate, the bill was introduced under cosponsorship of eleven members. Mrs. Tobolowsky was asked by her supporters not to speak at the hearing of the Committee on Constitutional Amendments because it was feared she wouldn't be "sweet" enough. Another Dallas attorney, Mrs. Betty Roberts, became the spokesman, but she didn't have much chance to show her sweet side, either.

Senator Lane wanted to know whether the amendment wasn't a violation of the Bible, which calls the husband (Ephesians 5:23) "the head of the wife."

"It's not like in the olden times when the Bible was written," said Mrs. Roberts. "You'd be surprised how many women are supporting men."

Doesn't existing law guarantee an ugly and therefore unmarriageable girl an unchallengeable right to keep her family's farm as a homestead? asked Senator Lane.

"The cold-cream ads say there are no ugly women," Mrs. Roberts shot back, "only some who don't know how to fix themselves up."

Senator Hardeman predicted it would take forty to fifty years to uncover how the amendment would conflict with existing laws, especially those concerning property rights. Wouldn't it also permit his two sons to go to Texas Woman's University?

"I don't care where they go," countered the embattled Mrs. Roberts.

It was suggested to buck the amendment to the state attorney general, Will Wilson, for study and—hopefully—pigeonholing. The vote on this idea was six to six. Then Committee chairman Bill Wood voted for it and broke the tie. But the attorney general did not take long to send the amendment back with little comment. To advise the senators, he said, would be an invasion of their legislative prerogatives.

For weeks after that nothing happened. The women kept pressuring for another hearing and vote. Somehow the committee never mustered a quorum until near the end of the legislative session. Mrs. Fox and still another Dallas attorney, Mrs. Edith DeBusk, presented themselves in Austin on the appointed day. They were asked to wait. The late afternoon found them sitting in the senate gallery. On the floor below there were signs of obvious unrest. Members of the Committee on Constitutional Amendments kept conferring and glancing uncomfortably toward the gallery. Finally the ladies were summoned by one of their supporters and told that they could best serve their cause by going away.

They did, and no hearing was held until the next morning. For this occasion, to the consternation of the senators, Mrs. Tobolowsky appeared, grim-faced. Finally a vote was taken. It favored the amendment, six to three. Unhappily, the session's end was now so close that there just never seemed to be time to place the proposal on the senate calendar for a final vote. And so it died.

Offhand, this sounds like an invitation to political suicide for Senator Lane and his allies.

"I guess they'll get me sometime," says Lane, a short, chunky former district attorney, as he contemplates the ire of his female adversaries. "They keep askin' me, 'What's happened in your life to make you hate women?' " But he relates this with a grin, for Lane, a happily married man, neither dislikes women nor anticipates political defeat. There are few business or professional women in such rural districts as his. When pressed on the point, Lane admits that his stand is even netting him some admiration.

"People say, 'There must be somethin' to that feller if he's buckin' them women.' "

Furthermore, Lane and his friends claim that antifemale sentiment among their fellow legislators is far greater than is apparent. "They tell me, 'You're right as a fox, but I'm not going to vote against all these women,' " Lane says. Senator Hardeman remarks of his supposedly less-courageous colleagues, "They've been brainwashed or promised future political support."

But all this is mostly shadowboxing. The facts are that (1) many Texans, including women, still don't know much about the discriminatory laws and don't seem overly concerned about them; (2) there is serious doubt that an equal-rights amendment would pass if put to a popular vote; and (3) the merits of the amendment, as proposed by the women, are not as unequivocal as advertised by the B. & P. W.

To begin with, Texas remains predominantly a state of lonely spaces and small towns where women's place is at home, not out competing with the menfolk. It's a big state; amateur organizers find their work cumbersome, and the B. & P. W. clubs have no chapters in 117 out of 254 counties. It's also a conservative state, where the modernization of any law is a wearisome process. Moreover, relatively few lady voters suffer personally under the antiwomen legislation—unless they're in business or having disagreements with their husbands.

Consequently, an experienced political hand like Lieutenant Governor Ramsey is profoundly untroubled by Mrs. Tobolowsky and the campaigners for her amendment. "They're not speaking for the women of Texas," he says. "I think if they submit it to a vote, the people'll take care of it and kill it dead."

But attitudes in Texas, as elsewhere, are changing and Ramsey may be underestimating the appeal of the equal-rights campaign. Last spring it became a statewide political issue for the first time. Donald H. Yarborough, a thirty-four-year-old Houston attorney with no political experience, challenged Ramsey in the all-important Democratic primary. He dubbed him "King Ramesis," an "absolute dictator," and charged him loudly with killing equal rights for the ladies. Yarborough got 631,000 votes. This was some 200,000 fewer than Ramsey got. But it was also the most respectable showing anyone has made against the lieutenant governor for years.

Some of the projected effects of the B. & P. W. proposal on the status of women are hardly grave. Senator Lane wonders whether newlyweds would have to flip a coin to determine whether their family name was to be the bride's or the groom's. But both he and Ramsey worry seriously about the possible impact on the community-property laws and the protection which these statutes now afford women under some circumstances.

Potentially, the most serious result of the proposed amendment is on a group of laws which now protects women workers. Since unions are not too influential in Texas, there is little talk about this side effect. It is, however, the key objection which keeps scuttling the perennial national equal-women's-rights proposal every time it comes up in the United States Congress. First, there is usually a jovial exchange, such as one last July between Senators Sam J. Ervin of North Carolina and Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina.

ERVIN: I think there is a difference between men and women, and I thank God for the difference (laughter). I do not think we can wipe it out by legislation.

JOHNSTON: I think many people who are advocating equal rights for women do not realize they are seeking to take away a lot of rights which the women now have and the men do not have.

ERVIN: It would bring the women down to our level.

Then invariably, Sen. Carl Hayden of Arizona proposes an addition to the amendment which makes it acceptable to its most influential opponent. This is the AFL-CIO, whose spokesmen point out that women—for an example—become eligible for social-security benefits at sixty-two; men only at sixty-five. The Hayden amendment specifies that new equal-rights legislation should "not be construed to impair any rights, benefits or exemptions" conferred on women by law in the past or in the future.

An equal-rights law containing such a clause has been in effect in Wisconsin since 1921 without creating controversy. But the Hayden amendment is unacceptable to the all-or-nothing equal-rights lobbyists, and so the whole business keeps winding up back in committee to die.

At the present congressional session its fate is likely to be the same, but in Texas it may fare better. Mrs. Tobolowsky has charted a do-or-die strategy for the current legislative session, beginning this week, and more women are falling in behind her.

"I put my bet on her," says Mrs. Stathakos Condos, a district vice president of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs. "The day for diplomacy is over for fighting this thing!" THE END

... ...

Wakening to Rain

Consciousness creeps slowly
across dawn's gray plain,
Filtering inexorably past
cadences drumming from
the eaves;
Senses spread thinly through
the night now gather in one
place—
The warmth of bed, the sound
of falling rain.

By W. T. Haes

... ...

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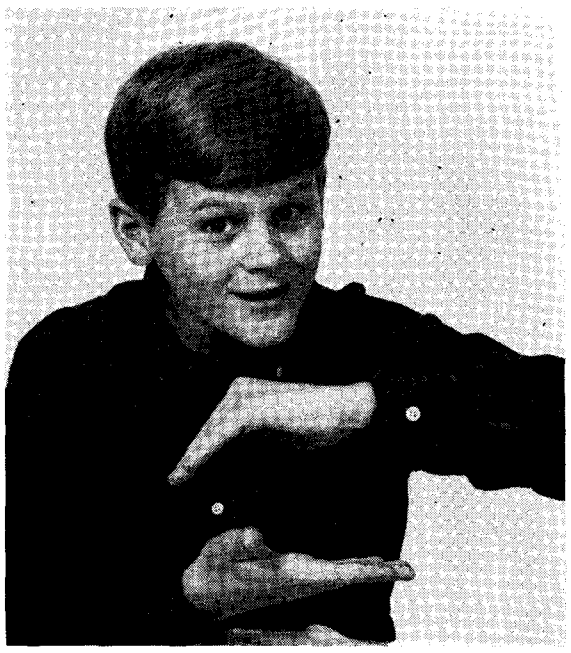
Hey, Pop!

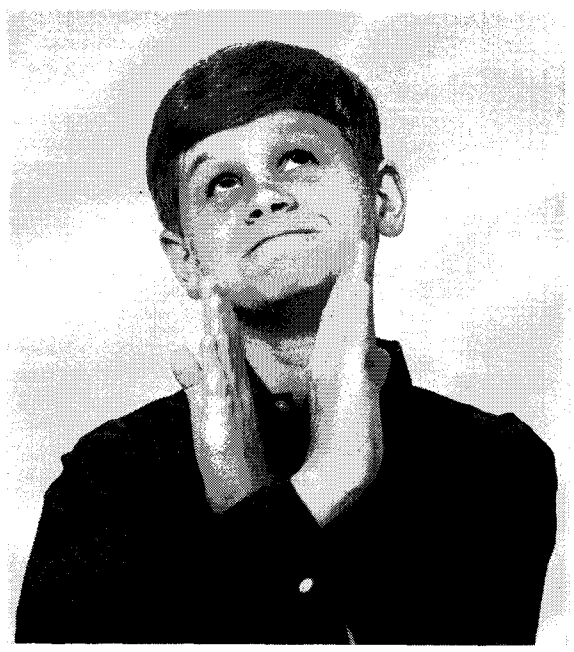


What's only this big

But stretches this far?

It takes you for miles

But you never move an inch.

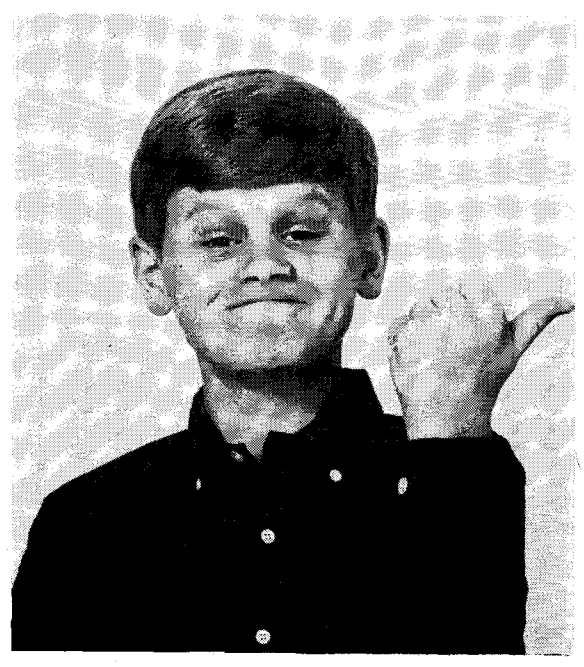


It fixes things up for you

But hardly ever needs fixing itself.

You use it all the time

Which is why it saves you time.



Give up? Then turn the page, Pop.

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It's your telephone!

Nothing else you use so often does so much, yet costs so little. And the more you use it, the more valuable it is to you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery And At Same Time Relieve Itching and Pain.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

TV's Angry Young Star (Continued from Page 27)

well, and he doesn't know anything about quick draws and that stuff. I know horses. I know guns. I was in my element, and he wasn't."

At one point an item appeared in a Hollywood column that Brynner and McQueen were having a feud, and when Yul read it, he went straight to McQueen. "He came up behind me," Steve says, "and grabbed me by the shoulder—you know: 'I want to talk to you.' And I don't dig that stuff. He said, 'There's an item going around that we're having a feud, see? And I'm an established star and you're an up-and-coming star, and we're not having a feud and I want you to send a letter to these people saying that it isn't true.' And I said, 'Well, sure, I'll see you Friday, baby. Just stand back on the thirty and punt.' You know?" They never became fast friends.

John Sturges, seeing the friction between Brynner and McQueen from the outside, insists, "There was no feud, really. Naturally there were some clashes. They're dissimilar characters: Yul is like a rock, Steve's volatile. Steve figured Yul was being a Big Star, that he wasn't willing for anyone else to catch flies"—that is, draw the audience's attention by some piece of stage business—"and Yul thought Steve was being an undisciplined smart aleck, always trying to catch a fly. He got sore because Steve was always fiddling with his hat or something. I had to tell Steve not to busy it up all the time—don't do something; just stand there."

Whatever the causes of the friction, Sturges is confident that none of it shows in the picture's final cut version. Released this past fall, the film promises to give McQueen's career a powerful boost. As one movie critic wrote, "McQueen, if he can ever get sprung from TV, is going to be a great big star. In his last two films he has played secondary leads, and in each he has held his own against the top star, to put it politely."

Steve makes no secret of the fact that getting sprung from TV is just what he'd like. He has already received several tempting offers to make more features, but he is committed to *Wanted* for two more years after the present season; and meanwhile he is trying to follow a piece of advice from John Sturges. After *Never So Few*, Steve obviously began to chafe under his bondage to Four Star, and Sturges told him then either to do the series as well as he knew how or not to do it at all—try to get released from his contract or take up some other line of work. After some strenuous soul searching, Steve decided to stay with *Wanted* and, following through, he has since devoted himself to improving the series with the single-minded concentration of a surgeon performing a particularly tricky operation.

In the process he has come to feel a personal responsibility for the show rather broader than that assumed by most stars, and his resultant willingness to dispute the judgment of his writers, directors and producer has not always endeared him to those gentlemen. This troubles him remarkably little. "I'm not out to win a popularity contest," he says. "I'm out to get a job done. I don't care whether Four Star burns down, but as long as I'm with the show, I will do the best I know how."

McQueen has a quick, inventive mind, and the very force of his enthusiasms takes some of the sting out of his meddling. "Everybody is catching this enthusiasm," he says, "and that's what I want. I'll take three sheets and rip 'em out of the script, and we'll rewrite 'em right there on location. The cameraman will say, 'Hey, I've got a great idea. Why don't we drop the camera down here?' 'Yeah, yeah, that's good.' Or someone will say, 'Steve, let's change these lines.' We're all working—because these are men creating, from the key grip on down. And you don't see much of that spirit around on most shows."

Recently Steve has been trying to be a little more tactful about obtruding his opinions, but it's an uphill fight. "One mistake I have made," he admits, "is sometimes I forget about the dignity of my directors. Sometimes I get enthused about a scene and I go to an actor and say, 'Hey, look, play it this way, man.' And then I'll look over at the director and he's got a funny look on his face, and I'll go over and say I'm sorry. I mean, I wouldn't like it done to me."

The toes he treads on most often are those of Ed Adamson, who writes half the scripts in addition to producing the show; and some of Adamson's sessions with an excitedly adamant McQueen are conducted at a rather intense pitch. As Adamson concedes, however, "Nobody would know more about Josh Randall than Steve would. He knows what Randall would do and what he wouldn't do. Steve isn't argumentative arbitrarily. That doesn't mean I like it any better, but I do have respect for him. And when I look at the finished product, I love him. Many times I think he's wonderful—and that's hard for me to say some days."

Over the years McQueen has put more and more of himself into the character of Josh Randall. "It's not completely me," he says, "but there is a great deal of me there. I try to think what Randall would do in a situation, and then I also try to put in some of my own ingredients—what I would do."

For example, McQueen doesn't think a bounty hunter would live very long if he didn't have a lively respect for the odds. When they're against Randall, he backs away. As McQueen says, "If three guys come down the street and say, 'Look, Josh, get out of town,' he'll say, 'Right. O.K.' And then he'll wait and get them one at a time. He doesn't want to get his head handed to him for nothing."

In addition, as McQueen sees it, Randall must be a man who likes being constantly on the move, and who prefers living alone, responsible to no one but himself. Moreover, to have chosen bounty hunting as his vocation at all, he'd have to enjoy danger. "He's a little thrill-happy," says McQueen. "He likes a little excitement."

Point for point, these traits also characterize Steve McQueen. "I'm not going to fight with a guy who's eight feet tall," he says, "or shoot it out with Billy the Kid or John Dillinger. I'd say, 'Well, look, Sim, let's talk this over.' But if somebody pushes me so far that I don't have anywhere to go, I'm going to fight with him, and I'm going to get him any way I can. If I rip his ear off or put his eye out, that's the ball game. I don't play around. I want to win. I remember once in the marines there were two guys who always stuck together. One guy kept provoking me, and one day we had a real argument, but his friend was standing there, and I bowed out. But I got him alone the next day; I waited for him in the toilet, and I said, 'Hey, you,' and he turned around, and I punched him and I kicked hell out of him. And the other guy never bothered me. I made my point."

Again like Randall, McQueen is essentially a loner. "I was always alone, man,"

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he says. "I mean I dug being alone." And he has always had an itchy foot, a restless drive which, until he settled upon acting as a career, sent him prowling around the country most of his life, working at one odd job after another. Even now he occasionally gets a sudden urge to sample other climes. According to his wife, actress Neile Adams, "He'll wake up at two in the morning and say, 'Let's go to Florida,' and we'll take off. He's terribly impulsive."

Finally, like Randall, McQueen is thrill-happy. When he lived in New York, before coming to California, he owned a motorcycle which he dearly loved—"It was a beautiful bike," he says. "It was real trim and swift and handled very well; you could lay it all the way down"—and he used to get into drag races with it, competing against the local leather-jacket boys. Once he nearly killed himself racing on New York's West Side Highway. "I was dragging a guy," he says, "and I was honestly doing a hundred miles an hour, and I came down the exit ramp doing a hundred, and I looked back to see where he was. And when I looked around again, all of a sudden the traffic had come to a dead stop at the bottom of the ramp.

"I think well in a situation like that. I never get rattled. I got as far back on the bike as I could—the weight's the important thing—and I hit both brakes. I remember there was a bunch of kids sitting in the back seat of the car ahead of me, looking back; and I just skidded up and barely tapped the back bumper. It was that close."

In 1958, after moving to Hollywood, he abandoned motorcycle racing in favor of automobile racing. "It's a beautiful sport," he says, "but it's pretty frightening. Every time I used to get in my car, I used to get scared. I remember my first time out, I said to myself, 'What the hell am I doing here?' I was out there skidding in between cars and going into the turns as deep as I could before I hit the brakes and dicing for position and everything—you know, really on the ragged edge all the time. And I finally thought to myself, 'Man, you can get *killed* doing this!' But I like the idea of having to overcome the fright, you know? It's quite a feeling, a real pure feeling."

McQueen did well in competition, for a beginner. He took part in six races, all told, driving either the Porsche he owned first or the Lotus Le Mans he bought later; and only twice did he finish worse than third in class. Early last year, however, he was persuaded to give up the sport. For one thing, Four Star didn't relish having a valuable property risking his life, and insisted on a no-racing clause in his contract. For another, as Steve says, "All the elements seemed to be against it. I'm married, I've got a kid that I love very much"—and, as this is written, a second child is due momently—"I've got a house; I'm very happy here. Everything's going O.K. I don't want to kill myself right now."

He still drives his Jaguar in a manner that makes his passengers fear for their own lives, however; and his love of speed has more than once brought him the unfriendly attention of the California police. Early in 1959, in fact, it nearly took him out from behind the wheel for good. He and Neile were driving to Phoenix for some location shooting. "And at this point," he says, "I'd lost my license twice, and if I got another ticket, it would be all over: I'd be driving Pogo sticks. We were on this long stretch of highway, a nice flat road—safe, no bumps—and I was going a hundred miles an hour in the Porsche, and all of a sudden this cop came up in back of us out of nowhere. And I asked Neile, 'Are we still in California?' and she said, 'Yeah,' and I said, 'Well, it's all over, baby.'"

At the time, Neile was six months pregnant with their daughter, Terry Leslie, born June 6, 1959, and Steve got an inspiration. "I stopped the car," he says, "and I jumped out and ran up to the cop and said, 'You've got to get me to the hospital. My wife's going to have a baby.' And he said, 'O.K., follow me,' and he took off and we followed him into town." Neile was rushed into the hospital, and a nurse began examining her. "And I thought for sure they were going to *make* her have the baby," Steve says. "That's what really scared me. And as soon as the cop walked out the door, I said to the nurse, 'Forget it, forget it; she's cool; don't worry about it,' and I got her out."

McQueen's predilection for fast driving, his easily detonated temper and his ingrained resentment of authority in all guises have often earned him the reputation of being one of the "angry young men" of show business, but Steve snorts rejection of that description. "I'm not angry," he says, "I'm happy. I come from a world where people will step all over you and kick your teeth out. And if you get out of that, you're not angry. What do I have to be bugged about?"

Life began dealing Terrence Stephen McQueen bad breaks from the start. His parents were divorced soon after his birth in Indianapolis, Indiana, on March 24, 1930; and for the next few years he and his mother lived with her uncle on a farm in Slater, Missouri. When Steve was six, his mother remarried, and they moved to California. From that time on he felt that he never got much love or attention from her or from his stepfather, whom he disliked. "When I was fourteen," he says, "I had a real bad scene with them. I was looking for a little love, and there wasn't much around. I guess I was difficult. I ran around with a bad crowd, and I hated school—the regimentation and everything."

Steve's parents sent him to the California Junior Republic, a privately run home for wayward boys in Chino. Steve was miserable there. "I went to school in the morning," he says, "and in the afternoon I worked in the laundry, and I didn't make that scene at all. So after about three months I got bugged and took off." He was caught by the police before getting far and returned to the Republic, where one of the staff, instead of paddling him, put his arm around the boy's shoulders and talked some sense into him. From then on he managed to stay out of trouble until his mother sent for him about a year later. In the meantime he finished ninth grade, his last formal education.

His mother had moved to New York after her second husband died, and Steve joined her there, but it was too late for them to build any real mother-son relationship; and when Steve was fifteen he ran away and shipped out on a tanker as an ordinary seaman. The tanker went to the West Indies for a cargo of molasses; and by the time it got back to Port Arthur, Texas, Steve had discovered that he disliked regimentation at sea as much as he did on land. He jumped ship.

During the next year he worked variously as a waiter in a Port Arthur brothel, a laborer in the Texas oil fields and a tree topper for a Canadian lumber company. Then in April, 1947, at seventeen, he enlisted in the Marine Corps.

Regimentation in the marines was, of course, the strictest he had yet encountered; but, although he spent forty-one days in the brig after letting a weekend pass drag on into two weeks and then fighting with the Shore Patrol when he was picked up, his keenest memories of his three years in uniform concern food.

McQueen loves to eat—a typical meal today might consist of "some meat, two orders of mashed potatoes and gravy, some candied sweet potatoes, a double-thick milk shake, hot tea and lots of bread and butter and jelly," according to his manager, Hillard Elkins—and, on the whole, Steve liked the marine chow fine.

At one point, however, his outfit moved out for cold-weather amphibious exercises in Labrador, and for a while the food situation became desperate for McQueen. "They were starving me to death on those funky rations," he says, using a favorite adjective, which translates roughly as the city slicker's opinion of the village hick. Finally an officer who didn't know McQueen's reputation as a glutton told him to help unload a landing craft full of food for the officers' mess. Steve was an Amtrac driver, and, he says, "I jumped in that mother"—which is McQueen talk for "thing"—"and I drove down to the boat and heisted as much food as I thought I could get away with and hid it in the Amtrac. They were cans of beans, which was great with me—man, I love beans—but they were ice cold, and I was in no mood for anything cold at this point."

He and his crew chief decided the thing to do was to rev up the Amtrac's engine while Steve held a can of beans over the exhaust for a while. "This went on for about three or four minutes," Steve says, "but I'd forgotten to open the can, and suddenly there was this tremendous explosion. It knocked me back about three feet, and just blew beans all over everything—tents, jeeps, radar equipment—everything! And for about the next week I'd go by an officer and salute him, you know, and he'd have a bean stuck on his helmet."

In April of 1950 McQueen's hitch was up, and he was discharged at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. He spent the next few weeks—and most of his accumulated pay—in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. "I'd been going with a girl there," he says, "so I stayed at the Beach and

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ran around with her crowd, eighteen, nineteen years old—college kids, you know. And I thought this was wonderful, going over to people's houses for dinner and getting dressed up, going to dances, and everybody liked you, and you were saying 'hello' to people. I mean, I never had this before." It was during his stay in Myrtle Beach, incidentally, that Steve picked up the pouty-lipped Southern accent he uses as Josh Randall.

But presently his money ran out, and he found himself as much adrift in the world as ever before. Making his way to New York, he rented a cold-water flat in Greenwich Village for nineteen dollars a month. Steve took to life in the Village like a squirrel to a new nut tree. "For the first time in my life," he says, "I was really exposed to music, culture, a little kindness, a little sensitivity. It was a way of life where people talked out their problems instead of punching you."

For the next year and a half he made rent and food money any way he could. At different times he worked as deliveryman for a radio-repair shop, as a truck driver's helper and, during a winter foray into Florida, as beachboy at one of the plush Miami hotels. He made artificial flowers in the "smelly little dark cellar" of a shop on Third Avenue—"I couldn't make that scene at all." He sold encyclopedia sets door-to-door—"I felt like a shark going into those poor family houses and talking them into encyclopedias." And he hawked cheap pen-and-pencil sets with a traveling carnival.

At one point, with no job at all, he wandered into a Village drugstore and idly picked up a shower nozzle. He was standing holding it when a clerk came up and asked if he had brought it to return. He said yes and, as he recalls, received $5.30 for it. "And I ate for two days on that," he says. "It happened by mistake, but I used the idea after that."

It was a haphazard kind of existence, but at least it kept him alive, and that was as much as McQueen had learned to expect of life. Then, in the fall of 1951, a girl he knew suggested he try acting and sent him to see Sanford Meisner, director of the Neighborhood Playhouse, then and now one of New York's better acting schools. Something about the rebellious youngster impressed Meisner. "He was an original personality," Meisner recalls. "Like Marilyn Monroe, he was both tough and childlike, as if he'd been through everything, but still preserved a certain innocence. "Meisner accepted him at the Playhouse, and McQueen studied there for two years with the help of his GI Bill and a scholarship.

The summer of 1952, between his first and second years at the Playhouse, Steve made his professional debut. It was in a summer-stock production of the play *Peg o' My Heart*, with Margaret O'Brien, and he says, "I remember one of the other actors coming to me after the performance and saying, 'Steve, I want you to know that your performance was just embarrassing.'"

He acquitted himself somewhat better in subsequent summer appearances; but for the next four years Steve's career as an actor limped along at a rather discouraging pace, with occasional small parts in various live television dramas—in which he generally played juvenile delinquents—separated by long periods of inactivity. Little by little, however, he was starting to gain experience and, as he did, he began attracting attention in New York theatrical circles. In 1956 when Ben Gazzara left the Broadway company of *A Hatful of Rain*, Steve was invited to read for his part. He won it, and stayed with the show for three months, until it closed on October thirteenth.

> Psychiatry is the art of teaching people how to stand on their own feet while reclining on couches.
>
> SHANNON FIFE

The new-found prestige of being a Broadway actor emboldened him to make overtures to an attractive young actress named Neile Adams, who was working in the musical comedy *The Pajama Game* at the time, and whom he had been admiring from afar for some weeks. Contriving an introduction, he asked her for a date and took her riding on the back of his motorcycle. The approach seems to have been effective—they saw each other nearly every night after that.

"I'd never been exposed to that type of man," Neile says. "I'd been brought up in convents, and suddenly this wild man was in my life."

Steve says, "I showed her a way of life she never knew—the Village, the parties, not getting dressed up, no make-up and going on long rides on the bike up in the hills. Man, it was real romantic."

After their respective plays closed, at about the same time, Neile went to California to make a movie, and that fall Steve followed her and persuaded her that they ought to get married. They rented a car and drove down to San Juan Capistrano, intending to get married at the mission there, since both Steve and Neile are Roman Catholic. But when Steve called the mission, one of the nuns told him that, not being from the parish, they couldn't be married there. "And I got in a big argument with her," McQueen says, "and I finally said, 'The hell with it. We'll go and live in sin for the rest of our lives.'"

They got back in the car and Steve, fuming, drove off with even greater dash than usual, with the result that the would-be bride and groom presently found themselves in a police station. "Look," Steve said, "we just want to get married," and the troopers, relenting, found them a Lutheran minister who agreed to open his church and perform the ceremony. "We didn't have any witnesses," Steve says, "so this was really uncanny—getting married with two state troopers for witnesses standing there behind us with their big pistols and everything."

During much of the next year their work kept them apart—Neile in Las Vegas, where she had a singing engagement, and Steve in New York, the only place where he was known as an actor and could find work. He made a few television shows and had small parts in three low-budget movies which he prefers to forget: *The Blob*, *Never Love a Stranger* and *The Great St. Louis Bank Robbery*.

But that fall he and Neile got back together again. Vincent Fennelly, producer of the *Trackdown* television series, was looking for a man to play a bounty hunter in one of the episodes; if the show turned out well, he hoped to use it as a pilot film for a new series, with the bounty hunter as hero. Steve's agent persuaded Fennelly to test McQueen for the part, and although Steve wasn't particularly interested in doing a series, he read the script and became fascinated with the character of Josh Randall. "It wasn't really developed much," he says. "The inner stuff wasn't showing yet." But he liked the possibilities he saw in the role.

Steve made a screen test and got the part. "I picked him because he was a little guy," says Fennelly. "You know, a bounty hunter is sort of the underdog—everyone's against him except the audience. And McQueen was an offbeat guy; he wasn't the best-looking guy in the world, and he had a kind of animal instinct—he could be nice, but with some menace underneath."

Since then, Steve's upward progress has not been checked. The pilot was sold to C.B.S., where Brown & Williamson (Viceroy cigarettes) and Kimberly-Clark (Kleenex) pick up the tab; and *Wanted—Dead or Alive*, as Fennelly called his new show, quickly forged into the front ranks of the veritable posse of Westerns on the air, last season averaging a handsome Nielsen rating of 28.7.

Steve relishes success, both for what it means to his career and, perhaps more important, for the rewards it brings. Not the least of these is the chance to take life a bit easier. "What's the point of being successful if you can't goof off a little?" he asks. "A guy bucks for sergeant so he can goof off, not because he's so gung ho about being a sergeant. And so now I am taking a little advantage of my position. I can leave a little earlier at night from my series. I can come in a little later in the morning. I get a nicer dressing room. I get a little more respect from the producer than I did before, and from the directors."

But success has also made Steve realize that he can no longer live only for himself. "It's one thing to be irresponsible and be dangerous and hack around," he says, "to start racing and stick your neck out, face death and all kinds of tricky situations. But it's another to be a father and husband and a provider. So I say to myself, 'Well, let's grow up a little, Steve-o-reno.'"

For the first time in his life he feels that he is in a position to make some reasonably solid plans for the future. He is earning about $100,000 a year from the series, his motion-picture price has gone to $75,000 in two fast jumps and, he says, "Every bit of money I make I am investing in things that will make it secure for my wife and my family." He has recently bought an interest in a Christmas-stocking factory, and has plans for a combined sports-car garage and health-food bar. More important, he has formed his own production company, Condor Enterprises, and has started accumulating motion-picture and television scripts for future use.

He also feels a new sense of responsibility to his profession. "I'm trying to use what power I've been given by my luck and God and what talent I've got, to achieve the things that are good for television," he says. "I love my craft. I swing with what I'm doing, and I'm still learning. Any actor that works on a television show and just takes home the money every week is crazy. I mean, this is a great opportunity to learn your craft."

The competitive instinct has always run strong in McQueen, and now that he's found a career into which he can channel it, he's driving to get out front. "Emotionally it's important to me to be a good actor," he says. "I don't want to be second best. I just couldn't very well do that."

The Beggar on the Dublin Bridge (Continued from Page 28)

night wind blowing in a fine soot along one way to Trinity College, another to St. Stephen's Green. Across by the sweetshop two men stood mummified in the shadows. Farther up in a doorway was a bundle of old newspapers that would stir like a pack of mice and wish you the time of evening if you walked by. Below, by the hotel entrance, stood a feverish hothouse rose of a woman with a bundle.

"Oh, the beggars," said my wife.

"No, not just 'oh, the beggars,'" I said. "But, oh, the people in the streets, who somehow *became* beggars."

My wife peered at me. "You're not afraid of them?"

"Yes, no. Hell. It's that woman with the bundle who's worst. She's a force of nature, she is. Assaults you with her poverty. As for the others—well, it's a big chess game for me now. We've been in Dublin—what?—eight weeks? Eight weeks I've sat up here with my typewriter, studying their off hours and on. When they take a coffee break, I take one, run for the sweetshop, the bookstore, the Olympia Theatre. If I time it right, there's no handout, no my wanting to trot them into the barbershop or the kitchen."

"Lord," said my wife, "you sound driven."

"I am. But most of all by that beggar on O'Connell Bridge!"

"Which one?"

"Which one, indeed! He's a wonder, a terror. I hate him, I love him. To see is to disbelieve him. Come on."

On the way down in the elevator my wife said, "If you held your face right, the beggars wouldn't bother you."

"My face," I explained patiently, "is my face. It's from Apple Dumpling, Wisconsin, Sarsaparilla, Maine. KIND TO DOGS is writ on my brow for all to read. Let the street be empty—then let me step out and there's a strikers' march of freeloaders leaping out of manholes for miles around."

"If," my wife went on, "you could just learn to look over, around or through those people, stare them down." She mused. "Shall I show you how to handle them?"

"All right, show me! We're here!"

We advanced through the Royal Hibernian Hotel lobby to squint out at the sooty night. "Good Lord, come and get me," I murmured. "There they are, their heads up, their eyes on fire."

"Meet me down by the bookstore in two minutes," said my wife. "Watch."

"Wait!" I cried.

But she was out the door and down the steps. I watched, nose pressed to the glass pane. The beggars leaned toward my wife. Their eyes glowed.

My wife looked calmly at them all for a long moment. The beggars hesitated, creaking, I was sure, in their shoes. Then their mouths collapsed. Their eyes snuffed out. Their heads sank down.

With a tat-tat like a small drum, my wife's shoes went briskly away, fading.

From below in the buttery I heard music and laughter. *I'll run down*, I

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thought, *and slug me a quick one. Then, bravery resurgent —— No*, I thought, and swung the door wide. The effect was much as if someone had struck a great Mongolian steel gong, once.

I thought I heard a tremendous insuck of breath. Then I heard hobnailed shoes flinting the cobbles in sparks. The men came running. I saw hands waving; mouths opened on smiles like old pianos.

Far down the street at the bookshop my wife waited, her back turned. But that third eye in the back of her head must have caught the scene: Columbus greeted by Indians; St. Francis amidst his squirrel friends with a handful of crumbs.

I was not half down the steps when the woman charged up, thrusting the unwrapped bundle at me.

"Ah, see the poor child!" she wailed.

I stared at the baby. The baby stared back. God in Heaven, did or did not the shrewd thing wink at me? *I've gone mad*, I thought; *the babe's eyes are shut. She's filled it with beer to keep it warm and on display.*

My hand, my coins, blurred among them.

"Praise be!"

"The child thanks you, sir!"

"Ah, sure. There's only a few of us left!"

I broke through them and beyond, running. My wife, without turning, saw my reflection in the bookshop window and nodded.

I stood getting my breath, brooding at my own image: the summer eyes, the ebullient and defenseless mouth. "All right, say it," I sighed. "It's the way I hold my face."

"I love the way you hold your face." She took my arm. "I wish I could do it too."

I looked back as one of the beggars strolled off in the blowing dark with my shillings.

"'There's only a few of us left,'" I said aloud. "What did he mean, saying that?"

"'There's only a few of us left.'" My wife stared into the shadows. "Is that what he said?"

"It's something to think about. A few of *what?* Left *where?*" The street was empty now. It was starting to rain. "Well," I said at last. "Let me show you the even bigger mystery, the man who provokes me to strange wild rages, then calms me to delight. Solve him and you solve all the beggars that ever were."

"On O'Connell Bridge?" asked my wife.

"On O'Connell Bridge," I said.

And we walked on down in the gently misting rain.

Halfway to the bridge, as we were examining some fine Irish crystal in a window, a woman with a shawl over her head plucked at my elbow.

"Destroyed!" The woman sobbed. "My poor sister. Cancer, the doctor said; her dead in a month! And me with mouths to feed! Ah, if you had just a penny!"

I felt my wife's arm tighten to mine. I looked at the woman, split as always, one half saying: *A penny is all she asks!* The other half doubting: *Clever woman, she knows that by underasking you'll overpay!* I hated myself for the battle of halves.

I gasped. "You're ——"

"I'm what, sir?"

Why, I thought, *you're the woman who was just by the hotel with the baby!*

"I'm sick!" She drew back in shadow. "Sick with crying for the half-dead!"

You've stashed the baby somewhere, I thought, *and put on a green instead of a gray shawl and run the long way around to head us off here —*

My wife cut across my thoughts. "Beg pardon, but aren't you the same woman we just met at our hotel?"

The woman and I were both shocked at this rank insubordination. It wasn't done!

The woman's face crumpled. I peered close. And yes, it was a different face. I could not but admire her. She knew, sensed, had learned what actors know, sense, learn—that by thrusting, yelling, all fiery-lipped arrogance one moment you are one character; and by sinking, giving way, crumpling the mouth and eyes in pitiful collapse, you are another. The same woman, yes; but the same face and role? Quite obviously no.

She gave me a last blow beneath the belt. "Cancer."

I flinched. It was a brief tussle then, a kind of disengagement from one woman and an engagement with the other. The wife lost my arm, and the woman found my cash. As if she were on roller skates, she whisked around the corner, sobbing.

"Lord ——" In awe I watched her go. "She's studied Stanislavsky. In one book he says that squinting one eye and twitching one lip to the side will disguise you. I wonder if she's nerve enough to be at the hotel later."

"I wonder," said my wife, "when my husband will stop admiring and start criticizing such acting as that?"

"But what if it were true? Everything she said? And she's lived with it so long, she can't cry any more, and so has to play-act in order to survive? What if?"

"It can't be true," said my wife slowly. "I just won't believe it. Now, here's where we turn for O'Connell Bridge, isn't it?"

"It is."

That corner was probably empty in the falling rain for a long time after we were gone.

There stood the gray-stone bridge bearing the great O'Connell's name, and there the River Liffey rolling cold gray waters under, and even from a block off I heard faint singing. My mind spun back to December.

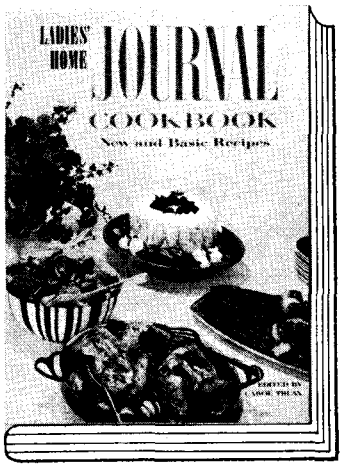
"Christmas," I murmured, "is the best time of all in Dublin." For beggars, I meant, but left it unsaid.

For in the week before Christmas the Dublin streets teem with raven flocks of children, herded by schoolmasters or nuns. They cluster in doorways, peer from theater lobbies, jostle in alleys; *God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen* on their lips; *It Came Upon a Midnight Clear* in their eyes; tambourines in hand, snowflakes shaping a collar of grace about their tender necks. It is singing everywhere and anywhere in Dublin on such nights, and there was no night my wife and I did not walk down along Grafton Street to hear: *Away in a Manger* being sung to the queue outside the cinema or *Deck the Halls* in front of the Four Provinces pub. In all, we counted in Christ's season one night half a hundred bands of convent girls or public-school boys lacing the cold air and weaving great treadles of song up, down, over and across from end to end of the town. Like walking in snowfall, you could not walk among them and not be touched. "The sweet beggars," I called them, who gave in turn for what you gave as you went your way.

Given such example, even the most dilapidated beggars of Dublin washed their hands, mended their torn smiles, borrowed banjos. They even gathered for four-part harmonies. How could they stay silent when half the world was singing and the other half paying dearly, gladly, for just another chorus?

So Christmas was best for all; the beggars *worked*, off key, it's true; but there they were, one time in the year, busy.

But Christmas was over, and the beggars of the town, shut and glad for the silence, returned to their workless ways. All save the beggars on O'Connell Bridge



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who, all through the year, most of them, tried to give as good as they got.

"They have their self-respect," I said, walking with my wife. "I'm glad this first man here strums a guitar, the next one a fiddle. And there now—in the very center of the bridge!"

"The man we're looking for?"

"That's him. Squeezing the concertina. It's all right to look. Or I think it is."

"What do you mean, you think it is? He's blind, isn't he?"

These raw words shocked me, as if my wife had said something indecent. "That's the trouble," I said at last. "I don't know."

And we both in passing looked at the man standing there in the very middle of O'Connell Bridge.

He was a man of no great height, a bandy statue swiped from some country garden perhaps, and his clothes like the clothes of most in Ireland too often laundered by the weather, and his hair too often grayed by the smoking air, and his cheeks sooted with beard, and a nest or two of witless hair in each cupped ear, and the blushing cheeks of a man who has stood too long in the cold and drunk too much in the pub so as to stand too long in the cold again. Dark glasses covered his eyes and there was no telling what lay behind. I had begun to wonder, weeks back, if his sight prowled me along, damning my guilty speed, or if only his ears caught the passing of a harried conscience. There was that awful itch to seize in passing the glasses from his nose. But I feared the abyss I might find, into which my senses in one terrible roar might tumble. Best not to know if civet's orb or interstellar space gaped behind the smoked panes.

But even more, there was a special reason why I could not let the man be.

In the rain and wind and snow for two solid months I had seen him standing here with no cap or hat on his head. He was the only man in all of Dublin I saw in the downpours and drizzles who stood by the hour alone with the drench mizzling his ears, threading his ash-red hair, plastering it over his skull, rivuleting his eyebrows and purling over his glasses. Down through the cracks of his cheeks, the lines about his mouth, and off his chin the weather ran. His sharp chin shot the drizzle in a steady fauceting off in the air, down his tweed scarf and locomotive-colored coat.

"Why doesn't he wear a hat?" I said suddenly.

"Why," said my wife, "maybe he hasn't got one."

"He must have one," I said.

"Keep your voice down."

"He's got to have one," I said, more quietly.

"Maybe he can't afford one. Maybe he has bills to pay, someone sick."

"But to stand out for weeks, months in the rain and not so much as flinch, ignoring the rain—it's beyond understanding." I shook my head. "I can only think it's a trick. That must be it. Like the others, this is his way of getting sympathy, of making you cold and miserable as himself, so you'll give him more."

"I bet you're sorry you said that already," said my wife.

"I am. I am." For even under my cap the rain was running off my nose. "Sweet God in heaven, what's the answer?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"No." I was even more afraid of that.

Then the last thing happened, the thing that went with his standing bareheaded in the cold rain. For a moment, while we had been talking at some distance, he had been silent. Now, he gave his concertina a great mash. From the folding, unfolding snakelike box he squeezed a series of asthmatic notes, which were no preparation for what followed.

He opened his mouth. He sang. The sweet, clear baritone voice which rang over O'Connell Bridge, steady and sure, was beautifully shaped and controlled, not a quaver, not a flaw anywhere in it. The man just opened his mouth. He did not sing so much as let his soul free.

"Oh," said my wife, "how lovely."

"Lovely." I nodded.

We listened while he sang the full irony of *Dublin's Fair City* (where it rains twelve inches a month the winter through), followed by the white-wine clarity of *Kathleen Mavourneen*, *Macushla*, and all the other tired lads, lasses, lakes, hills, past glories, present miseries—but all somehow revived and moving about, young and freshly painted in the light spring and suddenly not winter rain.

"Why," said my wife, "he could be on the stage."

"Maybe he was once."

"Oh, he's too good to be standing here."

"I've thought that—often."

My wife fumbled with her purse. I looked from her to the singing man, the rain falling on his bare head, streaming through his shellacked hair, trembling on his ear lobes. My wife had her purse open.

And then the strange perversity. Before my wife could move toward him, I took her elbow and led her down the other side of the bridge. She pulled back for a moment, giving me a look, then came along.

As we went away along the bank of the Liffey he started a new song, one we had heard often in Ireland. Glancing back I saw him, head proud, black glasses taking the pour, mouth open and the fine voice clear:

I'll be glad when you're dead
in your grave, old man,
Be glad when you're dead in
your grave, old man.
Be glad when you're dead,
Flowers over your head,
And then I'll marry the journeyman. . . .

It is only later, looking back, that you see that while you were doing all the other things in your life, working on an article concerning one part of Ireland in your rain-battered hotel, taking your wife to dinner, wandering in the museums, you also had an eye beyond to the street and those who served themselves, who only stood to wait.

The beggars of Dublin—who bothers to wonder on them, look, see, know, understand? Yet the outer shell of the eye sees and the inner shell of the mind records, and yourself, caught between, ignores the rare service these two halves of a bright sense are up to.

So I did and did not concern myself with beggars. So I did run from them or walk to meet them, by turn. So I heard but did not hear, considered but did not consider: "There's only a few of us left!"

One day I was sure the man taking his daily shower on O'Connell Bridge while he sang was *not* blind. And the next, his head to me was a cup of darkness.

One afternoon I found myself lingering before a tweed shop near O'Connell Bridge, staring in at a stack of good thick burly caps. I did not need another cap, yet in I went to pay out money for a fine warm brown-colored cap which I turned round and round in my hands, in a strange trance.

"Sir," said the clerk. "That cap is a seven. I would guess your head, sir, at a seven and one half."

"This will fit me. This will fit me." I stuffed the cap in my pocket.

"Let me get you a sack, sir ——"

"No!" Hot-cheeked, suddenly suspicious of what I was up to, I fled.

There was the bridge in the soft rain. All I need do now was walk over ——

In the middle of the bridge, my singing man was not there. In his place stood an old man and woman cranking a great piano-box hurdy-gurdy which ratcheted and coughed, giving forth no melody but a grand and melancholy sort of iron indigestion.

I waited for the tune, if tune it was, to finish. I kneaded the new tweed cap in my sweaty fist while the hurdy-gurdy prickled, spanged and thumped.

"Be damned to ya!" the old man and old woman, furious with their job, seemed to say, their eyes red-hot in the rain. "Pay us! Listen! But we'll give you no tune! Make up your own!" their mute lips said.

And standing there on the spot where the beggar always sang without his cap, I thought: *Why don't they take one fiftieth of the money they make each month and have the thing tuned! If I were cranking the box, I'd want a tune, at least for myself! . . . If you were cranking the box,* I answered. *But you're not. And it's obvious they hate the begging job—who'd blame them?—and want no part of giving back a familiar song as recompense.*

How different from my capless friend. My *friend?*

I blinked with surprise, then stepped forward. "Beg pardon. The man who played the concertina ——"

The woman stopped cranking and glared at me.

"The man with no cap in the rain ——"

"Ah, him!" snapped the woman.

"He's not here today?"

"Do you see him?" cried the woman.

She started cranking the infernal device. I put a penny in the tin cup. She peered at me as if I'd spit in the cup. I put in another penny. She stopped.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Sick in bed. The damn cold! We heard him go off, coughing."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"No!"

"Do you know his name?"

"Now who would know that?"

I stood there, feeling directionless, thinking of the man somewhere off in the town, alone. I looked at the new cap foolishly.

The two old people were watching me uneasily. I put a last shilling in the cup. "He'll be all right," I said, not to them, but to someone—hopefully, myself.

The woman heaved the crank. The bucketing machine let loose a fall of glass and junk in its hideous interior.

"The tune," I said numbly. "What is it?"

"You're deaf!" snapped the woman. "It's the national anthem! Do you mind removing your cap?"

I showed her the new cap in my hand.

She glared up. "Your cap, man, *your* cap!"

"Oh!" Flushing, I seized the old cap from my head.

Now I had a cap in each hand. The woman cranked. The "music" played. The rain hit my brow, my eyelids, my mouth. On the far side of the bridge I stopped for the hard, the slow decision: which cap to try on my drenched skull?

During the next week I passed the bridge often, but there was always just the old couple there with their pandemonium device, or no one there at all.

On the last day of our visit my wife started to pack the new tweed cap away in the suitcase.

"Thanks, no." I took it from her. "Let's keep it out—on the mantel, please. There."

That night the hotel manager brought a farewell bottle to our room. The talk was long and good, the hour grew late, there was a fire on the hearth, big and lively, and brandy in the glasses, and silence for a moment in the room perhaps because quite suddenly we found silence

"Your guide must have been kidding you, Sir Cecil! That's not a man-eater. It's an old mother lion—probably had some cubs somewhere."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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falling in great soft flakes past our windows.

The manager, glass in hand, watched the continual lace, then looked down at the midnight street and at last said, under his breath: "'There's only a few of us left.'"

I glanced at my wife, and she at me.

The manager caught us. "Do you know him then? Has he said it to you?"

"Yes. But what does the phrase mean?"

The manager watched all those figures down there standing in the shadows and sipped his drink. "Once I thought he meant he fought in the Troubles, and there's just a few of the I.R.A. left. But no. Or maybe he means that in a richer world the begging population is melting away. But no to that also. So maybe, perhaps, he means there aren't many 'human beings' left who look, see what they look at, and understand well enough for one to ask and one to give. Everyone busy, running here, jumping there, there's no time to study one another."

He half turned from the window. "So you know There's Only a Few of Us Left, do you?"

Touched

By Richard Armour

When you and I touched hands,
my dear,
A shock went through me,
something queer,
A tingling blend of joy and pain,
A feeling that I can't explain.

Did you, I wonder, feel it too,
That day I reached my hand
to you?
Come, tell me, darling, be
emphatic.
What was it really—love or
static?

My wife and I nodded.

"Then do you know the woman with the baby?"

"Yes," I said.

"And the one with the cancer?"

"Yes," said my wife.

"And the man who needs train fare to Cork?"

"Belfast," said I.

"Galway," said my wife.

The manager smiled sadly and turned back to the window.

"What about the old couple with the piano that plays no tune?"

"Has it ever?" I asked.

"Not since I was a boy." The manager's face was shadowed now. "Do you know the beggar on O'Connell Bridge?"

"Which one?" I said.

But I knew which one, for I was looking at the cap there on the mantel.

"Did you see the paper today?" asked the manager.

"No."

"There's just the item, bottom half of page five, *Irish Times*. It seems he just got tired. And he threw his concertina over into the River Liffey. And he jumped after it."

He was back then yesterday! I thought. *And I didn't pass by!*

"The poor beggar." The manager laughed with a hollow exhalation. "What a funny, horrid way to die. That silly concertina—I hate them, don't you? Wheezing on its way down, like a sick cat, and the man falling after. I laugh and I'm ashamed of laughing. Well. They didn't find the body."

"Oh, Lord!" I cried, getting up. "Oh, damn!"

The manager watched me carefully now, surprised at my concern. "You couldn't help it."

"I could! I never gave him a penny, not one, ever! Did you?"

"Come to think of it, no."

"But you're worse than I am!" I protested. "I've seen you around town, shoveling out pennies hand over fist. Why, why not to him?"

"I guess I thought he was overdoing it."

"Yes!" I was at the window now too, staring down through the falling snow. "I thought his bare head was a trick to make me feel sorry. After a while you think everything's a trick! I used to pass there winter nights with the rain thick and him there singing, and he made me feel so cold I hated his guts. I wonder how many other people felt cold and hated him because he did that to them? So, instead of getting money, he got nothing in his cup. I lumped him with the rest. But maybe he was one of the legitimate ones, the new poor just starting out this winter—not a beggar ever before; so you hock your clothes to feed a stomach and wind up a man in the rain without a hat."

The snow was falling fast now, erasing the lamps and the statues in the shadows of the lamps below.

"How do you tell the difference between them?" I asked. "How can you judge which is honest, which isn't?"

"The fact is," said the manager quietly, "you can't. There's no difference between them. Some have been at it longer than others and have gone shrewd, forgotten how it all started a long time ago. On a Saturday they had food. On a Sunday they didn't. On a Monday they asked for credit. On a Tuesday they borrowed their first match. Thursday a cigarette. And a few Fridays later they found themselves, God knows how, in front of a place called the Royal Hibernian Hotel. They couldn't tell you what happened or why. One thing's sure, though: they're hanging to the cliff by their fingernails. Poor fellow, someone must've stomped on that man's hands on O'Connell Bridge and he just gave up the ghost and went over.

"So what does it prove? You cannot stare them down or look away from them. You cannot run and hide from them. You can only give to them all. If you start drawing lines, someone gets hurt. I'm sorry now I didn't give that blind singer a shilling each time I passed. Well, well. Let us console ourselves and hope it wasn't money but something at home or in his past that did him in. There's no way to find out. The paper lists no name."

Snow fell silently across our sight. Below, the dark shapes waited. It was hard to tell whether snow was making sheep of the wolves or sheep of the sheep, gently mantling their shoulders, their hats and shawls.

A moment later, going down in the elevator, I found the new tweed cap in my hand. Coatless, in my shirt sleeves, I stepped out into the night. I gave the cap to the first man who came. What money I had in my pockets was soon gone.

Then left alone, shivering, I happened to glance up. I stood, I froze, blinking up through the drift, the drift, the silent drift of blinding snow. I saw the high hotel windows, the lights, the shadows.

What's it like up there? I thought. *Are fires lit? Is it warm as breath? Who are all those people? Are they drinking? Are they happy? Do they even know I'm here?*

THE END

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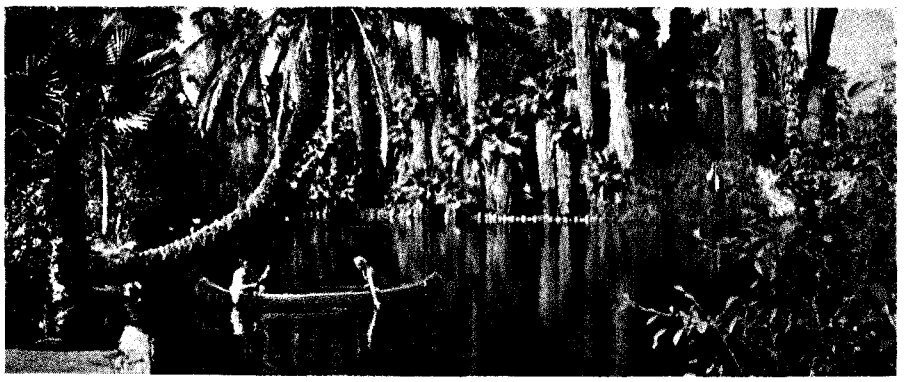

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The Counterfeiter's Knife

(Continued from Page 17)

we had cleaned up the Brigham forgery case, and my mind needed exercise as much as my legs and lungs; so, walking a short distance cross-town and back, I figured out what was in the package. After discarding a dozen guesses that didn't appeal to me I decided it was the Hope diamond. The one that had been sent to Washington was a phony. I was still working on various details, such as Hattie Annis's real name and station and how she had got hold of it, on the last stretch approaching the old brownstone, and therefore got nearly to the stoop before I saw that it was occupied. Perched on the top step was exactly the kind of female Wolfe expects to see when I talk him into seeing one—the right age, the right face, the right legs, what showed of them below the edge of her fur coat. The coat was not mink or sable. As I started to mount she got up.

"Well," she said. "A grand idea, this outdoor waiting room, but there ought to be magazines."

I reached her level. The top of her fuzzy little turban was even with my nose. "I suppose you rang?" I asked.

"I did—and was told through a crack that Mr. Wolfe was engaged and Mr. Goodwin was out. Mr. Goodwin, I presume?"

"Right." I had my key ring out. "I'll bring some magazines. Which ones do you like?"

"Let's go in and look them over."

Wolfe wouldn't be down for more than half an hour, and it would be interesting to know what she was selling, so I used the key on the door and swung it open. When I had disposed of my hat and coat on the hall rack, I ushered her into the office, moved one of the yellow chairs up for her and went to my desk and sat.

"We have no vacancies at the moment," I said, "but you can leave your number. Don't call us, we'll call ——"

"That's pretty corny," she said. She had thrown her coat open to drape it over the back of the chair, revealing other personal details that went fine with the face and legs.

"O.K.," I conceded. "It's your turn."

"My name is Tammy Baxter. Short for Tamiris. I haven't decided yet which one to use on a theater program when the time comes. What do you think, Tammy or Tamiris?"

"It would depend on the part. If it's the lead in a musical, Tammy. If it packs some weight—O'Neill for instance—Tamiris."

"It's more apt to be a girl at one of the tables in the night-club scene—the one who jumps up and says, 'Come on, Bill, let's get out of here.' That's her big line." She fluttered a gloved hand. "Oh, well. What do you care? Why don't you ask me what I want?"

"I'm putting it off because I may not have it."

"That's nice. I like that. That's a good line, only you threw it away. There should be a pause after 'off.' 'I'm putting it off . . . because I may not have it.' Try it again."

"Nuts. I said it the way I felt it. You actresses are all alike. I was getting a sociable feeling about you, and look what you've done to it. What do you want?"

She laughed a little ripple. "I'm not an actress; I'm only going to be. I don't want anything much, just to ask about my landlady, Miss Annis—Hattie Annis. Has she been here?"

I raised a brow. "Here? When?"

"This morning."

"I'll ask." I turned my head and sang out, "Fritz!" and when he appeared in the doorway to the hall, I inquired, "Did anyone besides this lady come while I was out?"

"No, sir." He always "sirs" me when there is company, and I can't make him stop.

"Any phone calls?"

"No, sir."

"O.K. Thank you, sir." He departed, and I told Tammy, or Tamiris, "Apparently not. You say your landlady?"

She nodded. "That's funny."

"Why, did you tell her to come?"

"No, she told me. She said she was going to take something—she was going to see Nero Wolfe about something. She wouldn't say what, and after she left I began to worry about her. She never got here?"

"You heard what Fritz said. Why should you worry?"

"You would, too, if you knew her. She almost never leaves the house and she never goes more than a block away. She's not a loony really, but she's not quite all there; and I should have come with her. We all feel responsible for her. Her house is an awful dump, but anybody in show business, or even trying to be, can have a room for five dollars a week, and it doesn't have to be every week. So we feel responsible. I certainly hope ——" She stood up, letting the words hang. "If she comes, will you phone me?"

"Sure." She gave me the number, and I jotted it down and then went to hold her coat. My feelings were mixed. It would have been a pleasure to relieve her mind, but of what? What if her real worry was about the Hope diamond, which she had had under her mattress, and she knew or suspected that Hattie Annis had snitched it? I would have liked to put her in the front room, supplied with magazines, to wait until her landlady arrived; but you can't afford to be sentimental when the fate of a million-dollar diamond is at stake, so I let her go. Another consideration was that it would be enough of a job to sell Wolfe on seeing Hattie Annis, without also accounting for the presence of another female in the front room. He can stand having one woman under his roof temporarily if he has to, but not two at once.

At eleven o'clock on the nose the sound of the elevator came, then its usual clang as it jolted to a stop at the bottom, and he entered, told me good morning, went to his desk, got his seventh of a ton deposited in the oversized custom-built chair, fingered through the mail, glanced at his desk calendar and spoke.

"No check from Brigham?"

"Yes, sir, it came." I swiveled to face him. "Without comment. I took it to the bank. Also my weakness has cropped up again, but with a new slant."

He grunted. "Which weakness?"

"Women. One came, a stranger, and I told her to come back at eleven-fifteen. The trouble is, she's a type that never appealed to me before. I hope to goodness my taste hasn't shifted. I want your opinion."

"Pfui. Flummery."

"No, sir. It's a real problem. Wait till you see her."

"I'm not going to see her."

"Then I'm stuck. She has a strange fascination. Nobody believes in witches' casting spells any more—I certainly don't—but I don't know. As for what she wants to see you about, that's simple. She has got something that she thinks is good for a reward and she's coming to you instead of the police because she hates cops. I don't know what it is or where she got it. That part's easy, you can deal with that in two minutes, but what about me? Have I got a screw loose?"

"Yes." He picked up the top item from the little pile of mail, an airmail letter from an orchid hunter in Venezuela, and started to read it. I swung my chair around and started sharpening pencils that didn't need it. The noise of the sharpener gets on his nerves. I was on the fourth pencil when his voice came.

"Stop that," he growled. "A witch?"

"She must be."

"I'll give her two minutes."

You can appreciate what I had accomplished only if you know how allergic he is to strangers, especially women, and how much he hates to work, especially when a respectable check has just been deposited. Besides that satisfaction, I had something to look forward to—seeing his expression when I escorted Hattie Annis in. I thought I might as well go and retrieve the package from under the couch and put it in my desk drawer, but vetoed it. It could stay put till she came. Wolfe finished the letter from the orchid hunter and started on a circular from a manufacturer of an automatic humidifier.

Then it was eleven-seventeen, and the bell didn't ring. At eleven-twenty Wolfe looked up to say that he had some letters to give me, but didn't like to be interrupted, and I said neither did I. At eleven-twenty-five he got up and went to the kitchen, probably to sample the chestnut soup, in which he and Fritz had decided to include tarragon for the first time. At eleven-thirty I went to the front room and got the package. Nuts to her if she couldn't be punctual for an appointment. She would get her package back, at the door, and that would be all. I was straightening up after fishing it from under the couch when the bell rang; I had it in my hand when I went to the hall.

It was her all right, but through the one-way glass panel I noticed a couple of changes as I stepped to the door. There was a button on her coat where one had been missing, and her face needed washing even more than it had before. Her whole right cheek was a dark smudge. Touched by the button, I decided to hear her excuse for being late, if any; but as I opened the door she collapsed. No moan, no sound at all; she just crumpled. I jumped and grabbed her, so she didn't go clear down; but she was out, dead weight: I tightened my right arm around her to free my left to toss the package into the hall and then gathered her up, crossed the sill and kicked the door shut. As I was turning to the front room Wolfe's voice came. "What the devil is that?"

"A woman," I said and kept going. When she was on her feet, I would have guessed her at not more than 115 pounds; but loose and sagging, she was a good deal heavier. I put her on the couch on her back and straightened her legs. Her breathing was shallow, but there was no gasping. I slipped a hand under her middle and lifted and stuffed a couple of cushions beneath her hips. As I took her wrist and put a finger on her pulse, Wolfe's voice came at my back.

"Get Doctor Vollmer."

I turned my head. He had meant it for Fritz, who had appeared at the door. "Hold it," I said. "I think she just fainted."

"Nonsense," Wolfe snapped. "Women do not faint."

I had heard that one before. His basis for it was not medical, but personal; he is convinced that unless she has a really good excuse, like being slugged with a club, any woman who passes out is merely putting on an act—a subhead under his fundamental principle that every woman is always putting on an act. Ignoring it, I checked her pulse, which was weak and slow but not too bad. I asked Fritz to bring my overcoat and open a window. Then I went to the medicine chest for the smelling salts. I was waving the bottle under her nose, and Fritz was spreading the coat over her when her eyes opened. She blinked at me and started to lift her head, and I put my hand on her brow.

"I know you," she said, barely audible. "I must have made it."

"Only to the door," I told her. "You flopped on the stoop, and I carried you in. Lie still. Shut your eyes and catch up on your breathing."

"Brandy?" Fritz asked me.

"I don't like brandy," she said.

"Tea?"

"I don't like tea. Where's my bag?"

"Coffee," I told Fritz. "She must like something." He went. Wolfe had disappeared. "Sniff this," I told her, handing her the bottle, and went to the hall. The package was over by the rack, and her handbag was on the floor near the wall. I didn't know how it got there and I still don't; but since I reject Wolfe's fundamental principle, I assume that a fainting woman can hang onto something. Returning to the patient, I was just in time to keep her from rolling off the couch. She was trying to pull the cushions out from under her (*Continued on Page 66*)

"Us first-graders spent most of the day getting acquainted."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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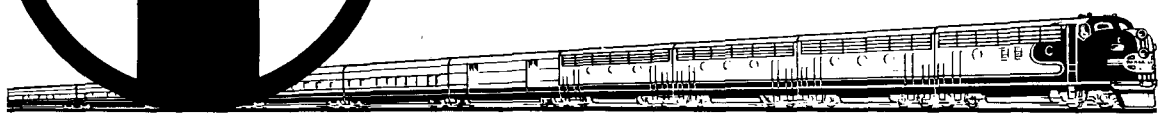

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(*Continued from Page 64*) middle. When I put a hand on her shoulder, she protested, "Pillows are for heads, Buster. Can't you tell my head from my fanny? Give me the bag."

I handed it to her, and she turned onto her side, propping on her elbow, to open it. Apparently her concern was for a particular item, for after a brief glance inside she was closing it; but I said, "Here, put this in," and offered the package.

She didn't take it. "So I'm still alive," she said. "I'm froze stiff, but I'm alive. Don't Nero Wolfe believe in heat?"

"It's seventy in here," I told her. "When you faint, your blood does something. Here's your package."

"Did you open it?"

"No."

"I knew you wouldn't. I'm still dizzy." Her head went back down. "You're such a detective; maybe you can tell me what he was going to do if he killed me. He would have had to stop the car and get out to get the bag. Wouldn't he?"

"I should think so—if it was the bag he wanted."

"Of course it was." She took a deep breath and another. "He thought the package was in it. Anyhow, it was your fault I was there, what you said about the button. I've been intending to sew that button on for a month, and when you said to have one put on and charge it to you, that was too much. I hadn't done anything about my clothes on account of a man for twenty years, and here was a man offering to buy me a button. So I went home and sewed it on."

She stopped to breathe. I stuck the package in my pocket. "Where is home?" I asked.

"Forty-seventh Street, between Eighth and Ninth. So that's why I was there, but you keep your head, Buster. Don't offer to buy me some hair dye. When I left I was going to take a Ninth Avenue bus to come back here. And while I was walking along Forty-seventh Street, the car came on the sidewalk behind me and hit me here." She touched her right hip. "Bumping up over the curb must have spoiled his aim. It didn't hit me hard enough to knock me down, so I must have stumbled when I jumped. Anyhow, I fell; and I must have rolled over more than once, because I was walking near the curb and I came to against a building. Is that Nero Wolfe?"

The door to the office had opened, and Wolfe was there, scowling at us. I told her yes and told him, "Miss Hattie Annis. She's telling me why she was late for her appointment. She went to her house on Forty-seventh Street, and when she was coming back, a car climbed the curb and hit her. I know there's no chair here big enough for you, but she ought to stay flat a little longer."

"I am capable of standing for two minutes," he said stiffly.

"You don't look it," Hattie said. "You would do fine for Falstaff."

"Finish it," I told her. "And the car went on?"

"It must have. When I got up it was gone. A man and a woman helped me up, and another man stopped; but nothing was broke, and I could walk. So I walked. I didn't want to try climbing on a bus. I kept in close to the buildings and I stopped to rest about every block; and the last two blocks I didn't think I would make it, but I did. How did you know I was there if I fainted?"

"You rang the bell. I caught you before you hit bottom."

"And you carried me in, and I missed it? Carried by a man and didn't know it. What's life up to?"

Wolfe came in a step. "Madam. I told Mr. Goodwin I would give you two minutes."

She had lifted her head, and I had put a cushion under it. "I appreciate it," she said. "A wonderful day. Buster carries me in, and Falstaff gives me two minutes—and here's another one with coffee!"

Fritz's coming with the coffee eased the situation. To Wolfe, anyone having food or drink in his house is a guest; and guests have to be humored, within reason. He couldn't tell me to bounce her while I was bringing a stand for the tray and Fritz was filling her cup. So he stood and scowled. When she had taken a sip, he spoke. "Mr. Goodwin said you have something that you think is good for a reward. What is it?"

She had sat up and taken off the woolen gloves. She took another sip. "That's good coffee," she said. "First I'll tell you how I got it. I own that house on Forty-seventh Street. I was born in it." Then she had another sip. "Do you happen to know that all stage people are crazy?"

Wolfe grunted. "They have no monopoly."

"Maybe not, but theirs is a special kind. I'm not saying I like them, but they give me a feeling. My father owned a theater. My house is only an eight-minute walk from Times Square, and I only need one room and a kitchen, so they can live there whether they can pay or not. Five of them are living there now—three men and two girls—and they use the kitchen. They're supposed to make their beds and keep their rooms decent, and some of them do. I never go in their rooms. My room is the second-floor front."

"If you please." Wolfe was curt. "To the point."

"I'll get there, Falstaff. Let the lady talk." She took a sip. "Good coffee. The ground-floor front is the parlor. Nobody goes in there much since my mother died years ago, but once a week I go in and look around; and when I went in yesterday afternoon a mouse ran out from under the piano and went in back of the book shelves. Do you believe a mouse could run up a woman's leg?"

"No." Wolfe was emphatic.

"Neither do I. I got my umbrella from the hall and poked behind the shelves, but he didn't come out. There's no back to the shelves, so if I took the books out I'd have him. The bottom shelf has a *History of the Thirteen Colonies* in ten volumes and a set of Macaulay with the backs coming off. I took them all out, but the mouse wasn't there. He must have moved while I was getting the umbrella. But in back of the books was a little package I had never seen before; and I opened it, and that's what I've got. If I took it to the cops, good-by. We can split the reward three ways, you and me and Buster here."

"What's in it?"

Her head turned. "Open it, Buster."

I took it from my pocket, untied the string and unwrapped the paper. It was a stack of new twenty-dollar bills. I flipped through it at a corner and then at another corner—all twenties.

"Imagine handing that to the cops," Hattie said. "Of course he knew I had it and he tried to kill me."

Wolfe grunted. "How much, Archie?"

"About two inches thick. Two hundred and fifty to the inch. Ten thousand dollars, more or less."

"Madam. You say he tried to kill you. Who?"

"I don't know which one." She put her cup down and picked up the pot to pour. "It could be one of the girls, but I'd rather think not. If he hadn't tried to kill me, I would just as soon ——"

The doorbell rang. Putting the "lettuce" and paper and string on the chair, I went to the hall and took a look. It was a medium-sized, round-shouldered stranger in a dark gray overcoat and a snap brim nearly down to his ears. Before opening the door I shut the one to the front room.

"Yes, sir?"

He took a leather fold from a pocket, flipped it open and offered it. I took it. TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. SECRET SERVICE DIVISION. ALBERT LEACH. In the picture he had no hat on, but it was probably him. I handed it back.

"My name is Albert Leach," he said.

"Check," I said.

"I'd like to speak with Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Goodwin."

"Mr. Wolfe isn't available. I'm Goodwin."

"May I come in?"

It was a little ticklish. Of course, I had smelled a rat the second I saw his credentials. The walls and doors on that floor were all soundproofed, but with Wolfe and Hattie in there together there was no telling, and I didn't want him inside. But it had started to snow, and the stoop had no roof, and I certainly wanted to know what was on his mind.

I gave him room, and he stepped in. "I'm sorry," I said, "but Mr. Wolfe is busy, and I'm helping him with something, so if you'll tell me ——"

"Certainly." He had removed his hat. His hair was going, but it would be a couple of years before he could be called bald. "I want to ask about a woman named Baxter. Tamiris Baxter or Tammy Baxter. Is she here?"

"No. Around twenty-five? Five feet four, light brown hair, hazel eyes, hundred and twenty pounds, fur coat and fuzzy turban?"

He nodded. "That fits her."

"She was here this morning. She came at twenty minutes past ten, uninvited and unexpected, and left at ten-thirty."

"Has she been back?"

"No."

"Has she phoned?"

"No."

"Another woman named Annis, Hattie Annis. Has she been here?"

I cocked my head. "You know, Mr. Leach, I don't mind being polite, but what the hell. Mr. Wolfe is a licensed private detective, and so am I; and we don't answer miscellaneous questions just to pass the time. I've heard of Hattie Annis because Miss Baxter asked if she had been here, and I told her no. She asked me to phone her if she came, but I probably won't. What if this Hattie Annis comes and hires Mr. Wolfe to do a job? She might not want anyone to know she had been here. So skip it."

"I'm an officer of the law, Goodwin. I'm an agent of the United States Government."

"So you are. And?"

"I want to know if Hattie Annis has been here today."

"Ask her. Miss Baxter gave me the phone number. Do you want it?"

"I have it." He put his hat on. "I know your reputation, Goodwin, and Wolfe's. You may get away with fancy tricks with the New York Police Department, but I advise you not to try any with the Secret Service." He turned and walked out, leaving the door open.

I shut the door and then went to the office where I found Wolfe now seated beside his desk and Hattie nearby. Getting the best magnifying glass from a drawer of Wolfe's desk and a new twenty-dollar bill from the safe, I interrupted what Hattie had started to tell him. She broke off and turned to me. "You're just in time, Buster. He's trying to tell me there may be no reward, and I never heard of ——What are you doing?"

I had picked up the stack of bills and was going to a window. I put the one on top side by side with the one I had taken from the safe. One minute with the glass settled it. I took the one from the bottom of the stack and one from the middle and used the glass on them—the same. I stuck the good one in my pocket and crossed the room again.

"There'll probably be an *award*," I said. "Official. They're phonies—counterfeit."

I told a friend of mine about this incident one day a few weeks later; and when I got this far, I asked her to guess what Hattie's reaction had been. "That's easy," my friend said. "She accused you of taking good bills from the package and substituting bad ones. You should have known she would." My friend couldn't have been more wrong, but I admit it was my fault. I hadn't drawn Hattie true to life. What Hattie actually said was, "Of course they're counterfeit. Why would he hide real money in my parlor? And why would I bring it to Nero Wolfe?"

"You knew they were phonies?" I demanded.

"I knew they must be."

"You didn't mention it."

"Why should I? To you two great detectives? You (*Continued on Page 68*)

"I just smashed my compact . . . car, that is."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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They never leave home

The 2,300 students at Ohio's historic Oberlin College come from 50 states and some 40 foreign lands. But they're only a "dial" away from their families—thanks to an *Independent* telephone company.

For 128 years, Oberlin College has been setting precedents. It was the first coeducational institution, awarded the first BA degrees to women, adopted the first anti-discrimination policy in admitting students. Mock political conventions, the Anti-Saloon League, and the Underground Railway are part of its history.

This forward-looking attitude also shaped the town. Witness its modern dial telephone system, provided by the *independently* owned and managed Northern Ohio Telephone Company.

Direct Distance Dialing is now being installed, a convenience still only enjoyed in about half of the nation's homes.

In its 69-exchange service area, Northern Ohio Telephone introduced microwave in 1956 and Direct Distance Dialing in 1957. Virtually all of its 118,000 telephones are dial operated. It is now completing and will maintain the specialized automatic switching equipment for Oberlin's new Air Route Traffic Control Center, an electronic traffic cop for 7,632 miles of Federal airways.

You'll find this story of growth repeated by forward-looking Independents everywhere. With 11,000,000 telephones in service from the Florida Keys to Ketchikan, they're adding another $1,000,000 daily to their nearly $4,000,000,000 investment . . . to help you reach *all* America.

This is a vital, vigorous industry. It's one you should know more about, and the facts are contained in "An American Story." For your free copy, write: *Dept. 01, U. S. Independent Telephone Association, Pennsylvania Bldg., Washington 4, D. C.*

INDEPENDENT

Oberlin's world-wide student body benefits from a $37,368,000 endowment, to which significant contributions were made by graduate Charles Martin Hall, inventor of the modern method for manufacturing aluminum.

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE—THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

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(*Continued from Page 66*) knew it, too, or you wouldn't have examined them with a magnifying glass."

I shook my head. "I didn't know it; I only suspected it. I suspected it when I answered the bell just now and found a T-man at the door. A T-man is a Secret Service agent of the Treasury Department. He wanted to know if a woman named Tamiris Baxter was here. I told him no, that she was here this morning for ten minutes and left her ——"

"Tammy Baxter? Tammy was here?"

"Right. She wanted to know if you had been here, and I told her no. She left her phone number and asked me to ring her if you came. Then the T-man asked if Hattie Annis had been here, and I told him I was against answering miscellaneous questions, which is true; but the thing was, I had got curious about this stack of bills and wanted to take a look. So he left, and I came and looked. Now you say you knew they were counterfeit."

"Archie." Wolfe was gruff. "You saw that man's credentials?"

"Of course."

"He asked for Miss Annis?"

"He asked if she had been here."

"Why didn't you bring him in?"

"Because I wanted to look at the bills. If they were O.K., I saw no reason to let a T-man disturb a guest of yours who appreciates Fritz's coffee."

The trouble was, she had finished with the coffee. "Very well," he said, "you have looked at them. Does the Secret Service have a New York office?"

"Yes." A list of the things any two-bit dick knows and Wolfe doesn't would fill a book.

"Call them and report. If Miss Annis leaves before they arrive, keep the bills; and of course they will want the wrapping paper. Give her a receipt if she wants one."

"Do you mean that?" she demanded. "Call the cops and hand it over?"

"Not the cops, madam." He was sharp. "The Secret Service. I have a responsibility as a citizen. Counterfeit money is contraband. I can't let you walk out of my house with it."

She put a hand on the desk edge for a prop. "Bootlicker," she said. "The great detective Nero Wolfe just a flunky for the cops. If Falstaff was here I'd apologize to him. Maybe he wasn't much of a hero, but he was no toady. You can't glare me down—the lady's going to talk. I found that stuff in my house and I thought I'd rather just burn it than turn it over to the cops. I thought the thing to do was find out who put it there and then go to a newspaper. Finding a counterfeiter ought to call for a reward. But I didn't know how to find out because my mind doesn't work like that, so I thought I would get a detective and split the reward with him. And I might as well get the best, so I go to Nero Wolfe; and this is what happens. Counterfeit money may be contraband, but it's not your counterfeit money, it's mine; I found it in my house. But what do you care? You want to play up to the cops, so you tell him to call them and report; and you keep the bills and swagger out. I spit at you. I don't spit, but I spit at you." She about-faced. "You, too, Buster? Is this what you carried me in for?"

"Madam," Wolfe said.

She whirled back. "Don't madam me!"

"You have a point," Wolfe said. "I reject your charge of servility, but you have a point—and an interesting one. I am not an officer of the law. Has a private citizen the right to confiscate contraband? I doubt it. Even if he has the right, is it a duty? Surely not. That counterfeit money is yours until it is seized by public authority. I confess to error, but I was prompted by expedience, not sycophancy. I merely wanted to get clear of a muddle. Now, confound it, you have raised a point I can't ignore, but neither can I ignore my obligation as a citizen. I offer a suggestion—Mr. Goodwin will put the bills in my safe and go with you to your house and investigate. You say you wanted to engage me to identify and expose the counterfeiter; he will decide if that is feasible without prolonged and expensive inquiry. If it isn't, I'll return your property to you; but I shall notify the Secret Service that I am doing so. In either case I shall expect no fee. You are not my client. I am merely wriggling out of a muddle."

"We split the reward three ways," she said.

"I have no interest in a reward." He flipped a hand, discarding it. "There probably won't be any."

"There had better be. I don't need it. I've got enough to go on and then some, but I've never earned any money, and this is my chance. Keeping it in your safe, that's all right. I'm not going to apologize for what I said until I see what happens."

"I wouldn't expect you to.... Archie?"

I moved. The bills were still in my hand, but the wrapping paper and string were on the chair. I went and got them, holding the paper by a corner. "A question," I said. "Since he hid it where it might possibly be found, he might have had sense enough not to leave prints, but he might not. If not, I've got him right here. I can find out in ten minutes, but it would be tampering with evidence; and the question is, do I?"

"Of course," Hattie said. "I thought of that, but I didn't know how."

"You can't test it without leaving traces," Wolfe said.

"No."

"Then don't. That can wait."

Of course my prints were already there—on both the bills and the paper—but there was no point in adding more; so I took care putting the bills and paper in the safe. I asked Wolfe if he had any instructions; and he said no, that I knew what the situation required. I got Hattie's bag and gloves from the front room; she hadn't taken her coat off. I thought I might as well try her pulse, but she wouldn't let me. When I showed her to the lavatory to look in the mirror, she had to admit her face could stand some attention. And when she came out, the smudge was gone, and she had even tucked her hair in some.

Walking to Tenth Avenue for a taxi, she limped a little; but she said it was nothing, just that her hip had a sore spot. When we were stopped by a red light at Thirty-eighth Street, the sight of a harness bull on the sidewalk prompted her to explain why she was so down on him and his. I got it that her father had been shot by one without provocation, but she seemed a little hazy about the details; and I was more interested in something else—what did she know of Tammy Baxter? She must be involved somehow, since the T-man wanted her. Hattie said no, it couldn't be Tammy, because she only had one suit, two dresses, three blouses and two skirts, and her fur coat was rabbit, and if she were a counterfeiter she would have more clothes. I conceded that that was pretty decisive, but why was the T-man interested in her? How long had she been living in Hattie's house? Three weeks. What did Hattie know of her background and history? Nothing. Hattie never asked for references. When someone came and wanted a place to sleep, she just sized him up—or her.

The four other current roomers had all been there longer—one of them, Raymond Dell, more than three years. In the 'Thirties, Dell had always had enough work to lunch at Sardi's twice a week; and in the 'Forties he had done fairly well in Hollywood. But now he was down to a few television crumbs.

Noel Ferris had been there a year and a half. A year ago he had been in a play which had folded in four days, and in one this season which had lasted two weeks.

Paul Hannah had been at Hattie's four months. He was a kid in his early twenties with no Broadway record. He was rehearsing in a show that was to open next month at an off-Broadway theater, the Mushroom.

Martha Kirk was an eleven-month resident, twenty years old. She was in *Short and Sweet* for a year, now studying at the Eastern Ballet Studio.

That was what I had got when the taxi rolled to the curb in Forty-seventh Street. Tammy Baxter had said the house was a dump, and it was, like hundreds of others in that part of town. The wind whirled some snow into the vestibule when I pushed the door open. Hattie used her key on the inner door, and we entered. I had told her that I would first take a look at the book shelf, to see if the dust situation could furnish any information as to how long the package had been there; but as we were taking off our coats in the hall, a voice came booming down the stairs, "Is that you, Hattie?"

The owner of the voice was following it down. He was a tall thin guy with a marvelous mane of wavy white hair, in an ancient blue dressing gown with spots on it. He was rumbling, "Where on earth have you been, or above it or beneath? Without you this house is a sepulcher! There are no oranges." He noticed me. "How do you do, sir."

"Mr. Goodwin.... Mr. Dell," Hattie said. I started to offer a hand, but he was bowing; so I bowed instead.

A voice sounded behind me, "This way for oranges, Ray! I got some.... Good morning, Hattie—I mean afternoon."

Raymond Dell headed for the rear of the hall, where a girl was standing in a doorway. And when Hattie followed him, I tagged along into the kitchen. On a big linoleum-topped table in the center, a large brass bowl was piled high with oranges; and by the time I entered, Dell had taken one and started to peel it. There was a smell of coffee.

"Miss Kirk.... Mr. Goodwin," Hattie said.

Martha Kirk barely looked her twenty. She was ornamental both above the neck and below. She gave me a glance and a nod and asked Hattie, "Do you know where Tammy is? Two phone calls. A man, no name."

Hattie said she didn't know. Dell looked up from his orange to rumble at me, "You're a civilian, Mr. Goodwin?"

It was a well-put question; since if I weren't in show business, my reply would show whether I was close enough to it to know that stage people call outsiders civilians. But Hattie replied for me.

"You watch your tongue with Mr. Goodwin," she told him. "He thinks he's going to do a piece about me and my house, and that's why he's here. We're all going to be famous. There'll be a picture of us with Carol Jasper. She lived here nearly a year."

"What magazine?" Dell demanded. Martha Kirk skipped around the table to curtsy to me. "What would you like?" she asked. "An omelet of larks' eggs? With truffles?"

I was a little sorry I had suggested that explanation of me to Hattie. It would be a shame to disappoint a girl who could curtsy like that. "You'd better save it," I said. "This egg not only hasn't hatched, it's not even laid yet."

Raymond Dell was boring holes through me with deep-set blue-gray eyes. "I wouldn't have my picture taken with Carol Jasper," he said, "for all the gold of Ormus and of Ind."

"You can squat down behind," Hattie said. "Come on, Mr. Goodwin." She moved. "He wants to see the house. I hope the beds are made."

I said I'd see them later and followed her out. Halfway down the hall she asked, not lowering her voice, "How was that? All right?"

"Fine," I said, loud enough to carry back. "They're interested. That'll help."

She stopped at a door on the left toward the front, opened it and went in. I followed and closed the door. The window blinds were down, and it was almost as dark as night. But she flipped a wall switch, and light came from a cluster of bulbs in the ceiling. I glanced around—a sofa and chairs to match, a fireplace with a marble mantel, bright-colored carpet, an upright piano against the wall on the right and, beyond the piano, shelves of books.

"Here," Hattie said and went to the shelves. "I put the books back like they were." As I moved to join her, the corner of my eye caught something, and I turned my head. And seeing it, I turned more and then froze. It was Tammy Baxter, lying on the floor behind the sofa, staring up at the ceiling. And, as if to show her where to stare, the handle of a knife, at right angles to her chest, was pointing straight at the cluster of lights.

TO BE CONTINUED

"He has a mild manic-depressive psychosis involving recurring cycles of exhilaration and depression . . . caused by fleas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dial "S" for Satellite (Continued from Page 15)

days, handling a total of 118,000,000 words and several facsimile photographs between Deal, New Jersey, and Ponce, Puerto Rico. Then something went wrong, apparently in the command decoder, and it refused to respond to the code-message "key," although the tracking oscillator continued to whistle.

Passive and active satellites both have certain advantages, and NASA plans to launch a second and larger Echo near the end of 1961. The space agency is also beginning an active-satellite program, and it is this type which the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with its research affiliate, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, is busy developing as the practical solution to the anticipated telephone traffic jam. The A.T. and T. has applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to operate an experimental satellite circuit between Holmdel, New Jersey, and points in Western Europe and the United Kingdom. The first active satellite in this program is expected to be completed in about a year. Anticipating successful trials, A.T. and T. is also seeking frequency allocations for a commercial system. Operational circuits would employ a procession of satellites, so that as one moved out of range the call could be automatically switched to the next one.

Because of its 100-foot diameter and aluminum-coated plastic skin, Echo has been by far the most visible of all the satellites. It is the only one now orbiting which can be seen with the naked eye. Millions of persons all around the world, gazing into the sky during the first or last hours of darkness, have watched Echo's scintillating passage, like a steadily moving star, and have seen it wink out as it entered the earth's shadow.

The show has had universal appeal. Newspapers carried daily announcements of Echo's schedule: "At 7:06 P.M. north of city, eighty-six degrees above horizon, moving southeast, and at 9:16 P.M. south of city, ten degrees above horizon, moving southeast." In New York City you could dial MEridian 7-1212 for the time of day and also get Echo's schedule. At Jones Beach, orchestra leader Guy Lombardo on several evenings glanced at his watch, stopped the music and invited the concert audience to gaze at the satellite's transit. In Danville, Virginia, Sam Smoot, trying to get a better look at Echo, fell from the roof of his house, broke a rib and thereby became the first known casualty of an orbiting satellite.

In Greece, during the open-air performance of a classic play embracing the theme that the world never changes, actors and audience stopped and looked up to see the newest evidence of change.

This particular item in the world's changing scene owes its origin to that blend of imagination and engineering plausibility found in the best science-fiction writers. One of the most widely read of this genus, Dr. Arthur C. Clarke, proposed as long ago as 1945 a twenty-four-hour-orbit satellite for communications. Today, under the project name ADVENT, the United States Department of Defense is allocating several hundred million dollars to develop just such a satellite. Orbiting at a height of 22,300 miles, it would synchronize with the earth's turning and remain steadily over the same spot to serve as a stationary relay. Three of them would provide world-wide communications circuits.

It remained for Doctor Pierce, the Bell Telephone scientist, to bring the communications satellite idea down from fantasy to practical engineering equations. This he began to do in 1954.

Doctor Pierce is slat-thin (126 pounds), erect, full of nervous energy and, in thought and movement, as agile as a wire spring. His deep-set blue eyes, behind metal-rimmed spectacles, flash with enthusiasm as he talks of satellite details. He'll bound from his chair to get a letter or journal from the next room to illustrate a point.

As a high-school senior, John Pierce won second prize in a contest conducted by *Science Wonder Stories* with a thriller about men from Mars invading New York and making off with the Woolworth building. Science-fiction writing helped pay his expenses at the California Institute of Technology, where he obtained his bachelor's and doctor's degrees in 1933 and 1936, respectively. He has been at Bell Laboratories ever since, making numerous contributions in the fields of electronics and communications.

"There had been some talk of putting up satellites, even in 1954," Doctor Pierce recalled. "At the Redstone Arsenal, near Birmingham, some basic planning was done, for example, on an object called Orbiter. So I began to wonder if a satellite might not be useful in communications. Our systems engineers assured me that because of the high cost of ocean cables, satellites might indeed be useful. I therefore made calculations on several types of satellites, a spherical reflector like Echo, and even one with large-plane mirrors, which would reflect back a larger signal than a curved surface. I also considered the use of active satellites, containing radio-relay units and equipped with directional antennas."

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Patty McCormick, Olympic diving star

Patty McCormick's "secret"

for judging good places to eat

"Being a gal who's on the go quite a bit, and who likes good food," says diving champion Patty McCormick, "I've learned a trick or two about judging eating places.

"My 'secret,' if you want to call it that, is just a simple five-letter word—H-e-i-n-z. Wherever I see a Heinz Soup Kitchen, I know I can get soup—or a Minute Meal—just like the ones I have so often at home."

P.S. *Patty's right about the ready-to-serve Heinz Soups you get when you eat out. They taste just like the Heinz Condensed Soups you enjoy at home. You'll find piping-hot Heinz Soups and Minute Meals available in vending machines in many plants and office buildings, too.*

You feel at home wherever you find 57

HEINZ QUALITY FOODS

But Bell wasn't in the business of launching satellites. "So we decided the best thing to do," said Doctor Pierce, "was to tuck this matter into the back of our minds and to pursue advances in the microwave art, which would make satellite communications more attractive once launching was achieved."

The Russians proved in the autumn of 1957 that launching could be attained, and in the spring of 1958 Doctor Pierce revived discussion of communications satellites in a classified meeting at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences. One of those who expressed definite interest was Dr. William H. Pickering, of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, operated at Goldstone, California, by Doctor Pierce's alma mater, Cal Tec. Goldstone was to be the party on the other end of the line from Holmdel, New Jersey, when Echo became the space switchboard.

"Meanwhile we'd heard about the large plastic balloons the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics was using to measure air drag at high altitudes," Doctor Pierce said. "We went to Langley Field to see William O'Sullivan, designer of the balloon. And we carried out various tests on the plastic, a DuPont Mylar film thinner than cellophane cigarette wrapper but much tougher."

The Echo project got under way formally in the spring of 1959. It was sponsored jointly by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Naval Research Laboratory, Bell Telephone Laboratories and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. While O'Sullivan and his group worked on the balloon itself at Langley Field, and NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, now at Greenbelt, Maryland, organized the tracking and orbit calculation procedures, Doctor Pierce and his associates perfected the sensitive listening equipment required to pick up signals reflected from an orbiting sphere 1000 miles up. Echo's present orbit is an elliptical one ranging from 694 to 1270 miles in altitude.

Here the engineers become involved in the virtues vs. the weaknesses of satellite communications and the task of screening out ground noises in order to hear the messages coming back from the sky. Ground interference is from many sources. A major one is the expanding network of microwave channels used by the television industry, the telephone company (30 per cent of the long-distance calls now travel via microwave), by state police and highway patrols and by many private concerns such as pipeline companies and railroads. The concrete or steel microwave-relay towers, topped by small dish- or wedge-shaped antennas facing in two directions, like machine-age Januses, are visible to anyone driving along a turnpike or across the country.

As if these were not enough noise sources to worry about, the satellite scientists must concern themselves with interference from apparently silent objects—trees and hills, fence posts, houses and barns. These are sources of thermal noise or "Johnson noise," named for a Bell scientist, J. B. Johnson, now retired.

"Johnson noise is the low-frequency part of the electromagnetic radiation sent out by all hot bodies," Doctor Pierce explained, "and in this context 'hot' means anything above absolute zero. If you aim the antenna of a microwave receiver tuned to twenty megacycles at a clump of trees on a mild summer day, at a temperature, say, of 68 degrees Fahrenheit, you'd pick up Johnson noise measuring eight times 10^{-13} watts. (One 80-trillionths of a watt.) Aiming the antenna at the sun, on this wave length, would yield twenty times as much Johnson noise, but pointing it straight up into the night sky would bring only one one hundredth as much as the trees."

Static of such low intensity doesn't bother ordinary radio transmission, but with very faint messages, as in satellite communications, it is something to contend with.

Now a big advantage of satellites for radio-relay stations is that they ride high above this clatter of ground static, and the transmitting and receiving antennas are aimed for the most part into a cold sky, relatively free of Johnson noise. As Doctor Pierce has remarked, the path is clear and the engineer has "nothing to fight but sheer distance." That some sort of radio message can span tremendous distances has been proved in the case of Pioneer V, which was last heard from at 22,500,000 miles, streaking toward the sun. But intelligible messages of the kind employed in telephone conversations are more difficult to transmit and receive. The problem with Echo is one of tremendous dilution of the original signal, and, to a lesser degree, this will apply to all satellite circuits.

Doctor Pierce stated the situation this way: "Consider the fact that Echo, although 100 feet in diameter, appears at 1000 miles distance only as large as a half dollar would look from a mile away. (That we can see it at all is due to the way it reflects sunlight.) The transmitter beam is only one degree of arc in width, and at a distance of 1000 miles it has spread out so much that only a millionth of it hits the satellite. The latter reflects the received impulses in all directions, and most of the energy is wasted out in space. We receive, back here at the ground station, only a hundredth of a billionth of the reflected message. Thus, our original transmission has been diluted a hundred million billion times."

As Pres. Frederick R. Kappel of A.T. and T. has observed, "To take that

... ...

North Shore

By Herbert Merrill

Earth closes here with
nothing more to say.
It speaks a final leaf and
then gives way
Entirely to the silent sea and
sky,
The only comment now a
gull's cold cry
Or spent wave whispering
upon the sand
In soft astonishment at
touching land.
A thousand miles away,
when I was young,
Each flower spoke a colored
word, each tongue
Of summer grass a
reassuring phrase.
The nights were loud with
stars, and all the days
Sang with the yellow music
of the sun.
But that was long ago, and
I for one
Welcome the silence now
and, even more,
The harsh integrity of this
far shore.

... ...

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tenth of a millionth of a millionth of a watt reflected from a big balloon a thousand miles up in the sky and play tricks with it so that you will have the illusion of talking with someone at the other end of a six-foot table, this takes a lot of doing."

Happily, Bell scientists had already developed the equipment needed to pull off the trick. A key item is a supersensitive listening antenna built like a gigantic ear trumpet. Designed by Arthur B. Crawford, an engineer at the company's Holmdel lab, it is a scaled-up version of the small horns on the Bell system's microwave towers, used to carry long-distance phone calls and network television. The big horn is fifty-feet long, with a side opening twenty-feet square. It is mounted on a rotating track so that the opening can be aimed at any part of the sky, bringing in the faint messages from the satellite and blocking out, with the aluminum side walls, most of the Johnson noise from the surrounding landscape.

The small end of the tapering horn enters a control cab, where it is linked to another important part of the listening apparatus. This is the MASER, alphabetese for "microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation." It was invented by Nicholaas Bloembergen of Harvard, and first demonstrated by Bell scientists Derrick Scovil, George Feher and Harold Seidel, and its heart is a synthetic ruby crystal six inches long, which generates a hundred times less noise than comparable vacuum-tube amplifiers. To perform most efficiently the ruby must be kept at a temperature of 456 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and this is achieved by jacketing it in liquid nitrogen and liquid helium. The MASER amplifies the weak incoming satellite messages 4000 times. Further amplification and noise reduction are gained by a special frequency-modulation circuit with feedback, invented in 1933 by Joseph G. Chaffee, of the Bell labs.

All of the Bell apparatus for communicating with the satellite, including a sixty-foot radar-type transmitting antenna, is assembled on Crawford Hill (no relation to engineer Arthur Crawford) near Holmdel, New Jersey.

It was here, on August 12, 1960, that a team of Bell engineers, headed by William Jakes, heard the first telephone message reflected off Echo from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Goldstone, California. The message, previously dictated by President Eisenhower, was transmitted from a tape recorder at Goldstone and it came through to Holmdel as clearly as though the President had been speaking over a Washington-to-New York television circuit. The following day Bill Jakes at Holmdel and Phil Tardoni at Goldstone held the first two-way transcontinental phone conversation via satellite.

The Crawford Hill crew, and everyone else connected with Project Echo, had worked themselves to a nervous frazzle preparing for the launching They had calibrated their instruments by bouncing radio and voice messages off the moon, with brilliant success, and had rehearsed every detail of the satellite routine many times. When, after two interrupted countdowns on August ninth and tenth, the "bird" finally flew into orbit on the twelfth, cheers went up in the control shack. There were now more weeks of night work as the engineers piled up as much information as they could on signal strength, the degree of fading, the reliability of the orbit, and so on. Then both Doctor Pierce and Mr. Crawford took off for scientific meetings in Europe.

Crawford sailed on one of the Queens, and on the first clear night at sea he asked the ship's radio officer for information on Echo's transit. "I thought it would be interesting to watch it from the boat," he said, "and I was sure some of the other passengers might like to see it too. But it appeared the radio officer had no information and wasn't inclined to wire for it. 'After all,' he said to me, 'this isn't a British satellite.' "

Happily such chauvinism was not typical of world reaction. Interest was widespread, as we indicated earlier in this article. And among the letters on Doctor Pierce's desk when he returned was one from three French children—Pierre, Marianne and Francois Lequiller, ages eleven, ten and nine, respectively. They live at the French Embassy at Beirut, Lebanon, but wrote while on holiday in Switzerland, saying, "We have seen yesterday night Echo in the sky. It was very beautiful, and we were very happy. We admire you very much, and we would like to do the same when we are older."

A remarkable feature of the Echo performance was that its launching and tracking were so accurate that Goldstone and Holmdel both were able to get the "bird" in their sights its first time around. It was launched from Cape Canaveral, Florida, by a Thor-Delta three-stage rocket, controlled by a Bell-lab radio guidance system. The aluminum-coated balloon, during the ride into space, was folded and packaged in a two-foot-diameter magnesium container. When the orbiting point was reached, the container was broken open and a quantity of volatile chemical powder changed into gas and inflated the balloon to its 100-foot dimensions.

The Canaveral lift-off had been at 5:39 A.M., Eastern Daylight time, with the satellite headed in a southeasterly direction. It carried two small radio beacons, powered by miniature storage batteries connected to solar cells for recharging. The "beep" from the beacons was first picked up by a tracking station at Trinidad, and next by one at Johannesburg, South Africa. At 7:05 A.M. a station at Woomera, Australia, reported the balloon had been sighted optically, and by radio. At 7:34 Goldstone reported "acquisition," which means it had the satellite spotted, and at 7:41 the Eisenhower message stating "This is one more significant step in the United States program of space research and exploration" was on its way. Holmdel caught every word of it, was even able to record several repeat playings before the satellite passed out of range.

Tracking satellites and plotting their orbits is a global undertaking that involves split-second teamwork and round-the-clock co-operation. For Echo and most of the other nonmilitary American satellites the nerve center of the operation is at NASA's new Goddard Space Flight center, a mushrooming sprawl of low buildings in the woods a few miles off the Baltimore-Washington Parkway. Here are assembled thirty-nine teletype machines, a battery of telephones and $5,000,000 worth of I.B.M. computers. Into this center flow the sky-watching reports from two dozen tracking stations scattered around the world—North and South America, Africa, Asia and Australia. Ten are NASA minitrack stations, like the one at Blossom Point, Maryland, south of Washington, where an array of thirteen rectangular antennas, laid out on the ground in precise relation to one another, pick up the incoming satellite radio "beeps" in such a way as to indicate the exact course, direction and velocity of the satellite. Twelve other global stations are operated by the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and are equipped with special wide-angle Nunn-Baker astronomical cameras. These photograph the passage of visible satellites.

Echo's persistent visibility has been one of the surprises of the satellite program. There were bets at Holmdel on whether or not the flimsy balloon would collapse once it entered the coldness of the earth's shadow; but it didn't. Dr. Leonard Jaffe, chief of the communications-satellite program at NASA, explained that while it had doubtless lost most, if not all, of its gas, the surrounding air at 1000 miles is so thin that there was nothing to collapse it. "But the balloon has a memory of having been folded," Doctor Jaffe said, "and that has caused it to wrinkle. This is what makes the light intensity wax and wane as it passes across the night sky. Part of the twinkling is produced by the thin clouds between Echo and the observer, but most of it is due to the wrinkles."

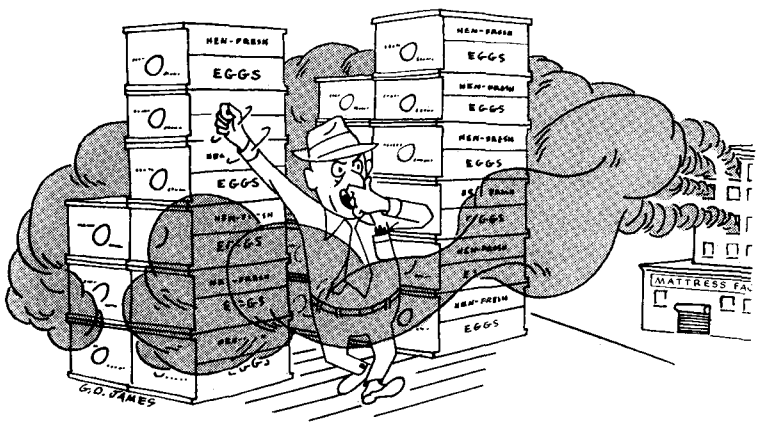
Doctor Jaffe promises that the next Echo satellite, to be hung in the sky sometime this year, will be made more wrinkle-resistant. Several methods are available—using a ribbed structure, making the balloon of foil instead of film, or spraying a chemical hardener on the inner surface after it is inflated.

Although Echo has been a shining success as a message reflector and as a nighttime spectacle, hopes for a practical satellite-communications system rest mainly on objects like Courier, which carry power-driven radio-relay equipment. Courier itself, designed for storing and forwarding secret military messages, may be needlessly complex for a common-carrier telephone circuit. And it was apparently a failure of what was recognized as its most vulnerable part, the command decoder, that caused it to go silent. But in building Courier, the engineers at Ft. Monmouth and at the Philco laboratories at Palo Alto faced a number of curious problems that will be common to all space relay stations. Pierce Siglin, at Ft. Monmouth, and Gerald Moore, Philco's satellite-project manager at Palo Alto, spent much of their time tackling these problems together.

One is the rarefied atmosphere—actually a high vacuum—in which everything must operate. In such an environment lubricants evaporate, and so do many glues and plastics. Therefore, extreme care must be used in choosing materials, and any component with moving parts must be sealed in a pressurized gas.

Another tough problem arises from the fact that the side of the satellite toward the sun heats up to 300 degrees F., while the shady side falls to 75 below zero—or would if something were not done to move the heat quickly through the sphere from the hot to the cold side. Since the satellite is spinning and tumbling, the task of transferring the heat smoothly is doubly difficult. It is achieved by careful placing of the component parts and by using black, aluminum or gold coatings—depending on how much absorption or radiation each unit requires. Certain parts of a $10,000 microwave receiver are solid gold, because this provides just the proper rate of heat transfer for this position.

The most difficult hot spot is the five-watt transmitter. When operating it heats up, and the heat must be removed. When turned off it cools down. "We fiddled around with various arrangements for the transmitter and adjacent equipment,"



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Smoke from a big mattress-factory fire across the street swirled through the warehouse where Butterworth had stored thousands of eggs. After the fire, the eggs were found to taste like burned straw. As nobody would touch them, Butterworth sought to collect their market value under a policy insuring him against "all loss or damage caused by fire." When the company refused to pay, he sued.

"Where there's smoke, there's fire," he argued. "It is obvious that the mattress fire across the street ruined my entire stock of eggs and that the insurance should cover the loss."

"The fire never came near Butterworth's eggs," the insurance firm's counsel retorted. "The flames were across the street, and not an egg was actually damaged by fire. So we aren't liable."

If you were the judge, would you award smoke damages to Butterworth?

• •

Butterworth won. The court said that a fire does not necessarily have to be on the premises of the insured for him to collect damages for actual smoke or fire losses.

Based upon a 1959 Minnesota case.

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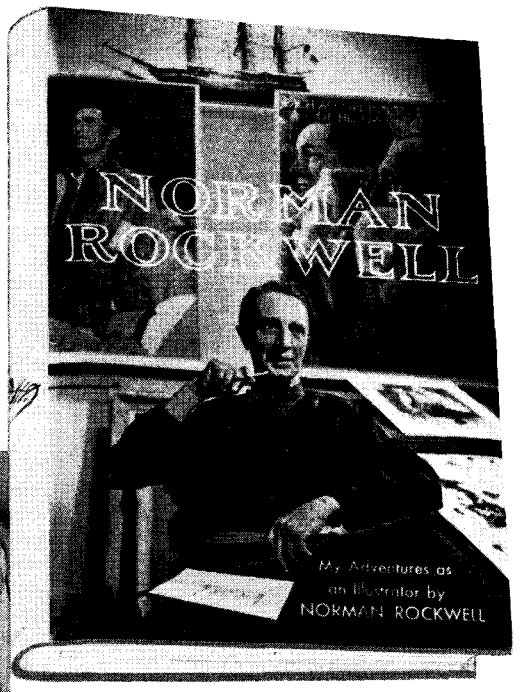
Norman Rockwell



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Mr. Moore recalled, "but none of them seemed to work satisfactorily.

"We finally solved it," he said, pointing to a photograph showing a small yellow box mounted next to the transmitter. He smiled broadly. "But you'd never guess where the idea came from.

"Since most of the Courier components are nonclassified, I had been discussing them at home. One evening my sixteen-year-old daughter Nancy looked up from her high-school physics book and asked, 'Daddy, have you ever thought of using the latent heat of fusion?' Talk about 'out of the mouths of babes'! She had really hit on something. I don't know why we hadn't thought of it ourselves, but we hadn't. So, we got some wax and sealed it up in a metal box. When the transmitter was on, the heat was absorbed in the melting of the wax. When the transmitter was off, the heat left the wax as the latter solidified. Nancy's idea worked beautifully."

Once a satellite is launched you can't get at it to fix it—at least not now. Consequently, every one of its parts must be designed for a long and trouble-free life. This puts an unprecedented premium on reliability. Beardsley Graham, manager of satellite-systems planning for Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, said at a Federal Communications Commission hearing that "improved reliability of life in orbit is so important we could pay someone a million dollars if he could invent a battery that is only twice as good as the present batteries." And these are pretty fancy. The cadmium dry cells in Courier, for example, cost $7500 apiece.

Bell scientists and engineers, now building their first experimental active satellite, are aiming at commercial models that will function without interruption for ten or twenty years. The batteries must carry the load for about a third of the time, the part in the earth's shadow. In the sunlight they will be recharged by the "bird's" blue-spangled covering of solar cells.

Another critical element of the Bell relay satellite is the single vacuum tube needed for the transmitter. It will be a so-called traveling-wave tube, about a foot long, as thin as a pencil and housed in a heavy metal casing. The invention of Dr. Rudolph Kompfner, a Vienna-born architect turned radio engineer, the tube, in some models, is capable of carrying 2000 telephone messages simultaneously. It has already proved its ruggedness in missiles and its durability in prolonged laboratory testing. Hundreds of other vacuum tubes have been in continuous undersea service since the transatlantic-phone cables were laid in 1956. Kompfner and his Bell colleagues are therefore confident they can make satellite tubes that will give trouble-free service for twenty years.

There are many other electronic and atmospheric nuts to crack, including the possible damaging effect of the Van Allen belt of cosmic radiation a few thousand miles out from the earth's surface. No one yet knows how much this radiation will shorten the life of the solar cells or the internal organs of the man-made "birds." But the communications engineers are optimistic. Charles M. Mapes, assistant chief engineer of A.T. and T., whose job is planning systems so that equipment keeps up with the mushrooming demand, believes "We can have a satellite system working in five years and in reasonably good commercial operation in ten years."

What will it cost? Much less than the additional submarine cables necessary to take care of the growing traffic, says Mr. Mapes. "If you allow for fifty orbiting satellites, at about 3000 miles altitude, each capable of handling 600 telephone channels and a two-way television channel (one TV channel takes up as much frequency space as about 900 voice conversations), the cost of building and launching them can be estimated," Mr. Mapes told the Federal Communications Commission, "at about $100,000,000. The cost of twenty-six ground stations strategically scattered around the world would come to about $70,000,000. Thus, to provide an adequate satellite-communications system between the United States and the rest of the world would cost about $170,000,000."

The A.T. and T. and Bell laboratories are so sold on the idea that they are using their own funds to build the experimental satellite and would expect to underwrite the whole satellite-communications network, in co-operation with companies and government agencies which operate the foreign ends of the lines, as they now do in the case of the transoceanic cables. Interest has already been expressed by groups in England and on the continent. Mr. Kappel, the A.T. and T. president says contractors may be engaged to launch the satellites, but he believes ownership and operation should be in the hands of those who provide the phone services in the countries involved.

Satellites are not expected to handle the increased load alone. Anticipating an increase of world telephones from the present 133,000,000 to about 500,000,000 by 1980, A.T. and T. also is planning more underseas cables, including a third telephone cable to England, to be laid in 1963. But cables cannot handle as much traffic as the satellites.

Unfortunately for the spectators, who've got used to seeing the big Echo balloon twinkling in the night sky, the active satellites, only about four feet in diameter, won't be visible to the naked eye. If they were, they would provide an almost continuous display. For it is estimated we'll have some 300 satellites orbiting the earth within the next ten years. NASA alone has announced it expects to launch "birds" of all varieties at a rate of about twenty-eight a year.

Though they aren't visible, someone must keep account of them, and as Mr. Graham of Lockheed pointed out in the FCC hearings, "this will become a rather serious bookkeeping problem." For military reasons, he noted, it is necessary to determine when a new satellite appears in orbit. This means the tracking stations must constantly be on the lookout for new ones.

"Isn't there any way of getting rid of these things, once you put them up there?" Mr. Graham was asked.

"Well, the problem of collecting debris from space has been given serious consideration," he replied, "and there are programs under way which will make it possible. The trouble is that it costs almost as much to remove satellites from the sky as it does to put them up."

Will the disposal problem slow down the far-out phone business? It hasn't hampered the automobile business. At least we can be grateful that the used-satellite graveyards are high in the sky—or will be until celestial tow trucks learn how to bring them down. THE END

One of the sadder facts of life is that it's quite possible to lend a hand and borrow trouble at the same time.

FRANCIS O'WALSH

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Heal a Wounded Heart

(Continued from Page 20)

His lips moved in a tight, bitter smile. "How right you are. What grade are you in?"

"I told you that too. I'm in second. I'll be in third this fall."

Younger than Judy—if Judy had lived.

"She would have been in fifth," he said to the dead sand and the dead sky and the dead ocean. And her hair wasn't sun-bleached blond, like late-summer grass—it was red. The same color as her mother's. My lovely, my loved—Irene, my wife. And he thought with foolish clarity that if Irene had been alive now, she'd have worn her hair in one of these new styles—like a beehive maybe. A beautiful red beehive.

John Durham began to shiver. His fingers dug in the sand and worked frantically.

The child before him said, "My teacher would scold you. We try to keep our hands quiet—especially when someone's talking to us."

"School's out," he said thickly, groping for something, anything to say to this pest of a girl. "It's June, you know—well into June."

"But I'm back in school. I'm in a special program. We go three weeks. We take all sorts of things—Spanish, art, dancing ——"

I don't give a damn what you take, he thought, closing his eyes. *Just go away.*

"Are you a teacher?" Mary Ann asked.

"No, I am not."

"Oh. Then what are you?"

"A writer," he answered automatically, and then thought, *Past tense. Was. But not now; now I am nothing. Never again anything.*

"I'll bring my teacher to see you," Mary Ann said. "I know where you live."

"You know everything." He spoke crossly again. "And I do *not* want to meet your teacher or any teacher. I don't want to meet anyone."

"You," Mary Ann observed, hands on the thin hips, "are not friendly."

"Togetherness," he replied, "is a word that makes me gag." And he turned face down on the beach towel and lay with the sound of the surf, dull and strange, in his ears. He knew after a while that Mary Ann had gone away. He felt the heat diminish and the air take on the evening coolness. At length he slept, and when he wakened it was dark and the rising tide had moved closer, the breakers flinging cold drops of sea across him.

He got up and fumbled into his shoes and, carrying the big towel over his arm, walked across the narrowing strip of sand and up the steep, dusty slope to the top of the bluff that hung above the sea. He passed lighted windows where people smiled at each other across dinner tables. Music drifted out the open doors. Children played under the strange blue trees that were in blossom. *Jacarandas*, he thought. *I should use them in a story; I've never written a story with a California setting.* And then desolation swept over him. In two years he had written nothing. Months of blank pages. Because he couldn't bear to remember; because he had shut off a world he had known and because he couldn't find his way into a new one. *My name is John Durham*, he thought, *and once I was famous—or at least successful. Now I am nothing.*

The beach cottage that belonged to an old college friend was dark. He welcomed darkness. He sat down in the sand-filled swimming trunks and stared into blackness. His college friend had written, "Come and stay in my place. We'll be gone for a month. Nobody will bother you. I won't tell the neighbors who you are. And maybe out here in the salt air, with the sea around you. . . ."

John Durham began to laugh soundlessly in the darkness. His friend hadn't reckoned with a snoopy little girl from the second grade. Everything else had been so carefully taken care of—no toys of his friend's children left around as reminders, no clothes of his friend's wife hanging in the clothes closets. Had they buried all evidence of love and living in some cave along the shore? But despite the careful planning, there had been Mary Ann with her bleached thick hair, her tar-stained feet and her habit of searching him out on the beach that was supposed to be so private.

Now he was shocked to hear her voice again, coming from the flower-scented night outside. Her voice and another voice, soft and feminine. He swore. He jumped, ready to bolt for the bathroom and lock the door, but it was too late. The screen banged, and Mary Ann spoke, "He's in here. He never turns on any lights for hours." And he heard her hand scratching along the wall for the light switch.

"Stop that, Mary Ann," he said wearily. "You remind me of a bat." And he moved quickly to flip on the lights.

Mary Ann still wore her swimming suit, and her feet looked dirtier than before. But the young woman who stood beside her was clean and cool and very slender. Pale blond hair was drawn back into a prim knot. Her face was plain, John Durham thought, but there was something about the wide, sensitive mouth—a need, a hurting. The white linen dress was simply cut and unwrinkled.

"I'm Miss Chamberlain, Mary Ann's teacher," she said. "I teach in the little town here by the beach."

Her voice was low, and John Durham had the feeling that it was much too controlled. One of the remote ones, he concluded, but that was better than the chatty, let's-get-to-know-each-other type.

"Hello," he said. "I'm not going to ask you to sit down. I ——"

"Oh, I didn't expect ——" A flush came into the pale-tan cheeks. "I only came to ask you to lecture to my second-graders."

His jaw sagged. He stared at her. John Durham lecturing—yes, that was what she had said—to *children!* John Durham, who had never spoken to any group except top writers or college students. He couldn't help it. He began to laugh. He laughed until moisture ran down his cheeks while the plain, prim-looking girl with the sensitive mouth stood awkwardly with an expression of shock in her wide gray eyes. He kept on laughing even as he noticed Mary Ann's small face twisting in what looked like pain while she rubbed one stained foot against the other.

At last he could control himself. With a gasp, he said, "Pardon me. I couldn't possibly lecture to second-graders."

"But there's no writer around here," Mary Ann began, her voice no longer high and clear, but shaken and thick. "We've had artists and musicians talk to our class—and—and I promised the kids. I promised Miss Chamberlain you'd come. I said—I said you were my friend." Her lower lip began to tremble.

"You say too much, Mary Ann."

Then Miss Chamberlain spoke. "I'd never have thought a writer of your caliber would consider yourself too good to ——"

"Too good!" He began to laugh again. This time it was a hollow, bitter laughter. "Go outside, Mary Ann. I want to talk with your teacher."

To his surprise, Mary Ann went away. John Durham looked at Miss Chamberlain. "Have you ever been in love?" he said.

She swallowed hard, and the quietly clasped hands moved in a gesture that was at once defensive and protective. "No—I—well, I had to take care of my mother until last winter. And then—well, in winter—I ——"

"Winter? What's that got to do with it?" He drew his breath sharply and shouted at her, "It can happen any time—winter, summer, daylight or dark—anywhere, any moment. When it happens, you live—see? You stand in the sun. And when it's gone, you're dead and you don't write. You don't feel a tree or a sunset or a blade of grass. Do you understand?"

She nodded, the gray eyes bigger than before.

"And worse," he said, his voice becoming harsh, "you don't see into people any more. You don't care about their hearts. You don't give a damn about anything. That's why I can't talk to your second-graders—because I don't give a damn. Because I'm dead and have been for two years. I'm all washed up. I haven't written a line, and I never will again. Now, will you go outside and get that kid by the hand and take her home and leave me alone?"

Miss Chamberlain turned and marched away, her slim back very stiff and straight. Outside he could hear the murmur of her soft voice, but not what she was saying. Then he heard something else. Mary Ann was crying. And at last the sound of her sobbing died away and there was only the stillness of the night.

In a little while Miss Chamberlain came back. He looked up and saw her standing there, just inside his front room. "You hurt Mary Ann," she said. "You don't think of anyone but yourself."

He moved slowly from the chair, and the words came out of him, pulled from deep inside, brought forth in mingled pain and anger. "Two years ago my wife and my child were killed in a car accident."

For a long moment the wide gray eyes looked steadily at him, and then Miss Chamberlain said, "But because you were hurt is no reason to hurt Mary Ann. And you had love—you knew what it was. You had the best." Then she was gone, and he rushed to the window in time to see the white dress going down the street and hear the sound of her running steps.

He tried to sleep that night and couldn't. Again and again he heard the soft, controlled voice saying tightly, "You had love—you knew what it was. You had the best."

When afternoon came, he again lay on the sand and waited for Mary Ann. He kept telling himself that he couldn't have hurt her much, that she was a brassy, bragging little girl and any moment she'd be along to pester him. But afternoon moved into evening and the soft darkness fell over him and Mary Ann didn't come. The moon rose red and full over the Pacific. He thought the surf sounded like shattering glass. And at last he got up, stiff and hungry, and made his way up the steep slope and past the lighted houses along the bluff. But this time he stopped at each house, saying, "Does Mary Ann live here?"

And then, at last, at the end of the row, in a house that looked shabby, the yard overgrown with weeds, he faced a woman with thick, graying blond hair. The eyes that looked so sharply at him told him what he wanted to know. "I'd like to speak to Mary Ann," he said.

"I think she's gone to bed."

"Please, I must speak to her."

He waited at the door, and at last she came, the blue shorty pajamas riding on her rounded stomach. He saw that her feet had been scrubbed, but some of the tar stain had stayed. He cleared his throat against her proud, withdrawn look and her silence. "Mary Ann, I'll speak to your class. When can I come? Tomorrow afternoon?"

"We only meet in the morning," she said with dignity. "You may wait while I call Miss Chamberlain."

"Will you have the three-dollar dinner on white or rye?"

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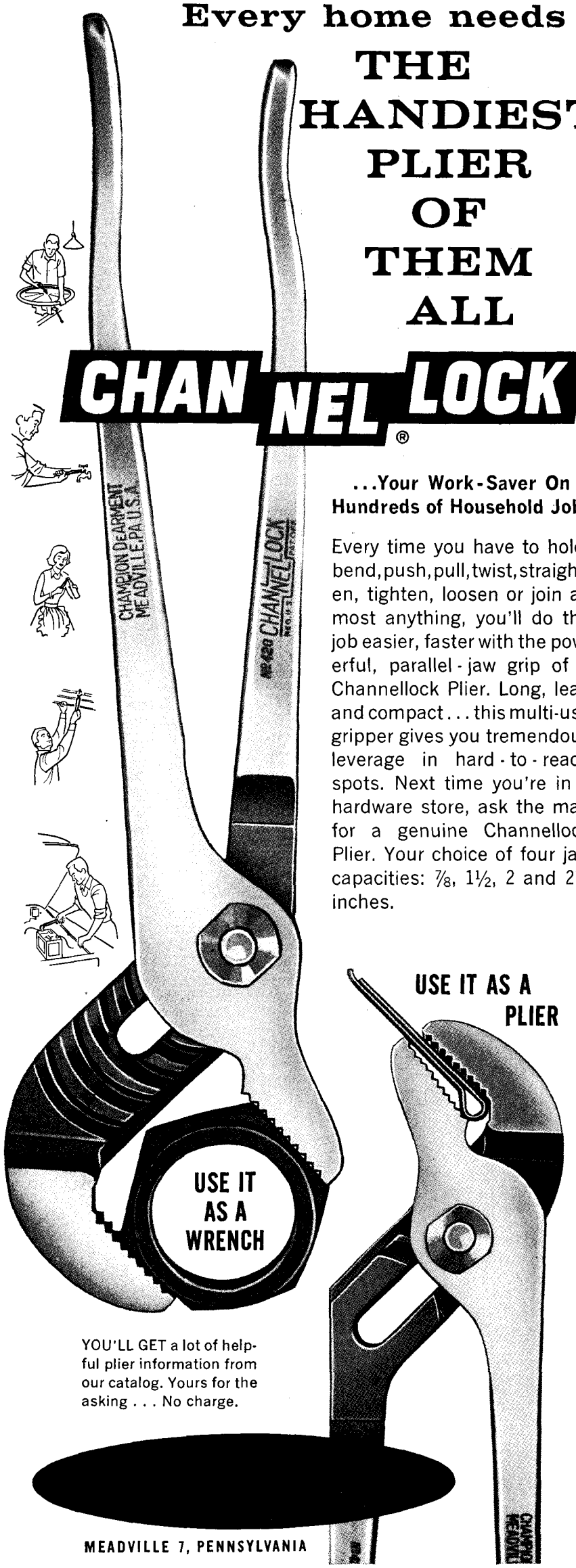

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He sat on the sagging front step. After a while Mary Ann came and stood beside him. "You may come at eight-thirty in the morning. Here's the address. Mamma wrote it down for you." And she handed him a slip of paper.

He took the slip of paper. "Thank you," he said gravely. "Good night, Mary Ann."

He spent another sleepless night. He lay filled with fear. What did a man who'd talked with college professors, editors and newspapermen say to second-graders? In his novels he'd reached the masses of men and women who read best sellers, but what could he say to reach Mary Ann and her friends? Thousands of words raced through his mind—words from lectures, big and impressive words, and words from his stories; words of tenderness and hatred, of pain and joy. None of them seemed the least meaningful when he thought of Mary Ann. *If I were as I once was—before the curtain of glass fell between me and the world—I could find words; they would come to me.*

The fear was still with him the next morning when he drove up before the schoolhouse. He saw children and teachers gathered beside a flagpole. Two small boys worked with a rope, and then the flag went up and uncurled in the wind. Small hands moved to cover hearts, and voices murmured in unison, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States. . . ."

John Durham got out of the car and stood at attention and spoke silently with the children. And then across the clean, warming morning came the singing, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberteee. . . ." And for a moment John Durham was back in a country school in Nebraska, and beyond the narrow windows the wheat fields flowed to the world's horizons.

Teachers and children began moving toward the open doors of the school building. John Durham stood uncertainly, suddenly aware that he was a big, thick-shouldered man in wrinkled slacks and a sport shirt he'd rinsed out in a washbowl. His hand, a strong and long-fingered hand, moved hastily to smooth down his rough, dark hair and then to touch his jaw. *I forgot to shave,* he thought, and he felt miserable. *For Mary Ann I should have shaved.* A sense of inadequacy overwhelmed him. Then he saw Miss Chamberlain hurrying toward him. A blue dress this morning, a cool and quiet dress—plain as the girl who wore it. No, she had said, she had never been in love. A pity. A waste of life.

"I'm so glad you came," she spoke with warmth.

He felt as small as a pebble on the playground. "I look—I didn't even think ——"

Her hand touched his arm. "Forget it. Now, these are selected pupils of high intelligence, and this is an enriched summer program. It's not only for the pupils, but for teachers too. It's a workshop course for them. Several teachers will sit in the back and observe while you talk to Mary Ann and her friends. You'll have around twenty minutes to speak. Mary Ann is very intelligent, and she has asked to introduce you."

He walked beside the slim, cool girl into the building. He felt like a slob. "The children are from several different schools in neighboring towns," Miss Chamberlain continued. He followed her into the classroom and sat down in the chair she indicated before what he judged to be forty small boys and girls. *Second-graders,* he thought in panic. Miss Chamberlain moved away from him, across the room, and sat behind her neat desk. He wished she would come close. He was terrified.

Wriggling motions in the seats were subsiding. Mary Ann got up and carefully smoothed her skirt. She walked slowly, head high, to the front of the room and faced the class. "This is Mr. John Durham. He is a professional writer. Mr. Durham will tell us how to become writers." She turned toward John, inclined her head and smiled, and walked carefully back to her desk.

John Durham stood up. He saw the children's faces. He saw the dozen visiting teachers sitting quietly in the back of the room. His knees shook. He glanced toward Miss Chamberlain, and she was so quiet and remote. Then he thought he saw something come to life in her eyes. Faith? Trust? Excitement? He turned to look at Mary Ann, and her sea-tanned face beamed at him. It was a completely trusting little face. *Like Judy's,* he thought, and pain came up all through him until his flesh felt raw and his bones ached. *I must not,* he thought desperately, *I cannot remember. It will kill me.*

The morning sun came in the window and touched him like a blade of gold, slashing deep. And the strange blue tree across the playground was shivering with wind like a jagged piece of sky. His eyes found Mary Ann's again, and it was like finding Judy, his daughter. And even as he tried not to remember, he knew he must. John Durham began to talk then, speaking as he had thought he would never speak again, saying words he had once said to his little daughter while he held her in his arms before a winter fire.

"When you want to be a writer, you say what you feel. You say what a color says to you—like red is hot, and you want words that are hot and bright and crackle. And you listen to everything as if it were the last time you would ever hear anything—and you know rain sounds one way on a tent and another hitting a tin roof. And spring doesn't come first in the grass that turns green. It comes in the sky."

John Durham turned to the blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk. "In winter, clouds are like this." And he drew flat lines on the blackboard. "They're skinny, like hungry people. But when spring is ready to start, clouds are like this." And he drew circles on the blackboard. "Fat, that's what they are. They say it's spring before anything else—before rain or grass or birds."

He put the chalk down and looked at Mary Ann. "Tell me what colors mean to you, Mary Ann."

"Brown is sad," she said. "Purple is dreamy."

A boy in the back row put up his hand. "Green is cool," he said, "like lime sherbet."

"Very good," said John Durham. And then he asked how they would write about a friend if they wanted a stranger to know the friend. "What would you say?" he asked.

A little girl with eyes like dark pansies said she would tell what her friend looked like and wore and the kind of house she lived in. Mary Ann added, "I'd tell if my friend was happy or sad most of the time and what made her happy or sad."

A chubby, red-faced boy held up his hand and said, "I want to tell you I like best the way trains sound at night. It's like I'm going away somewhere special, by myself, and I'm lonesome, but I feel good too."

It went on and on, John Durham speaking to the children and the children speaking back to him, and he saw the visiting teachers nod and smile. And then he saw the clock had ticked past the time when he should have stopped talking. He stepped to the blackboard once more. "This is all—just to show you one more thing, the difference between a good

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writer and a poor writer. This is a kite." The chalk made the box and then the angling tail. "Here is the tail of the kite. And this square is a house and this is the road going up the hill behind it. Look at the road and look at the tail of the kite. A poor writer will say, 'The road went up the hill.' But a good writer will say, 'The road went up the hill like the tail of a kite.'" He put the chalk down and walked from the room. He stumbled along the empty hallway, pain and remembering filling him. He stepped into the hurting sunlight.

"Wait! Mr. Durham—John!"

He turned and saw the blue dress and the sensitive mouth and the arms that moved in a gesture that called him back to her, but he could not bear it. "No!" he said. "Leave me alone." And he stumbled on to the car, got in and drove slowly toward the beach cottage, for all the houses and the sky ran together as though the rain washed over them and their colors flowed into one another. He went in the house and lay face down on the bed, and the sheet grew wet beneath his cheek. And at last he slept.

He wakened to hear Mary Ann calling, "Get up! Get up! The grunion are running!" And her hand tugged hard at his shoulder. He saw the light was on, and behind her stood Miss Chamberlain.

Miss Chamberlain was wearing a white sweat shirt and very short blue shorts, and she carried a bucket and a lantern. "Hurry!" Miss Chamberlain said. "The moon is right. The grunion are coming in from the sea to spawn on the sand."

Mary Ann handed him his swimming trunks. "And you better put on a sweater. It'll be cold in the water."

Strangely, as in a dream, he went down the slope to the beach. Fires were burning and people were standing at the edge of the sea. Some carried flashlights and others held lanterns. Most of them had buckets. Children ran laughing and shouting along the sand. The moon hung red and full over the ocean. Then someone screamed, "I saw one!"

Mary Ann pushed him forward on one side and Miss Chamberlain on the other. He was running into the surf. Beside him, Miss Chamberlain shouted, "They're little fish—like trout. They come in with one wave, burrow a hole and lay their eggs, and go out with the next wave. You have to be quick!" And she pressed the bucket into his hand. "Scoop them up!"

She swung the lantern high. The surf rumbled toward them. He saw the long wave, dark and specked with foam. It broke eddying around his knees, and as it drained away, he saw the wriggling silver shapes of the fish. He plunged toward them, bending quickly, but they were gone, and he only scooped sand and water. The next wave smacked him, soaking him. He gasped and laughed. Stumbling toward shore, he saw that Miss Chamberlain was laughing too. Her blond hair had come loose from the neat knot and streamed untidily over her shoulders. The wet blue shorts clung to her long, beautiful legs. Her mouth was tender.

He dropped the bucket, and his hands went out to touch her shoulders. "What?" he said.

"You were so wonderful—today at school."

"*You* are wonderful—now!"

The sensitive mouth moved, looked shaken in the light from the lantern she still held high. He took the lantern and set it on the sand. Beyond them the beach fires leaped up like small tigers in the dark. He saw the light of the reddish moon riding the breakers in liquid flame. He put his arms around her and held her hard against the wet, cold sweater, but he felt warm. "I don't even know your first name," he said.

A wave came in, splattering them, soaking them. He remembered the lantern and then saw that Mary Ann had run back to where the beach was dry and was holding the lantern in her hand. She peered toward them, frowning, and reminding him of a small, brown owl. "You won't get any grunions," she said, "not doing *that*."

"You are my grunion," John Durham said, smiling at her, still holding Miss Chamberlain in his arms. And his hand moved to trace the outline of the face so close to his and felt the fine bones of her cheeks.

"I don't even know your first name," he murmured again, "but there's plenty of time—all of time—to find out that and everything else I want to know." He kissed her then and heard the surf crashing all up and down the shore, crashing like the final shattering of thick glass.

THE END

"Of course she's in—I didn't bring my daughter up to be a coward."

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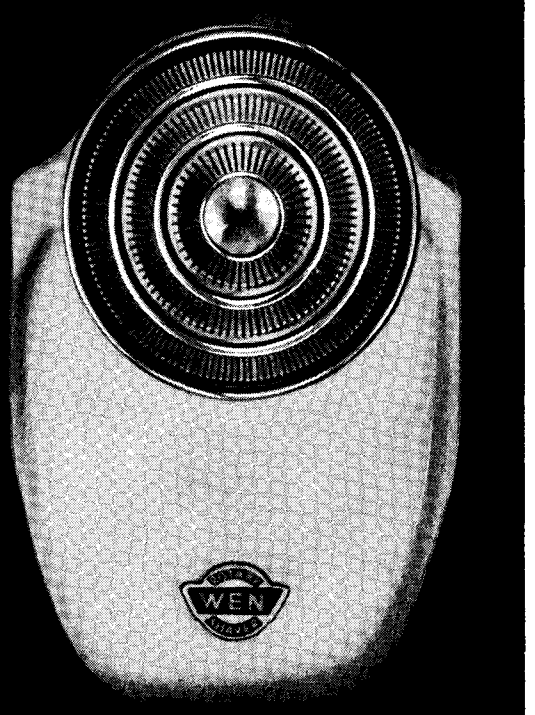

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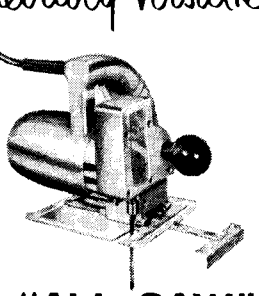

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Frank Lloyd Wright: Defiant Genius

(Continued from Page 32)

firm, but found it unsatisfactory and came back. Peering over his glasses, Silsbee merely remarked, "Back again, eh? You may have eighteen dollars."

Meanwhile, Doctor Lloyd-Jones got in touch with his nephew and introduced him to the social life of All Souls parish. Frank conquered his shyness in the presence of girls at a round of amateur concerts, parties and plays, like the production of *Les Misérables*, in which he impersonated a French officer, with a sword, cavalry boots and red coat.

At the dance after the performance, Frank bumped into a girl named Catherine Tobin so hard that they fell down. As he helped her up, Frank saw that she was graceful and pretty, with fine coloring, blue eyes and curly auburn hair that seemed to have sunshine in it. A member of the chorus of village girls, Catherine was wearing a bright bodice and cap and a peasant skirt that whirled when she danced away.

As the motion-picture writers used to say, Catherine and Frank had "met cute," and any properly constructed script would now call for a sequence of walks, parties, picnics and concerts, with Frank escorting Catherine, while her parents worried for fear he was not a sufficiently substantial young man—and that is exactly what happened. But Frank showed he could take responsibility by bringing his mother and sisters to town and arranging for them all to board at the house of a Miss Augusta Chapin, a lady who held the position—unusual for one of her sex—of Universalist pastor in Oak Park.

This western suburb, which was to become famous because of Frank Lloyd Wright, was a conservative, churchgoing community, whose leading residents enjoyed what were known as "easy circumstances" in the polite idiom of the time. The straight, shady streets were lined with big frame houses, many of them in the turreted, shingle style of which Silsbee was a master.

But the most lucrative commissions in domestic architecture were the stone castles built within the city limits. Such a building was the house at 19th Street and Prairie Avenue, recently completed for John J. Glessner, a founder of the International Harvester Company, by Henry Hobson Richardson, one of the few architects young Frank Lloyd Wright respected. Richardson was noted for his free adaptation of Romanesque forms, in which his masterworks were Trinity Church in Boston, a grim prison in Pittsburgh and a massive Chicago warehouse for Marshall Field.

Richardson had died only three weeks after completing the Glessner house, an astounding fortress with walls so thick one would suppose the owner expected to stand siege against an army specializing in heavy artillery. Across the street was the many-windowed mansion designed by Solon Spencer Beman for W. W. Kimball, head of a piano- and organ-manufacturing firm. Beman, who drew his inspiration from a French château, raised his handsome towers of limestone over a marble porch.

All this assured elegance, and the many houses of the same sort in Chicago, aroused deep objections in Frank Lloyd Wright—historic styles were not the American thing. Beman did better, Wright thought, in Chicago's Grand Central Station, where the architect and his collaborating engineer, W. S. Jones, placed a light and airy train shed under a great roof of iron and glass. This was direct, good and new.

Elsewhere in the Loop, Frank Wright saw further evidence of a new approach to architecture. There was nothing quaint or picturesque about the Home Insurance Building, for example, recently built from designs by William Le Baron Jenney, a Massachusetts man who had seen action in the Civil War. Jenney devised a skeleton framework for a ten-story building, using wrought iron through the sixth story and Bessemer steel from there on up. At the same time Daniel H. Burnham encouraged his partner, John Wellborn Root, to design the Reliance Building, a tower of terra cotta and glass that still stands on North State Street.

Wright saw something to admire in these buildings, and in the commercial work of William Holabird, Martin Roche and others. But of all the gifted architects meeting the challenge of Chicago's unprecedented growth, none appealed to Wright so directly as Louis Henri Sullivan, who was now planning the tremendous Auditorium Building for Congress Street and Michigan Avenue.

The second great stroke of luck in Wright's life was his chancing to hear, on the architectural grapevine, that Sullivan was looking for a draftsman with sufficient taste and skill to help him finish the Auditorium drawings. When Wright investigated this rumor, he was ushered so promptly into Sullivan's office that he decided to ask for a good salary. The great Mr. Sullivan, it turned out, was a small, brown man of aristocratic bearing, with a number of sharp pencils on his desk and an equally pointed glance that "went clear through you." Looking over Wright's drawings, Sullivan's eyes seemed to photograph each sheet. Then he remarked, "Traced, I suppose?"

"No, sir—free hand."

Wright had taken the precaution of submitting a few samples in Sullivan's own flowing ornamental style, and whether or not he took this as a compliment, the architect asked, "What have you been getting in the way of salary?"

"Not enough."

"How much is enough?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Come to work Monday morning."

Lyman Silsbee was displeased when Frank reported he was leaving, and said, "This doesn't seem quite worthy of you, Wright." Frank was momentarily depressed, for he felt that he was letting Silsbee down and he also had a nagging notion that he could have obtained forty dollars a week from Sullivan. But these thoughts disappeared as he got down to work with Sullivan and his partner, the engineering and business-getting member of the firm, Dankmar Adler. A heavy man who stood with his feet solidly planted, Adler could be equally firm with clients or contractors. He was also a judge of talent and concurred when Sullivan raised Wright's salary after a trial period of a few weeks and put him in a private office just outside his own workroom.

In those days the science of personnel relations had not yet been thought of, and bosses would have considered anyone insane who suggested they curry favor with the help. Louis Sullivan, therefore, was quite in step with his time when he habitually and freely expressed his contempt for draftsmen who failed to understand his ideas or turned in slipshod work. But he was courteous to Wright and treated him with evident respect. This caused resentment among a clique of draftsmen, and Wright saw that he would have to prepare for action.

Accordingly, he went to a professor of mayhem during the noon hours, learning the holds and punches of rough-and-tumble fighting and keeping this training a military secret. Soon he was challenged to "boxing matches" that were undisguised grudge fights. He more than held his own, not so much from the science of the professor as from the fact that he was in better shape than his assailants, since he neither smoked nor drank and walked forty blocks every day to save carfare. The wearing of boxing gloves kept these encounters technically on a sporting level, but sooner or later serious trouble was bound to break out.

It came late one afternoon after the bosses had gone, when the leader of the office bullies threw Wright's hat down the stair well and said, "You're just a Sullivan toady anyway. We all know it."

Frank threw a hard punch to the face that broke the bully's glasses and knocked him off his stool. The fellow jumped up screaming, seized a knife lying on the drawing table and inflicted several deep cuts before Wright managed to knock him unconscious with a T square.

Blood was running into Wright's shoes, and George Elmslie, a draftsman who had taken no part in the baiting, hurried him to a doctor. Meanwhile, the others threw a bucket of water on Wright's opponent, who came to, gathered his drawing implements and walked out.

After that, there was no more brawling in the offices of Adler and Sullivan. Both partners heard of the affair, but neither mentioned it. Adler liked a man who stood up for himself, and Sullivan didn't care what happened to a common draftsman, so long as nothing interfered with Wright, the "good pencil in his hand."

Frank now announced that he and Catherine were going to get married. His mother immediately leagued herself with Catherine's parents and Uncle Jenkin in a campaign to convince Frank that this was foolish. It *was* foolish, and for that reason they all might have saved their breath. When a three-month exile on Mackinac Island failed to make Catherine forget her handsome suitor, the older people gave in as gracefully as possible, amid a volley of platitudes from Doctor Lloyd-Jones. More to the point was the gesture of Adler and Sullivan, who gave Wright a five-year contract and advanced money for him to build a house on Forest Avenue in Oak Park, on a lot where there already stood a small "carpenter Gothic" cottage for Frank's mother.

Life now opened out in entrancing vistas for Frank Lloyd Wright. He had a beautiful bride, a home of his own and plenty of work with congenial employers. He would ask himself, amid all this, "What is the flaw?" The answer would be, "There is never quite enough money."

To make more, Wright took on overtime work at Adler and Sullivan, in planning a town house for the wealthy lumberman James Charnley. This client wanted something different from what might be expected of architects like Beman, or such Easterners as Richard Morris Hunt, who built the Borden mansion on Lake Shore Drive, and Charles Follen McKim of McKim, Mead and White, now busy in his New York office on the plans for Bryan Lathrop's Georgian house on East Bellevue Place, which is now the home of the Fortnightly Club.

The Charnley house was to stand on a new thoroughfare called Astor Street, just reclaimed from the beach. Running from Division to North Boulevard, these six blocks were to become one of America's most remarkable exhibits of fine houses, and Wright knew that on the Charnley job he was performing in the center ring of the Chicago architectural show.

He produced a balanced composition of Roman brick on a stone base, with sharp outlines that recalled the strict geometry of the Froebel kindergarten blocks. Nothing like this had been seen before: it was serene, self-contained and more than a little cold. In comparison to this chilly reticence, houses in traditional styles were likely to seem overstated, unless they were very good indeed.

Meanwhile, the Auditorium was dedicated, with both the President and Vice President of the United States in attendance, while Madame Adelina Patti, the Maria Callas of her day, sang *Home Sweet Home*. In the Auditorium bar Louis Sullivan downed a drink and tossed the glass over his shoulder. Sullivan had explained to Wright his fascination with the idea that there could be set forth "a general statement so broad as to admit of no exception."

"They say he's just a fortune hunter."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He thought he had found such an axiom when he announced: "Form follows function." Applied as a test of architecture, Sullivan's apothegm ruled out classical orders and historic styles—or so he believed, and Frank Lloyd Wright devoutly followed this conviction.

Thinking along these lines, Sullivan and Wright designed the Transportation Building for the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. Wright's hand appears in the element of horizontality that married this remarkable building solidly to the ground in spite of its tremendous arch. Taken as a whole, the work was undoubtedly the most memorable building at the fair.

This building was the last important dual work of Wright and Sullivan. They separated because Wright began to work on his own time for his own clients. When Sullivan found this out, he ordered Wright to stop his extra work at once. But the firm had given Wright extra pay for overtime work on the Charnley plans, and Wright now asked, so long as his office work was satisfactory, why could he not work overtime for himself? This question was never answered, as Sullivan addressed Wright for the first time in a manner he had hitherto used only on occupants of the outer office. He picked the wrong man with whom to take this tone. Wright suddenly hurled his pencil to the floor and stalked out, never to return. Seventeen years were to pass before Wright again spoke to his "beloved master."

Afterthoughts

No matter what you seek to do,
No matter how you strain
and try,
If at first you don't succeed,
Everyone will tell you why.

Suzanne Douglass

While his wife, mother and uncle gave frequent utterance to their worries, Wright set up in business as an independent architect. The year was 1893, and great things were happening along the Lake Michigan shore. In the country at large, it was true, a depression had caused inconvenience to some, and the Populist farmers of the West cried out against the Eastern money kings. But in hustling Chicago, visibly growing as it was from day to day, there was more work than ever before in the building line, and Frank Wright, of all people, was glad to see it, for at the time his practice began, he and Catherine already had two children, and during the next five years they were to have four more. The two Wright girls and four boys were so close together in age and size, and so similar in their wholesome good looks, that a playful neighbor could sometimes confuse their father by suddenly holding one of them up and crying, "Quick, now, Frank! What's the name of this one?"

To do the work needed to support this brood, Wright supplemented his downtown office space by building a studio around the corner from his Forest Avenue house. The two structures were connected and frequently altered and added to, as was to be the case in every house that Wright inhabited. A willow tree came up through the roof of the corridor that connected the living quarters with the drafting room, and the establishment was known far and wide as "the house with the tree growing through it."

This dual house, with its extra frontage on Chicago Avenue, carried an extra load of mortgages and bills. But no debts could dull the sheen of silk, the glint of silver, the blaze of fresh-cut flowers and the deep glow of rare Persian rugs, which surrounded the family. And from the time they could walk, the Wright children had the privilege of wandering in and out of the drafting room, usually with good prospects of being able to persuade their father to leave his work and join them in a story or game.

Wright was a fine father, who charmed his children with his gaiety and imagination; he was able to keep up with all six of them because of the never-failing energy that would last throughout his life. Another lifelong characteristic was shown in his organization of a family orchestra, in which the eight Wrights set up a terrific din with piano, drums, horns and strings. The strenuous family life at the Studio was rather like that of the Theodore Roosevelts at Oyster Bay.

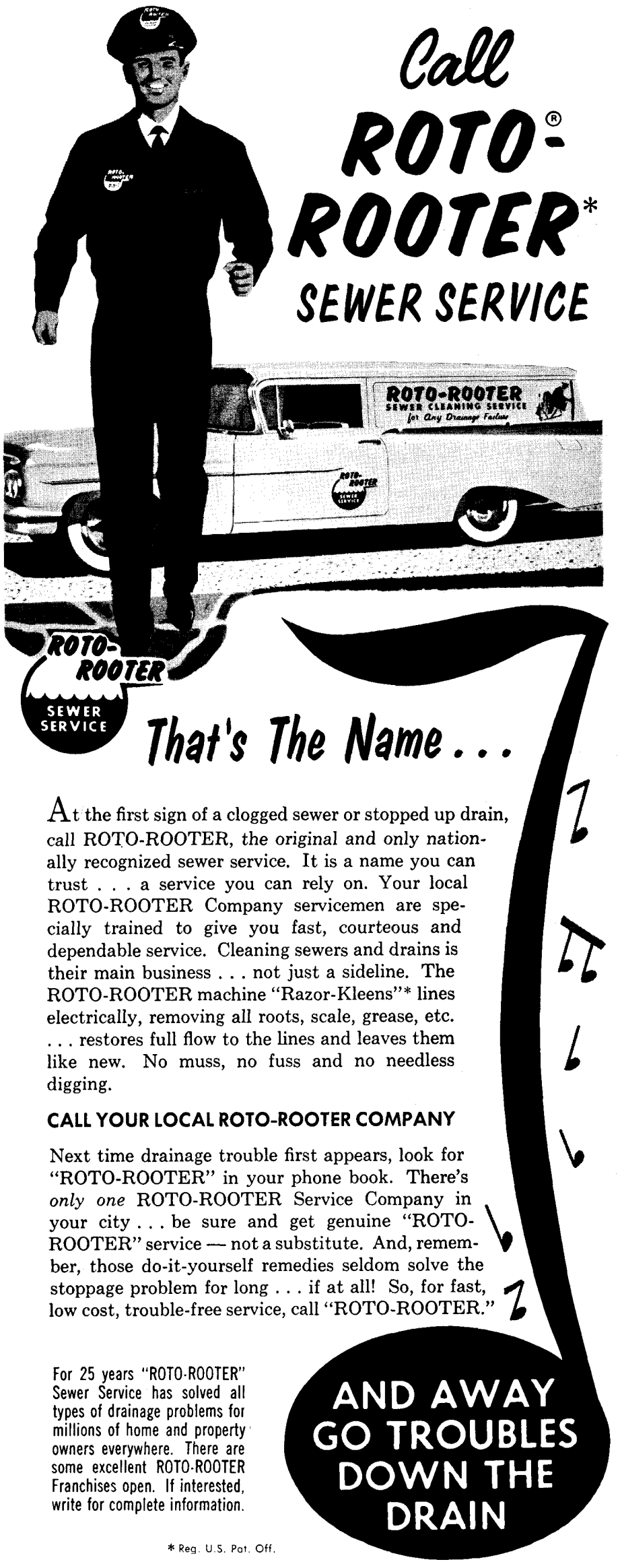
Outside the Studio, as the Oak Park establishment was called, the young architect and father presented a spruce and attractive figure to the world. He could be seen riding his blooded black horse Kano, or marching with soldierly bearing to take the Chicago and North Western commuter train. Wright had a closet full of clothes by Hutchinson, one of Chicago's smartest tailors; he proclaimed his association with the arts by wearing his reddish-brown hair somewhat longer than a businessman would wish to, and by a certain freedom in the arrangement of his necktie.

He toned down this Bohemian aspect on Sundays when going to church, pacing gravely beside his wife and sometimes accompanied by a neighbor couple, Mr. and Mrs. James Robert Mann. Though he never touched hard liquor and took but little wine, young Mr. Wright was always in good form at parties, where he excelled in organizing charades and games. During this period he fascinated many people, and it is not surprising that a number of those who felt the force that radiated from Frank Lloyd Wright became his clients.

For these he began designing a series of houses that will stand in architectural history. First came the mansion in nearby River Forest for William H. Winslow of the Winslow Ornamental Iron Works, who had met Wright in the Adler and Sullivan office. Winslow was no ordinary businessman, for he collaborated with his architect in designing, writing and printing a little book of artistic principles, titled *The House Beautiful*. Wright gave this sympathetic client a house with a long roofline, a simply proportioned front, massive chimney and romantic many-sided stair tower.

Chicago architects were impressed by the structure, and Daniel Burnham affirmed that it was "a gentleman's house from grade to coping." Burnham persuaded the prosperous real-estate promoter, James B. Waller, to take an interest in Wright and offer to subsidize the young architect for four years of study in Paris and Rome, including all the expenses of his family. Wright refused, saying, "Thank you both. I know how obstinate and egotistic you think me, but I am going on as I've started."

This belief in his inspiration shortly produced the Chauncey Williams house, with Sullivanesque ornament over an arched entrance that was flanked with mounds of boulders gathered by architect and clients from the bed of the Des Plaines River to symbolize the period when glaciers ground the surface of the prairie. Soon a new style was apparent—and recognized as pure gold by many who



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saw it. Wright's clients had to be not only at least moderately prosperous but also of a progressive turn of mind. The single exception was Nathan Moore of Oak Park, who managed to get Wright to do him a house of Tudoresque design, with amazing results. But those who could put aside traditional ideas of how a house should look and trust their architect were richly rewarded.

"You'll live like a king and queen!" Wright would say, especially when costs began to exceed estimates or if clients winced noticeably at his command of "Tear it out!" when he saw something amiss with the building. Among those who gave Wright early commissions were the G. Harley Bradleys of nearby Kankakee, the Arthur Heurtleys of Oak Park and Mr. and Mrs. Ward Willits of Highland Park, for whom Wright designed a house of irresistible charm that is perhaps his greatest early achievement.

Another splendid opportunity was presented by the rich Avery Coonleys of Riverside, whose terraced mansion was hailed by the discerning as the sort of architectural masterpiece that can only be created when a liberal client meets a great designer and there is perfect confidence between them. Mrs. Coonley, a Vassar graduate and leader in the fight for women's suffrage, told Wright that she had seen in his work "the countenance of principle."

Another college-educated woman who was enthusiastic about Wright was Mamah (pronounced "May-Mah") Borthwick Cheney, wife of an Oak Park manufacturer of electrical equipment. This Mr. Edward H. Cheney had a romantic heart. He had won Mamah's hand only after countless visits to the small Michigan town where the young woman, whose golden hair grew softly around a classically beautiful face, was working in the public library. Many times rejected, Cheney at last persuaded Mamah to marry him and brought her to Oak Park, where he was happy to please her by commissioning the interesting architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, to design their home.

For the Cheneys Wright created one of the best of his smaller designs. For all his clients he had brought into being the "prairie houses," so called because of his concern that they should appear to be natural growths from the flat ground of northern Illinois. He obliterated the severity and resistance of the wall by extending great eaves in horizontal planes and opened the space beneath this reassuring shelter so that the rooms seemed to flow into one another. As a decorator, he did away with carved and varnished trim in favor of flat surfaces and natural wood. As a landscaper, he set around these suburban houses long parapets equipped with concealed earth pockets and flattened urns from which vines grew to soften the edges of hard masonry.

Anyone looking at the low-lying houses, that seemed at evening almost to dissolve into the landscape, could feel their direct expression of the prairie. Not so well known was the fact that Wright's schoolteacher mother's most venerated philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, had written that the true American art and genius—that had not yet appeared in the sage's lifetime—might somehow be connected with the "sea-wide, sky-skirted prairie." Emerson had also expressed the hope that someday an architect would provide the pleasure of viewing an uninterrupted line.

A few contracts for commercial buildings also came to the Studio, including the concrete E-Z Polish Works on the West Side of Chicago and a lucrative commission from Darwin D. Martin, head of the Larkin Soap Company in Buffalo, New York, where Wright designed the world-famous administration building, a cliff of brick with such features as air conditioning, uniform metal furniture and a central well where office workers sat surrounded by tiers of balconies from which executives looked down. Though Martin was pleased, Wright thought the members of the Larkin family were rather uneasy over their building. They also committed the heinous offense of having their homes designed by fashionable and conservative architects, in the Georgian style.

But Darwin Martin made up for this by having Wright build him a Buffalo residence, in addition to the office block. The Martin house was altogether splendid, to be compared with the Frederick C. Robie house in Chicago, to which architects make pilgrimages to this day. Martin's mansion had a handsome pergola leading to a conservatory and was in general a striking composition of planes and angles, but restful to the eye. Unusually enough for one of Wright's great houses, it has been left vacant and now stands overgrown with weeds.

At the time Wright was building this house, Martin introduced him to one of the Larkin Company's founders, in the person of Elbert Hubbard, the remarkable writer, printer and advertising expert whose career was to end in the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915. What impressed Wright most about Hubbard was the center of activity over which he ruled at East Aurora, near Buffalo. The Roycroft Shop, as the place was named, was a successful combination of school, hotel, publishing house, medieval guild and art-goods factory. Years later Wright was to be principal of a somewhat similar concern.

At this period in the early 1900's, Frank Lloyd Wright could just barely crowd all his activities into twenty-four hours a day. Along with Catherine and Mr. and Mrs. Willits, he made a trip to Japan, bringing home a batch of rare prints. He designed the temple of the Oak Park Unitarians, creating for them an impressive Egyptoid mass of pebbly, elephant-gray concrete that resembled the tomb of a New Haven senior society on the outside, but was marvelously light and spacious within. And through it all Frank Wright continued to live at an astonishing pace, sitting all night at his drafting board, surrounded in the days by his noisy children, loyal assistants and fascinated friends.

In these days Wright was beginning to expound "organic architecture," which was his theory that the plans of buildings should grow naturally—and always in relation to their sites. He must have felt that there could be no further question that he knew what he was talking about when a distinguished European appeared at his door in June of 1908. This was none other than Prof. Kuno Francke of Berlin, the world's greatest authority on art and architecture, who had just completed an academic year of lecturing at Harvard.

"*Herr* Wright, your so-original work is in Germany well known!" cried the visitor. He went on to say that organic architecture, as exemplified by Wright's plans, was now being studied throughout Europe, and that Ernst Wasmuth, the leading Berlin art publisher, was planning a large monograph on Frank Lloyd Wright. "It will be fifty years before your countrymen recognize you," said the professor, forgetting that it was a number of Wright's countrymen who had commissioned the world-famous work. He went on to say that he was empowered to bring Wright to Berlin for an immediate start in editing the text of the monograph.

Wright was cheered by this and greatly tempted to start out with the professor at once. But his affairs were in no condition to allow him to leave, and Francke's visit ended with Wright's promising to come to Germany as soon as possible. Meanwhile, Wright would plunge into his finest opportunity—the chance of a lifetime—the designing of a great house to be the family seat of the reaper-rich Harold McCormicks.

The site was perfect—a high bluff overlooking the water front at Lake Forest, some thirty miles north of Chicago. After preliminary interviews, Wright planned a marvel of a house—or rather a complex of connecting houses—with the bluffs reinforced by retaining walls to make a running base for the entire composition of pavilions and galleries. But at the last moment Edith Rockefeller McCormick decided not to approve Wright's plans; instead, she went to New York and engaged Charles A. Platt, an accomplished designer in the Palladian style. The resulting Villa Turicum, though handsomely set in formal gardens, has long since been torn down.

Disappointed, exhausted, harried with debt and trailed by bill collectors, Wright found sympathy and understanding with a particularly favored friend, Mrs. Edward Cheney. He was by now not only well known but highly noticeable, and this friendship did not go unnoticed, marked as it was by frequent rides with the lady in a high-seated, chugging Stoddard-Dayton through Oak Park streets. But nobody in Chicago, much less in conservative Oak Park, was prepared for the front-page news of Sunday morning, November 7, 1909—Frank Lloyd Wright and Mrs. Cheney had eloped.

Next week the author describes the horrifying tragedy at Taliesin when an insane servant killed seven persons, including Mrs. Cheney. —THE EDITORS

The Braves in Blue and Gray (Continued from Page 19)

Parker halted him and guided him back to safety.

Fate reserved a modest place in history for the hawk-faced Indian. At Appomattox, the senior adjutant, Col. T. S. Bowers, felt so overcome by emotion that his hand shook. He could not write. So Parker took the penciled draft of the surrender terms, as set down by Grant, and "transcribed in a fair hand the official copies of the document that ended the Civil War."

Several published accounts of the surrender suggested that Lee, when introduced to Grant's staff, momentarily mistook Parker for a Negro. This Parker denied. In his own words: "After Lee had stared at me for a moment, he extended his hand and said, 'I am glad to see one real American here.' I shook his hand and said, 'We are all Americans.'"

Grant subsequently promoted the big Indian to brigadier general, his commission to date from Appomattox. While President, Grant gave him the postwar distinction of being the first tribesman appointed United States Indian commissioner.

Parker was not, however, the senior Indian general in the Civil War. That distinction belongs to a square-jawed fighter, Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, C.S.A., who held out against surrender longer than any other Confederate general.

As for Stanton's attitude that the Union would win with white troops alone, by 1865 one bluecoat in every ten was a Negro, and the Union ranks were augmented by thousands of Indians.

Unknown to Stanton, nearly an entire company of Tuscarora Indian volunteers served early in the war in the 53rd New York Infantry, otherwise D'Epineuil's Zouaves. Never were redskins better camouflaged. The Zouaves wore gaudy French North African uniforms. Like the rest, the Tuscaroras sported tasseled red fezzes and billowing Oriental trousers. Parker's own tribe, the Seneca, subsequently raised a company of braves who served in a New York regiment. A band of Delawares scouted for Federal armies in the Mississippi Valley area. Some of the Cherokees left in the Carolinas meanwhile served as Confederate scouts in the Southeast.

All together, more than 10,000 Indians—some put the figure as high as 15,000—participated directly in the Civil War on one side or the other. Most served west of the Mississippi. The Confederacy regularly enlisted at least 5500 redskin cavalrymen. Some 4000 Indians are known to have served in the Union infantry. As the figures indicate, the war split the tribes as well as the states. Many were torn by doubts and questions of allegiance.

In the armies, Confederate Indians outnumbered Union Indians at the outset for several potent reasons. The Confederacy promised in writing that, if it won, it would create an all-Indian state or nation in the heart of America, approximately where Oklahoma now stands.

Many Indians in this area, especially the so-called Five Civilized Nations of Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles, were originally Southern and owned Negro slaves. They were deported West years earlier with their belongings, including slaves, under escort of the very same Federal Army arrayed against the Confederacy.

The final and perhaps strongest factor in the redskins' Confederate leaning was a leader—stalwart, full-bearded Albert Pike, a remarkably odd-fish Bostonian turned Arkansan, by background a scholar, teacher, editor, lawyer, orator, soldier, poet and Masonic official.

Pike, bred in the New England hotbed of abolition, negotiated nine treaties with the Indians on behalf of the Confederacy. As one Creek chief related, Pike "tell them ain't no more U.S.—ain't any more treaty—all be dead. Creeks better make new treaty with South and Southern President protect them and pay them more annuity than U.S."

After pausing to write the "fighting words" to *Dixie*, which began as a mellow minstrel tune, Pike became a Confederate brigadier general commanding the Department of Indian Territory, all the redskin lands west of Arkansas and north of Texas. A veteran of the Mexican War, he formed the redskins into regiments and battalions along tribal lines.

Col. D. N. McIntosh and his brother, Lt. Col. C. McIntosh, who were partly Scottish—via a trader ancestor—and

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partly Creek, headed the First and Second Creek regiments of Mounted Volunteers. The 1st Regiment Cherokee Mounted Rifles, nearly all full-bloods, came under Col. John Drew. Stand Watie, who was a three-quarter Cherokee, commanded the 2nd Regiment of Cherokees, mostly half-breeds. A Seminole battalion formed up under their chief, Hemha Micco, otherwise Lt. Col. John Jumper. The 1st Regiment Choctaw and Chickasaw Mounted Rifles served under Col. Douglas H. Cooper. Except for Pike and Cooper, a former Mississippi planter who had become a Government agent for the Choctaws in 1853, the officers were Indian or part Indian.

Pike promptly made one policy clear to all, "The commissioned colonels of Indian regiments rank precisely as if they commanded regiments of white men, and will be respected and obeyed accordingly."

The regiments were organized to the point of rendering regular fitness reports on their military condition, which often was deplorable by West Point standards.

Like most expert leaders of Indians, Pike let his braves fight in their own way. Nearly all rode wiry plains ponies which they sometimes tethered to the rear while engaged. In at least one battle Pike permitted the Indians to climb trees and fire from that vantage point. Many used shotguns, a favorite weapon of Confederate cavalry generally. Colonel Drew's full-blooded Cherokees, by special authorization, attacked in true Indian style with bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalping knives.

The unconventional weapons of the braves soon led to atrocity stories. Although many Yanks and rebels had armed themselves with enormous fighting knives, and an entire Indiana brigade of white men toted hatchets, the reappearance of the dread tomahawk and scalping blade chilled paleface blood. In vain Pike and his aides pointed out that they were no more barbaric than many other weapons.

The Confederate redskins, originally recruited solely for service in their own territory, first faced enemy fire in a big battle when they followed Pike afield into Arkansas. There nearly 3500 fought as a brigade in the crucial engagement at Pea Ridge, near the Missouri-Oklahoma line. They formed more than a fifth of the Confederate force in that battle. Cherokees, reinforced by a few Texans, captured a Federal battery despite all Indians' holy horror of artillery in general, but soon let go their prize. When the Confederates, after winning the first day, lost on the second, Stand Watie's mounted men covered the retreat.

Hardly had the war whoops subsided when the Federals, who had no Indians of their own in that battle, accused the rebel redskins of tomahawking and scalping at least thirty Union soldiers. Whatever basis the reports had, they were magnified as they traveled East. The New York *Tribune* of March 27, 1862, referred to the Indian brigade as "the aboriginal corps of tomahawkers and scalpers" and surmised that General Pike in leading them "got himself up in good style, war paint, nose ring and all."

The Southern Indians, incensed, repudiated the charges fluently. They asserted that any use of tomahawks and knives was in the heat of battle, legitimately. The Cherokee National Council even passed a formal resolution which would have done credit to a United Nations committee:

Resolved, that in the opinion of the National Council, the war now existing between the said United States, and the Confederate States and their Indian allies, should be conducted on the most humane principles which govern the usages of war among civilized nations, and that it be and is earnestly recommended to the troops of this nation in the service of the Confederate States to avoid any acts toward captured or fallen foes that would be incompatible with such usages.

The resolution may have been well directed, as Drew's full-blooded Cherokees appear to have been the likeliest offenders. The blame, however, never was fixed. The Confederates, in a jab at Franz Sigel's Union command of Germans, countercharged that atrocities had been committed by persons "alleged to be Germans."

The controversy and confusion over scalping was typical of Indian participation in the war. From the start it was a welter of tribal intrigue, military red tape, jealousies and repetitions of the sad story of both white men and redskins' breaking promises. Neither the Richmond nor the Washington governments made good fully on their wartime pledges to the tribes. Some braves, on the other hand, switched sides repeatedly and galloped off to whichever army offered the most guns, glory and cash on the line.

Late in 1861 Colonel Cooper's Choctaws and Chickasaws, with the Confederate Creeks and Cherokees and some Texans, attacked a large but unorganized band of pro-Union Creeks. Cooper claimed to have killed or wounded 500 Unionists in a desperate battle. The Union sympathizers then fled up the Verdigris River into Kansas, where many starved or froze to death for lack of Government aid.

Despite much hesitation and some opposition from Secretary of War Stanton, the Union in 1862 raised three regiments of Indians for infantry duty. Many were Cherokee and Creeks. The Osages volunteered to serve if given flour and whisky. The 1st, 2nd and 3rd Indian regiments, all originally designated as home guards, were brigaded with Kansas cavalry and artillery. Soon they were sent south to recapture from the rebels what is now the upper part of Oklahoma. A description of the redskin soldiers, in the misspelled words of a white Indian agent, survives:

> The 4400-acre Pea Ridge battlefield, largest Civil War battleground west of the Mississippi, will be dedicated as a National Military Park on the centennial of the engagement, March 7, 1862. The state of Arkansas bought the land for $500,000 and presented it to the nation.

The Indians with their new uniforms and small Military caps on their Hugh Heads of Hair made rather a Comecal Ludecrous apperance. They marched off in Columns of 4 a breast singing the war song, all joining in the chorus and a more animated seen is not often witnessed. . . . The improvement the Indians have made in drilling is much greater than I supposed them capabell of and I think the opinion and confidence of all in the eficiency of the Indian Regements is very much greater that it was. . . .

Going to war in their own tradition, the Union Indians invoked "medicine" or magic to ward off enemy bullets. One of their leaders also made a highly practical request for "wagons that shoot," meaning field artillery. They got none, however, and their muskets at the start were of poor quality.

Regularly recruited Union and Confederate Indians first clashed in some numbers at Locust Grove, near present-day Tulsa, Oklahoma. Both sides fought in conjunction with white troops. The Union won. The 1st Indian Regiment, mostly Creeks, surprised the Confederate camp and took 100 prisoners, including a colonel from Missouri. To be on the winning side, many Cherokee enlisted men went over from the Confederacy to the Union. With the next Southern victory they switched back.

During a Confederate effort to recapture the Granby lead mines in southwestern Missouri, an important source of material for bullets, white-led forces of Indians battled near Newtonia. Colonel Cooper's graycoat Choctaws and Chickasaws forced Federal Cherokees under Col. W. A. Phillips to break and run. The loss included many Indian ponies shot down. As at Pea Ridge, scalps were taken. With Federal Indians engaged, the Union made less fuss about atrocities.

In two subsequent engagements the Union forces inflicted defeats. A mixed army of whites and Indians caught the Confederate Indians, greatly outnumbered, on the open prairie in the vicinity of Old Fort Wayne, near Maysville. Again Stand Watie and his Cherokee half-breed cavalry covered the retreat. At Honey Springs, near Muskogee, the 1st and 2nd Indian regiments, plus white Union troops, went against the Confederate Indian brigade. Much of the rebel redskins' ammunition proved defective, and they fled.

The general confusion among Confederate Indians was aggravated meanwhile by two breaches—in the Southern chain of command and in the Cherokee Nation.

Picturesque General Pike, his hair flowing to his shoulders and his eloquence pouring forth like passages from the Old Testament, claimed that supplies for his Indians were diverted to white troops in Arkansas. He blasted at Maj. Gen. T. C. Hindman and Lt. Gen. Theophilus Holmes, the Southern commanders in that area. Their subordinates, he asserted, seized 6500 uniforms, 300 tents and large amounts of munitions and payroll cash, while he personally had to pay $2000 for 400 pairs of shoes for barefoot Indians.

"While you were . . . robbing the half-naked Indians to clothe other troops," he continued, "the Federals were sending home the Choctaws whom they had taken prisoners, after clothing them comfortably and putting money in their pockets. No one need be astonished when all the Indians shall have turned their arms against us."

Pike resigned his Confederate commission in disgust. His superiors placed him under arrest. Later they released him and accepted his resignation. Another blow befell the Southern cause later on when John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokees, virtually let himself be captured by Union forces with the tribal treasury and documents. Ross, who never had favored secession, was soon reported in Washington dickering to return all his tribesmen to the Union fold.

The secessionist Cherokees called a convention, ousted Ross and elected the doughty Stand Watie as principal chief. The Confederacy made Watie a brigadier general to cinch his status. A miniature civil war broke out within the Cherokee Nation. Many full-bloods switched to the Union side. Watie's half-breeds stood firm for the Confederacy. Each slaughtered the other as opportunity presented.

With the collapse of Confederate strength west of the Mississippi and gradual domination of the region by the Union, Indian warfare degenerated into a series of raids. It was as irregular cavalry that the rebel redskins excelled. Watie and his horsemen specialized in harassing Federal supply trains. In one surprise attack he captured a United States supply ship on the Arkansas River and rode off with ample provisions and other supplies.

Fighting on like die-hards, Watie and Col. Peter B. Pitchlynn, chief of the Choctaws, did not surrender with their men until June 23, 1865, after all other Confederate Army commands had yielded.

The Union Indians rendered equally dogged and determined service, to judge by a terse footnote in an adjutant general's report after the war.

Total Indians in U. S. forces . . .	3530
Aggregate of deaths, ditto	1018

In suffering a loss as heavy as one third, the Indians proved themselves something more than "comecal and ludecrous."

THE END

"This is a precious moment, Helen. Don't spoil it by saying yes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Our Dwindling Gold (Continued from Page 30)

concerned about the fact that our once vast reserves of monetary gold have been swiftly slipping away from us into foreign hands? And why should we suddenly begin taking strong measures to stop this outflow?

The first question can be answered fairly simply. Ever since the first cave man saw a shining pebble in a stream bed and took it home and treasured it, and finally traded it for a new stone ax, gold has exercised a powerful dominion over the minds of men. It is the eternal metal, impervious to time, subject to neither rust nor rot, and as glowingly beautiful, stacked in the vaults today, as it was when it was dug from the earth 100 or 1000 years ago. Gold today, therefore, is what it has been since the Egyptians first mined it before the pyramids were built—a universal standard of value against which the worth of all other things can be measured, the basic wealth of kings and governments.

A sovereign government can deny to its own people the use of gold as money, as the United States has done, for gold has long since become too precious to be employed in the small daily transactions of the internal economy. No nation doing business throughout the world, however, can refuse the countries with which it trades access to its gold, for gold is the basic medium by which nations eventually settle their net obligations to one another.

It is not, of course, the only medium. At the moment, the United States dollar—whose worth is fixed at one thirty-fifth of an ounce of gold—is still as acceptable as gold in the settlement of international balances; and it is used, like gold, as a reserve on which other currencies are based. The dollar can retain its status as a currency "as good as gold," however, only as long as its value in relation to gold remains constant and as long as the rest of the world is confident that it is, and will be, fully redeemable in gold.

Boiled down to its essence, this simply means that, if we are not to be forced into the position of an international bankrupt or driven to such drastic protective measures that the whole free world's trade pattern will be destroyed, we have got to make sure that now, and in the future, we hold stocks of gold sufficient to back up our currency and to pay our international debts.

Some simple arithmetic reveals that from now on it is going to be no easy task to retain this solvency. To the man in the street, the dollar in his pocket represents wealth. To the Government, a dollar in somebody else's pocket or bank account represents debt, the Government's promise to pay. Though in the last three years we have paid out to foreign governments nearly $5,000,000,000 in gold in settlement of our debts, they still have dollar claims against us totaling about $720,000,000,000. To cover that obligation, we have—stored away in the vaults at Fort Knox and in the Assay Office in New York and elsewhere—a little less than $18,000,000,000 in gold. But unless Congress should reduce the gold backing of the dollar, the greater part of that $18,000,000,000 cannot be used to pay off our obligations to foreigners. About $12,000,000,000 of it must be kept as backing for our own currency. We have, therefore, only about $6,000,000,000 with which to meet our debts if our creditors should seek to convert their dollars into gold. And at the rate we have been losing gold—$2,200,000,000 in 1958, $1,000,000,000 in 1959 and an estimated $1,700,000,000 in 1960—this $6,000,000,000 won't last long.

To many pessimistic economists, this means that we are already teetering on the edge of international bankruptcy. A little more weakening of Europe's confidence in the dollar, they argue, and there will be a run on our gold stocks that will wreck us. Others see no cause for real alarm. The United States today is the banker to the world, they point out. No bank ever has enough cash on hand to pay off all its obligations at once—nor would the central bankers and the finance ministers of our creditor nations ever grow so panicky at the fear of a weakening dollar that they would suddenly demand full payment in gold.

They know full well, the optimists argue, that by such action they would pull the whole complex structure of international trade down about their ears and wreck their own external economy. They know that would be the result because the free world's currency—the pound sterling, the franc, the rupee, the Deutschemark—all are valued in terms of the dollar, which in turn is valued at fifteen-and-five-twenty-first grains of gold that is 99.5 per cent "fine," or pure. (The grain is an ancient measure, based on a grain of wheat taken from the center of the ear.)

From here the arguments grow so complex that a layman can't make head or tail of them. He contents himself instead with trying to find out why and how a country once so rich in gold now finds itself fearful of becoming gold-poor. How did we lose more than $6,000,000,000 in gold in a dozen years? What did we do wrong? Who was the villain in the piece?

The honest answer is that we didn't do anything wrong, and there was no villain. The troubles that now confront us in the international financial field stem directly from the fact that one of the noblest enterprises in human history—our efforts to rehabilitate a war-impoverished world—succeeded far beyond our most optimistic expectations. We set the industrial nations of Europe back on their feet, gave them a sound economy which supported stable governments and accomplished our ultimate purpose, which was to save them from Communism. Now it is we who are in trouble and need their help.

To understand what happened, it is necessary to go back a few years.

We came out of World War II with our great industrial machine intact and with $20,000,000,000 of gold in our vaults. In Europe and in Asia, our former allies and our enemies were in a state of economic paralysis. Their industries were destroyed, and their treasuries were nearly empty. They were in desperate need of anything and everything we could produce, and in acquiring these things their remaining stocks of gold flowed into our hands. By 1949 we held more than $24,000,000,000—two thirds of all the monetary gold in the world outside of Russia, of whose reserves we knew little then, and of which we still have no accurate estimate.

One thing was clear to us, however. The shooting war was over. The economic war with Russia had begun. Without our help Europe and Japan would starve, and a starving country would inevitably fall into the Soviet political and economic orbit. The result would be that we, a free-trade, capitalistic country, would be left isolated and alone in the world, surrounded by planned economic systems whose doors were closed to us.

We set out deliberately, therefore, to rehabilitate the economies of friends and former enemies alike; to re-establish a delicately balanced money mechanism in which prices, interest rates and exchange rates could function freely within the framework of the ancient laws of supply and demand. In so doing, we became what we had never been before—the banker to the free world, subject to all the headaches, hazards and responsibilities which go with that position.

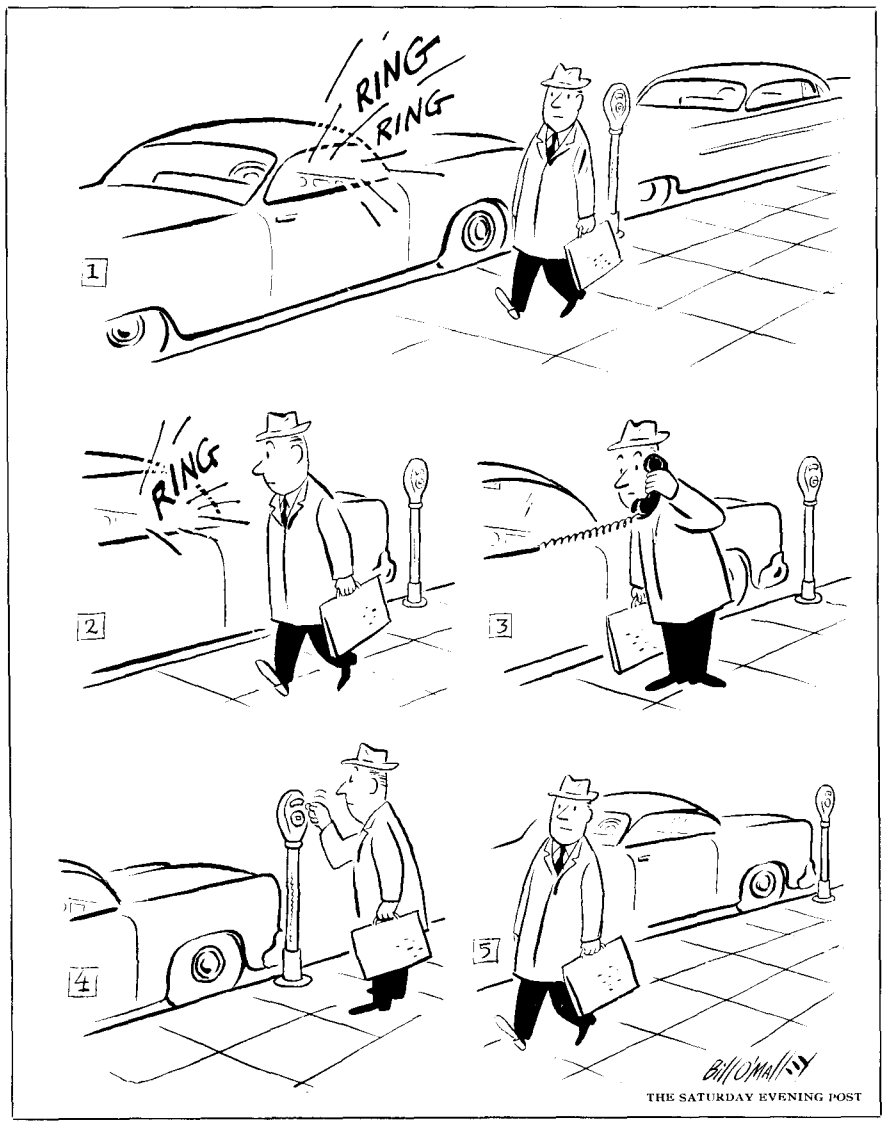
Our first task was to close the then-existing dollar gap—to redistribute a part at least of the great hoard of gold we held within our vaults, so that the reviving countries could trade with us and with one another and accumulate gold reserves on which their currencies could be based.

We accomplished this in several ways. By 1960 we had sent nearly $75,000,000,000 overseas in the form of Government loans and grants and in military supplies and services. We encouraged American manufacturers to invest in foreign countries, and at the end of 1959 our international investments stood at nearly $30,000,000,000. We held tariff barriers low, so that Americans could buy freely of foreign automobiles, textiles, raw materials and luxury goods—and Americans happily rushed to purchase German cars, Japanese and Italian fabrics, French perfumes and British topcoats.

These great outflows at first had little effect on our gold supply. As fast as we poured dollars into foreign countries, they sent them back to us for goods and services they so desperately needed. By 1950, though, they had begun to gain a little ground, earning more dollars than they found it necessary to spend. Slowly their stocks of gold, and dollars that were a claim on gold, began to build up—$3,600,000,000 in 1950, when we were spending furiously to support the Korean War; $300,000,000 in 1951; a billion or two each year thereafter until 1957, when the Suez crisis and a drought in Europe stimulated huge purchases of American oil and foodstuffs and caused them to dip down into their reserves to make up a $500,000,000 deficit. The seven years in which we had run a deficit totaling nearly $11,000,000,000 caused us little concern. We were accomplishing what we had set out to do. We were providing our friends abroad with the chips with which they could sit in with us in an international poker game in which the ultimate stake was the freedom of the western world.

We could also take comfort in the fact that in one area in which a nation can measure its international economic health, we showed no signs of sickness. Each year our "current account," the balance between what goods and services we sold abroad and what we bought from foreigners, had shown a healthy surplus. The deficits we were running were caused by the great outpouring of military aid, of Government loans and grants, and by heavy investments of private capital, the last of which, like the long-term Government loans, we would in time recoup. Nor were we greatly concerned about a run on gold. Their dollar claims against us were held, in the main, in short-term Government securities, and at the end of 1957 our gold reserves still stood at nearly $23,000,000,000.

We didn't know it then, but we were already in trouble. By 1957 the foreign factories that our dollars had built were ready, filled with shiny new machinery of marvelous efficiency. Great stockpiles of raw materials were on hand. Workers had been trained. The smartest business brains in Europe were at work in the executive suites. Distribution systems had been set up, and salesmen were roaming the world, taking orders. In France, England, West Germany, Japan, Belgium and the Netherlands, the great industrial machine we had set out to create was in place and ready to go—in competition with us.



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In 1958 we learned the facts of life that Suez and Europe's drought had obscured the year before. The "dollar gap" no longer existed. The days when Europe was hungry for American manufactured products were over. The United States for the first time had to worry about a balance-of-payments problem—an illness of which the gold outflow is merely a dramatic symptom.

We quickly found out how acute that problem was.

With the rest of the free world beginning to do its own manufacturing, our exports fell in 1958 to $23,200,000,000 while our imports held at $20,900,000,000. So the surplus on goods and services shrank from $5,800,000,000 in 1957 to $2,300,000,000, and by the time we deducted our other payments, we ended up with a $3,400,000,000 deficit. The creditor nations settled $2,200,000,000 of this debt by taking gold, and our gold reserve took a sudden drop to $20,500,000,000.

In 1959 the situation worsened. For the first time we weren't able to recoup—by surpluses in the merchandise account—at least part of the dollars we were sending overseas in private investments and Government grants and loans. We finished the year with a $3,800,000,000 deficit. Our creditors, however, at that time were not greedy for gold. They took only a little more than a billion dollars, pulling our reserve supply down to $19,500,000,000.

The worst time to correct children is in front of their parents.

CHARLES RUFFING

For the first half of 1960, they showed no inclination to convert their heavy dollar holdings into gold, even though the balance-of-payments deficit for the first half year was running at about $1,700,000,000. Then, in July, a great itch for gold seemed to seize the world. By December more than $1,500,000,000 had flowed out, our gold stocks were down to less than $18,000,000,000 and President Eisenhower had announced what appears to be only the first of a series of steps which we hope will stem the outflowing tide.

The flow to a great extent was stimulated by an understandable human emotion—the desire to make money. In booming Europe interest rates on short-term government securities were in some cases more than twice as high as the rate on United States securities. A great many Europeans, and some Americans, had felt the time was ripe to cash in their United States securities, paying 2.75 per cent or less, and invest their dollars in German, Swiss or British paper paying as high as 6 per cent. This interest-hungry money, as it flowed into the central banking systems of the world, became a claim on United States gold.

It might be well to digress at this point to speak briefly of gold as a commodity, of where it is kept and how it is handled, and of how a dollar in the hands of a foreigner can become a claim on United States gold, while a dollar in the hands of an American citizen cannot.

If all the gold mined in the world, outside of Russia, since Columbus discovered America, were molded into one block, it would form a cube some forty-one feet on a side, weighing 42,000 tons and worth, at today's prices, roughly $42,000,000,000. No such block of gold exists, of course. The world's monetary gold is held in the form of bars or bricks, weighing about twenty-eight pounds each, and worth a little more than $14,000. There are in the United States today some 2,000,000 of these bars, worth $28,000,000,000.

Of this $28,000,000,000 in gold, we, at the moment, own about $18,000,000,000. The remainder is "earmarked" gold held in our keeping for other nations. Of our $18,000,000,000, the greater part lies under guard at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where it has remained undisturbed since 1936, except for a brief period in 1953. At that time certain patriotic Republican ladies demanded that the new President, Mr. Eisenhower, count our gold to see if it was all there after twenty years of Democratic rule. It was.

About $2,000,000,000, in bars and coins—the gold we use in settling our international accounts—is held in vaults in the Assay Office, an ancient building on South Street, in Manhattan. Here, in huge and smoky rooms, noisy as an iron foundry, old dental and ornamental gold, and new gold from the western mines, is melted down, molded into bars and weighed on scales so delicate that a cigarette ash will throw them off balance. Their purity, or fineness, is measured, down to 999.9 parts in 1000—there is no absolutely fine gold—and they are stamped with the "goose" or eagle of the Assay Office, which guarantees their weight and value to be as marked.

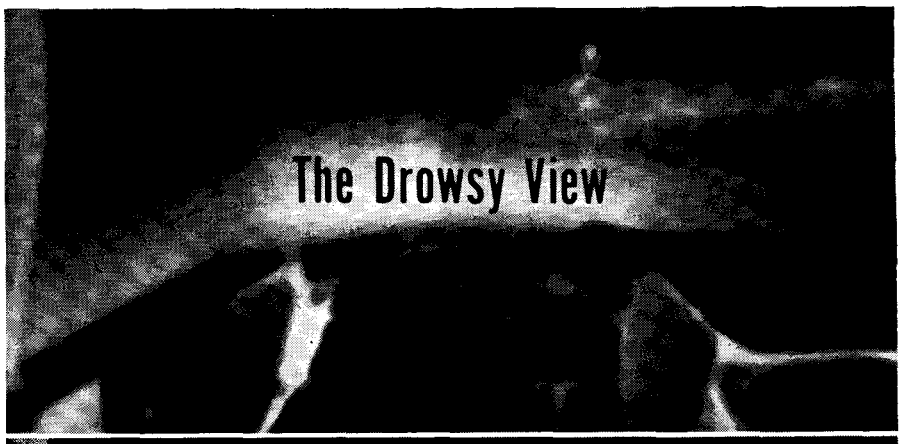
They are held under guard at the Assay Office until some creditor nation decides it wants to convert some of its dollars into gold. The order, calling for a certain number of bars of a specific fineness, comes through the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which has the responsibility for safely keeping other nations' gold. It is made up much as a grocery order is assembled, and the Assay Office employees have become so skilled in putting together bars of proper weight and fineness that they can come within a few cents of a round figure in asembling an order totaling $50,000,000.

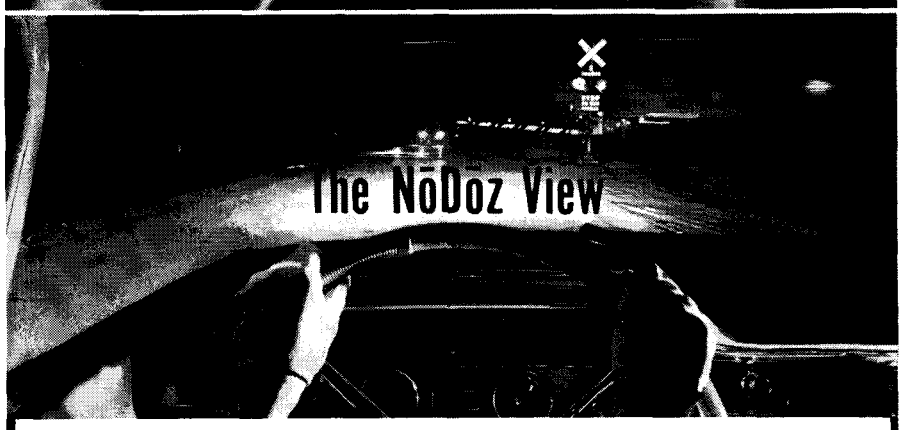
Armored trucks then move the bars through the tangled traffic of lower Manhattan to the Federal Reserve Bank on Liberty Street six blocks away.

Up to this point the gold has been handled as a commodity, a metal to be melted, molded, stamped and trundled about as if the bars were so much lead or pig iron. At the Reserve Bank there comes a subtle change. Here the bars are handled almost with awe, as befits their status as the world's fundamental standard of value.

The little flat carts on which the gold is transported are trundled into a big, low-ceilinged room, dug into bedrock five floors down beneath the street level of Manhattan. Around the room are iron-barred cells, the spaces between bars covered by a steel mesh, giving the vault the appearance of a cell block in a clean, well-kept, maximum-security jail. Three locks close every cell door, and three officers of the bank, none of whom knows the combination of the others' locks, are required to open the door. Workmen, wearing over their shoes steel protective covers that look like a crusader's stirrup, stack the new bars in the cell as a representative of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington checks the weight and fineness of each bar. The bars are stacked carefully, with little wooden wedges keeping the rows level, for gold is a slippery metal, and a sliding stack could crush a man.

Within these cells, which are marked only by numbers, are gold reserves of all the nations of the free world—more than $10,000,000,000 in all. Though each nation keeps some gold in its own vaults, very rarely does a country ask that gold





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be shipped to it overseas, for it costs from eight to twenty cents an ounce to transport gold to Europe. Here then, in this room, the nations of the world settle their accounts, by merely asking that bars of gold be shifted from one cell to another. There is, then, no gold "outflow" in the sense that gold leaves the country. The outflow takes place when the gold leaves South Street, where it is the property of the United States Treasury, to go under another nation's earmark in the vaults of the Federal Reserve.

The layman's first question, of course, is: How is it that a dollar owned by a foreigner can be swapped for gold when his own dollar cannot unless he is a dealer permitted to buy industrial gold? The answer is that no individual is permitted to exchange his dollars for our gold. If an American or a foreigner wishes to buy gold, he must buy it on the London, Zurich, Paris or Canadian market, where small portions of the world's stocks of nonmonetary gold, estimated at some $13,000,000,000 today, are traded. The United States will sell gold only to foreign central banks. But the process by which a dollar gets into a central banking system, and thus becomes a claim on gold, is fairly simple.

For example, a restaurant owner in Paris, at the end of a busy day, may find himself in possession of several hundred dollars in United States travelers' checks, spent with him by American tourists. He takes these checks to his commercial bank and converts them into francs. The commercial bank cashes them for dollars with the agency issuing the travelers' checks or with an American branch bank abroad. It then deposits these dollars in the Banque de France, the central bank, receiving francs in exchange. The dollars are now the property of the French Government and can be exchanged for gold.

Whether or not they will be exchanged for gold depends in great degree on the habits and the traditions of the country owning the dollars. England, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland traditionally like to have most of their reserves in gold. France and West Germany prefer to keep about half in gold, half in short-term dollar securities. Norway, Denmark, Japan and some of the Latin countries keep most of their reserves in dollars, or pounds sterling, and own little gold.

One thing that has given us comfort in the days of the gold outflow has been the fact that this pattern has not greatly changed. The nations that traditionally hold gold have been buying gold. The nations that habitually keep their main reserves in dollars so far have continued to hold dollars. There was, for a while, a slight variation in this pattern. Last fall, when rumors swept the world that the United States was going to raise the price of gold, thus in effect devaluing the dollar, certain rich Europeans, and some Americans, drove the price of free gold in the London market up to forty-one dollars an ounce in a swirl of speculative buying. When this happened, a few small Latin-American countries panicked and converted about half their dollars into gold, but the big gold-holding nations paid no attention to this flurry, and it soon died.

To many a thoughtful economist, though, this speculative whirlwind was an indication that certain doubts about the strength of the American dollar had begun to permeate the money markets of the world. These doubts, they argue, will increase as long as an adverse balance of payments continues to bite large chunks out of our gold reserves. Obviously, therefore, we must do something to bring these balances back in line. The question is, what can we do to stanch the flow of dollars overseas without abandoning our international obligations or causing a contraction in trade that will trigger a world depression?

The main thing we must do to keep the dollar strong abroad is, by sound fiscal and monetary policies, to keep it strong at home, the economists point out. Nothing could so quickly trigger a run on gold, they argue, as a roaring inflation here.

This brings up another problem with which we were never confronted when we were a creditor instead of a debtor nation. Historically the Federal Reserve Bank has been free to manipulate the currency supply as it believed best for the

"'THE SNOWFLAKE. Oh, shimmering feather adrift in the sky . . .'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

American economy. If signs of a slowdown appeared, it could lower interest rates and reserve requirements and buy Government securities, thus pumping new money into circulation to get things going again. If too many dollars started chasing too few goods, it could put on the brakes a little, raising discount rates and reserve requirements and selling Government securities on the open market to take money out of circulation.

Now the Federal Reserve must operate with one eye fixed on the domestic economy and the other on the strength of the dollar as an international currency. By lowering interest rates, the Fed may stimulate the gold outflow to countries where interest rates are higher and thus create the deflationary effect the system was seeking to avoid. To understand why this is so, it is necessary to visualize the structure of our monetary system. The easiest way is to think of it as a pyramid turned upside down and teetering on its apex. At the bottom is our $18,000,000,000 in gold. On this gold base the Fed could build, under the present law, $72,000,000,000 in Federal Reserve notes or in member-bank reserves. On these reserves, commercial banks could create, under present reserve requirements, some $225,000,000,000 in demand and time deposits. Actually currency in circulation and deposits stands at around $210,000,000,000 at the present. But the working of the mechanism is clear. When foreigners draw our gold, they siphon off currency from the top of the pyramid, and this affects every American in his salary, his job and his prospects, whether he knows it or not.

To replace the money thus withdrawn, the Federal Reserve System must lower reserve requirements or go into the open market to buy United States securities. This is bascially inflationary—which has the effect of weakening the dollar and stimulating a further conversion of dollars into gold. The Federal Reserve thus, for the first time, has to consider the effect of its actions on an intangible that cannot be measured by statistics—the psychology of our European creditors, the way that Europeans *feel* about the strength of the dollar.

With this psychological element involved, we must also be extremely careful in the steps we take to reduce the gold outflow by bringing the balance of payments into line. There are some things we felt we could do without disturbing the delicate balance of the international monetary system. We have ordered the armed services to send home the dependent families of military men serving overseas. We have urged United States agencies buying abroad to purchase American goods—reversing the policy of bygone years when we procured as much as possible "offshore" in order to pump money into the economy of foreign countries. We have urged West Germany, the greatest beneficiary of our policies in the past, to start bearing its fair share of support to the underdeveloped countries that still need help. In face-to-face talks with high officials of Germany, France and Great Britain, we have laid our problems on the line. All three have taken cautious steps to help, first by lowering their own interest rates to stop the flow of "hot" money to their securities.

Now that their coffers are bulging both with dollars and with gold, we have asked Europe to remove those restrictions against our exports which they imposed at a time when they were desperately short of both. We have also urged them to remove their restrictions on European investments in this country, which stand now at only $21,000,000,000. We also hope that Europe will let her people travel freely here, as we let our tourists move, spending freely, over the world.

These are things we have done, by which we hope to save some $1,000,000,000 a year. There are other things we would not do except as a last desperate resort. We can do all in our power to stimulate our merchandise exports, which now are running at roughly $20,000,000,000. But we do not wish to place any restrictions on imports, which now stand at $15,000,000,000, for the nations so affected would immediately impose further restrictions on us. We do not want to slow the flow of private capital overseas, for in the long run we know these investments will come back to us—unless some Castro comes to power and seizes them—and every new industry we set up abroad eventually creates new markets for us. We do not want to tell the tourist he can take only so many dollars abroad, for this is a violation of our concept of a world in which people and goods alike move freely.

By simply raising the price of gold from thirty-five dollars to seventy dollars, we could, of course, pay off our obligations with gold to spare. But by so devaluing the dollar, we would drag down the whole monetary and trade superstructure of the non-Communist bloc and we would stand convicted before the world as a moral bankrupt.

All of the above merely outlines the problem of our gold outflow in its myriad complexities. The Eisenhower Administration, in its closing days, recognized the danger and moved to avert it. As the Kennedy Administration takes over, the gold problem is still the greatest challenge facing us, for if we fail to hold the free world together as an economic entity, it inevitably must disintegrate as a political entity opposed to Communism.

Some gravely concerned economists are recommending that the dollar be freed of its responsibilities as an international currency. Under their plan, the gold-holding nations would deposit in the International Monetary Fund whatever percentage of their reserves they did not wish to hold in gold. On these reserves would be built a new gold-convertible currency to be used in the settlement of international accounts. Doubters ask what virtue this new currency would have that a strong dollar does not possess.

Thus the arguments go on. In finding the answers that will lead us out of our dilemma, we must, in the words of Per Jacobsson, manager of the International Monetary Fund, make use of one ingredient that is more precious than gold. "'How much better is it to get wisdom than gold,'" he quotes from Proverbs.

His meaning is clear. Without wise financial and political policies, even if we owned all the gold in the world, it would not suffice. It is too early yet to tell whether or not we possess that wisdom.

THE END

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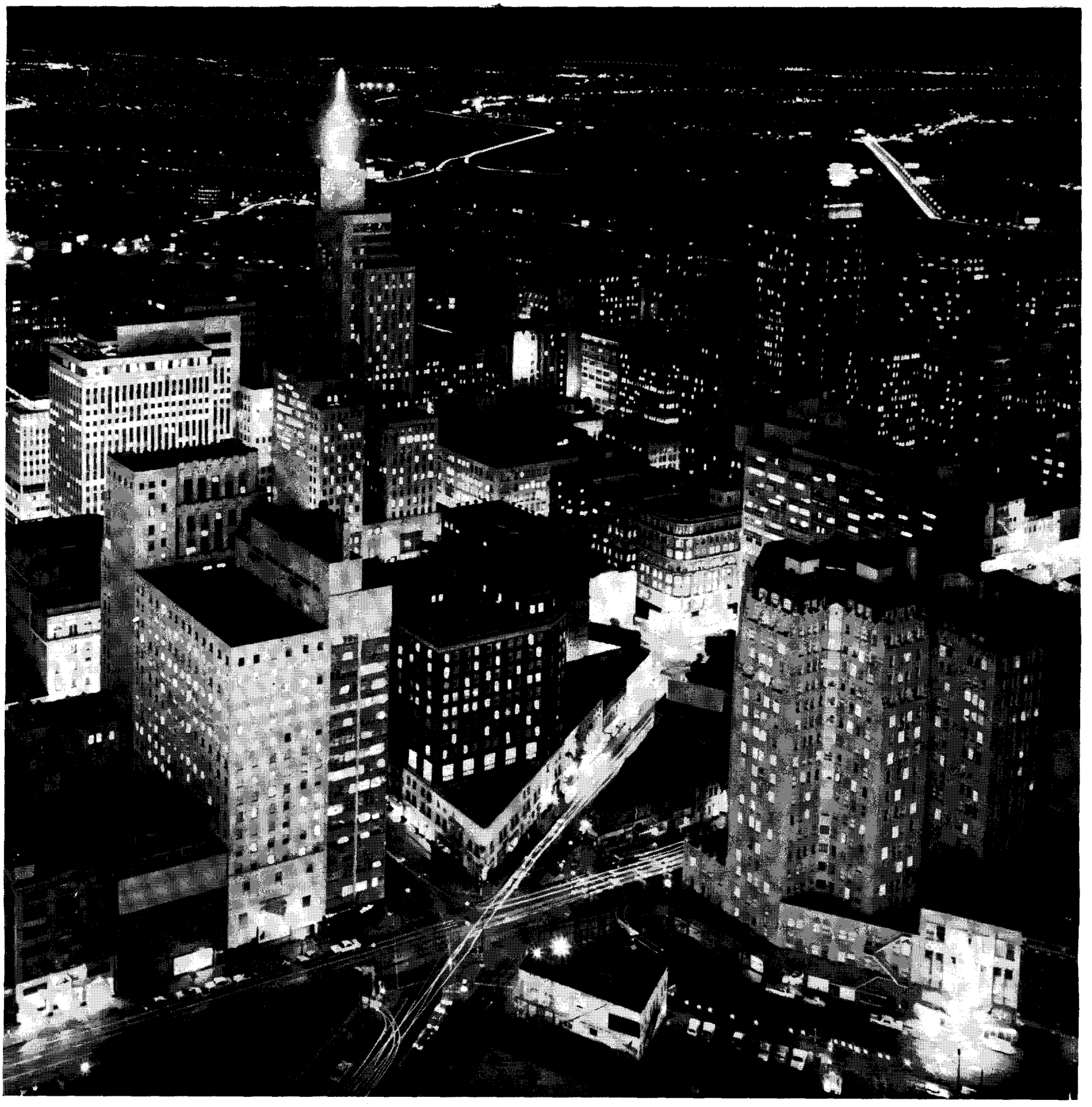

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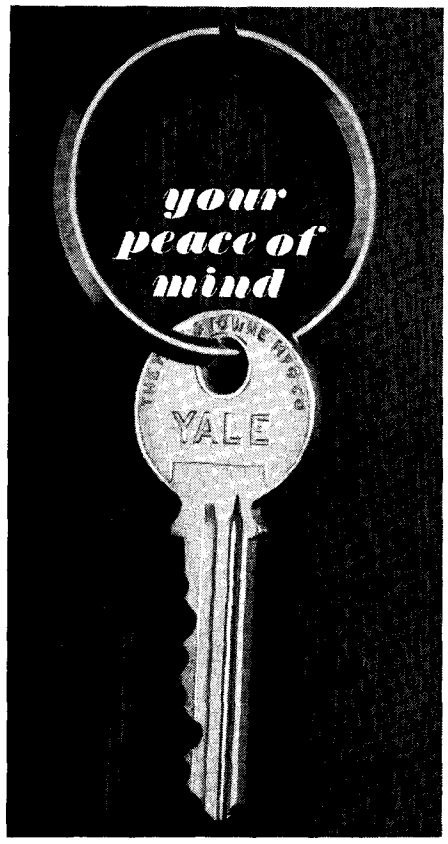

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Behind the By-Lines

Eight years ago we published our first **William P. McGivern** crime novel, THE BIG HEAT, which subsequently became a highly successful movie starring Glenn Ford. McGivern dipped into the wages of crime-novel writing, bought a farm near Avondale, Pennsylvania, and planted 10,000 Christmas trees. He was tempted to call the place Crooked Copse, but he restrained himself. (Copse—that's a grove of small trees. Get it?)

McGivern wrote THE BIG HEAT—which takes place in America—in Rome. He got the idea for his suspenseful current *Post* serial, MURDER ON THE TURNPIKE (page 36), while sitting in the sun, watching burros meander down the cobbled streets of the little Spanish village of Torremolinos.

Our photograph of McGivern and his youngsters was taken not in Pennsylvania, not in Spain, but outside a friend's apartment in Burbank, California.

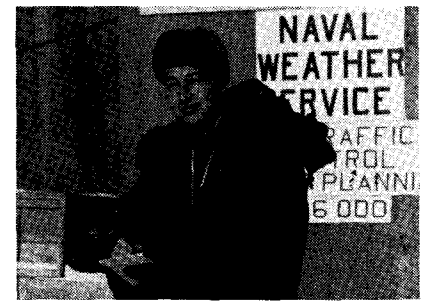
Megan, Bill and Pat McGivern, and Marvin the cat.

For some reason or another we publish all our **John Randolph Phillips** stories in January. His first story appeared in our January 2, 1937, issue. That week's KEEPING POSTED page noted, "We've got some biographical material on Mr. Phillips, but we're going to hold off—angling for another story." Story Number Two appeared twenty-one years later, in our January 4, 1958, issue. But still no biographical material. Story Number Three, KNOW-IT-ALL, is on page 24, and it gives us great pleasure to announce that Mr. Phillips was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, now lives in Scottsville, Virginia, "on a beautiful hill, overlooking the beautiful James River." He has one daughter and four grandchildren. We trust he has forgiven our failure to introduce him properly before now.

Some Awards Which May Have Escaped Your Attention

CAUSE, CHANCE AND CREATION, our April-thirtieth ADVENTURE OF THE MIND, by Cornell physicist **Philip Morrison**, was cited late last month as the best magazine science writing for 1960 by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The citation carries with it an A.A.A.S.-Westinghouse Science Writing Award of $1000.

Both the "Farthest Flung Member of Our Far-Flung Staff" award and the "Most Baffling Cablegram of 1960" award would have gone (if we had such awards) to Assistant Managing Editor **William J. Stevens Jr.**, who returned recently from a Navy trip to the South Pole. When caught in an antarctic storm, he cabled: LIZZARDS CAUSING MUCH DELAY.



William Stevens at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica.

Beggar's Bridge

Jim Bama visits Avanos, Turkey.

Illustrator **James Bama** has been a New Yorker for all of his thirty-four years. His hobby is travel, and through an arrangement the Society of Illustrators has with the Air Force, he has visited Europe, Africa and Asia. To earn his way he paints Air Force scenes, to be exhibited in many countries and hung in the Pentagon and the Air Force Academy museum. He did not travel to Ireland, however, to illustrate Ray Bradbury's THE BEGGAR ON THE DUBLIN BRIDGE (page 28). He did his research in New York, at the Irish Tourist Office and at The New York Association for the Blind. Don't be disappointed if you can't find anything bridgelike in Bama's painting. The bridge specified by author Bradbury—Dublin's O'Connell Bridge—is wider than it is long, and Bama couldn't squeeze it onto his canvas.

Our New Man in Washington

Meet Washington correspondent **Don A. Schanche**, thirty-four, who replaces **Clay Blair Jr.**, who becomes an article editor in our Philadelphia editorial rooms.

Schanche (pronounced Skangkey) was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and is a University of Georgia journalism graduate. (He completed his college work in 1949, after he had become city editor of the Marietta, Georgia, *Journal*.) He served in the Navy during World War II and as an International News Service correspondent during the Korean War. In 1953 he joined *Life* as a reporter in New York. Four years later he moved to Washington as *Life*'s military-affairs correspondent and in April, 1959, he began covering the Mercury astronaut program.

Schanche and Blair.

Schanche and his wife, Marybelle, were married in Tokyo in 1952. They have three children. Schanche also has a book to his credit—*Man High* (Doubleday, 1960) written in collaboration with Lt. Col. David G. Simons.

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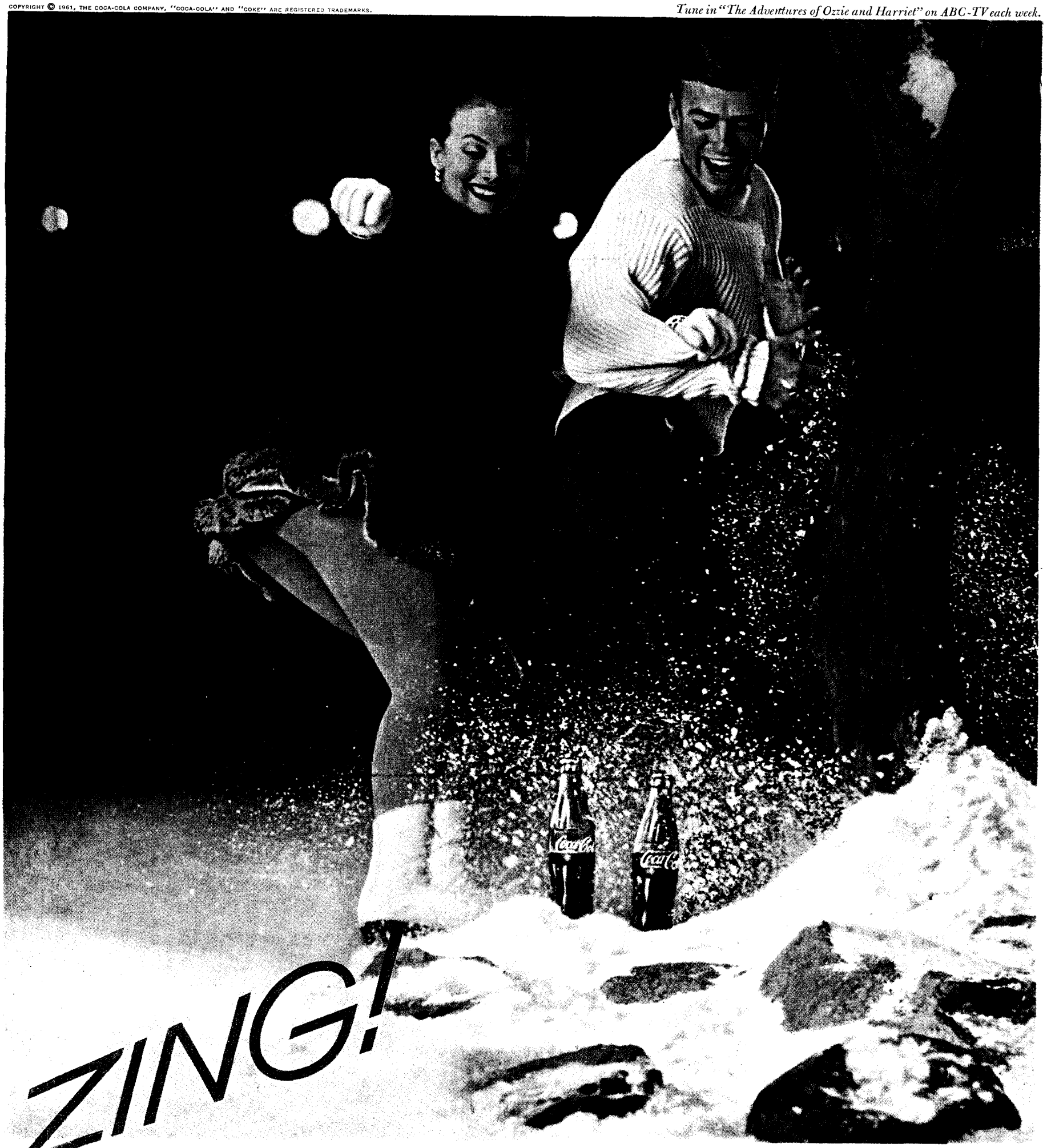

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